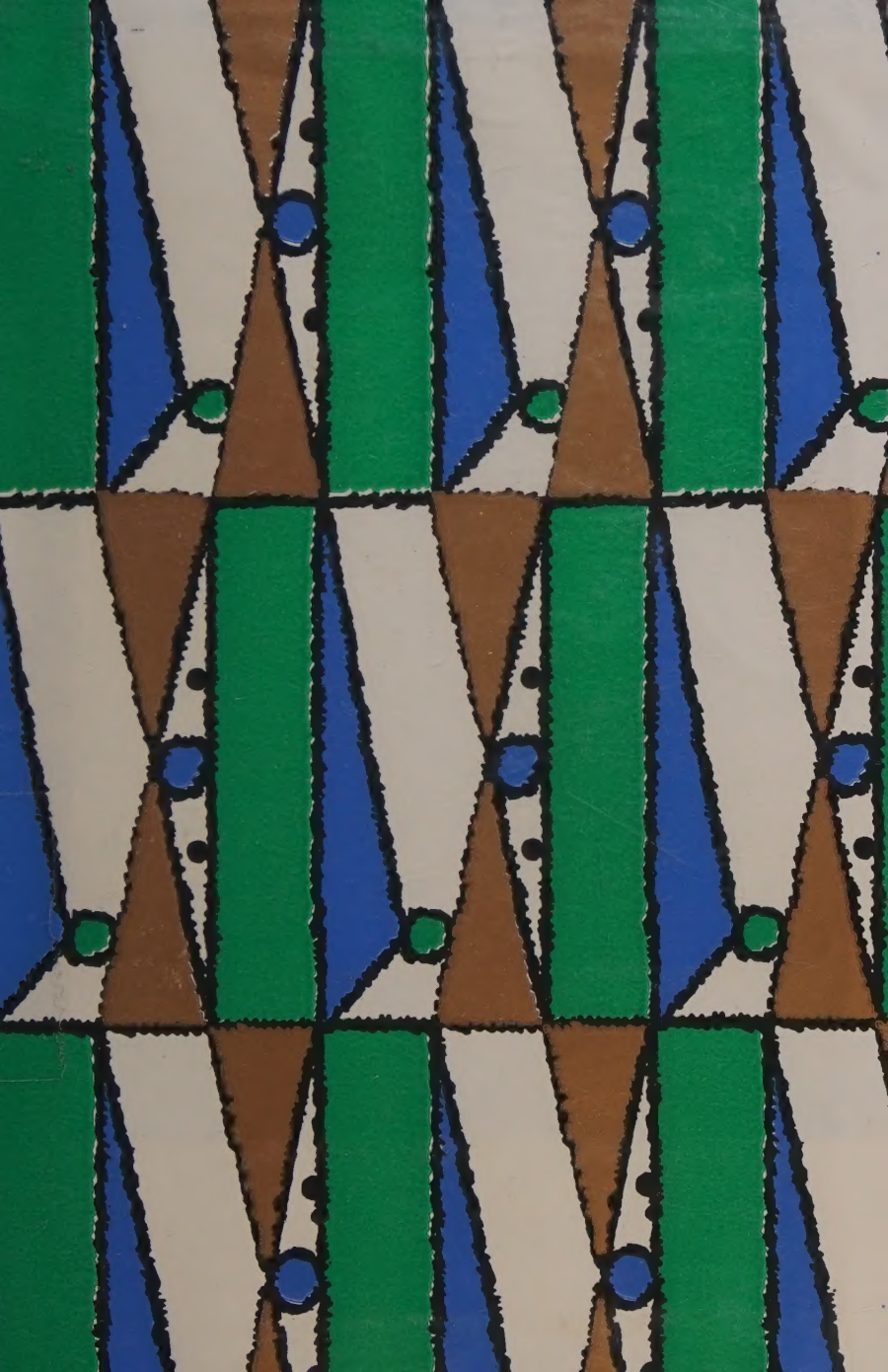

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SCHAUFFLER, R. H.
Plays for American holidays.

West Bend Community Memorial Library
West Bend, Wisconsin

PLAYS FOR OUR AMERICAN HOLIDAYS

PLAYS FOR OUR AMERICAN HOLIDAYS

Compiled and edited by ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER and A. P. SANFORD.

1. PLAYS FOR CHRISTMAS AND OTHER HIGH DAYS: including Christmas, St. Valentine's Day, St. Patrick's Day, Easter and Halloween.

2. PLAYS FOR FESTIVALS: including New Year's Day, Twelfth Night, Arbor Day, April Fool's Day, May Day, Thanksgiving Day and Forefathers' Day.

3. PLAYS FOR PATRIOTIC DAYS: including Lincoln's Birthday, Washington's Birthday, Flag Day, Memorial Day, Independence Day, Thomas Jefferson Day and Armistice Day.

4. PLAYS FOR SPECIAL CELEBRATIONS: including Mother's Day, Children's Day, Labor Day, Columbus Day, Health Week, Music Week, Book Week and Red Cross Week.

PLAYS FOR OUR AMERICAN HOLIDAYS

Plays for Patriotic Days:

For Lincoln's Birthday, Washington's Birthday, Flag Day, Memorial Day, Independence Day, Thomas Jefferson Day and Armistice Day

* * *

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

AND

A. P. SANFORD

WEST BEND PUBLIC LIBRARY.

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NEW YORK - - - 1929

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Published, November, 1928
Second printing, June, 1929

PRINTED IN THE U. S. A. BY
Quinn & Boden Company, Inc.
BOOK MANUFACTURERS
RAHWAY NEW JERSEY

11.573 - 812-Sch 1 - Vol 3

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The editors wish to acknowledge with gratitude suggestions and other generous help given them, in the preparation of these volumes, by: Miss Eugenia Krauss, Librarian of the Epiphany Branch, N. Y. Public Library; Miss Mary Emogene Hazletine of the University of Wisconsin Library School; Miss Sue Ann Wilson of The Drama League of Chicago; Mrs. Mabel F. Hobbs of The Playground and Recreational Association of America; Miss Mabel Williams, Supervisor of Work with Schools, 58th St. Branch, N. Y. Public Library; Prof. Almere L. Scott, of the University of Wisconsin; Mr. A. L. Schafer of the American Red Cross Assn., Washington, D. C.; and The American Child Health Assn., N. Y. City.

For their kind permission to reprint copyrighted material, grateful acknowledgment is due to:

Constance d'Arcy Mackay and Henry Holt and Company, for "Abraham Lincoln: Rail-Splitter."

Prescott Warren, Will Hutchins, and the Walter H. Baker Company for "The Day That Lincoln Died."

Katharine Stanbery Burgess, Norman Lee Swartout, and Longmans, Green & Company, for "God Winks."

William Archer and Henry Holt and Company, for "George Washington's Wedding."

Percy Mackaye and Samuel French, for "George Washington at the Delaware" and "Washington and Betsy Ross."

Elizabeth McFadden, Agnes Crimmins, and Samuel French, for "The Man Without a Country."

Olive M. Price and the Walter H. Baker Company, for "The Boy in Blue."

Adelaide C. Rowell for "The High Heart."

Florence M. Eldridge and National Board of the Y. W. C. A. of the U. S. A., for "The Growth of a Nation."

Sue Ann Wilson, Drama League of America, and the Womans Press, for "The Festival of Yankee Doodle."

Georgia Stenger and the National Board of the Y. W. C. A., for "Above All Else, Liberty."

Oct '35 - Mc Clurg

Anna J. Harnwell, Isabelle J. Meaker, and Norman Lee Swartout, for "The Knife."
Grace C. Moses and A. S. Barnes and Company, for "Tree of Memory."
Harry Wagstaff Gribble for "The Message."

INTRODUCTION

"Why didn't you put more plays into your series *Our American Holidays?*"

The plaintiff was my friend Miss Eugenia Krauss, Librarian of the Epiphany Branch of the New York Public Library. I pleaded lack of space.

"Then why not bring out some supplementary volumes devoted entirely to drama?"

She drew an arresting picture of the situation in 23rd Street.

"Before each holiday and special celebration we are swamped with clients who clamor for appropriate plays. They must be not too long and not too hackneyed. They must be effective, amusing, interesting, with economical costuming and setting, and fairly easy to act. We hate to do it; but we have to send most of these people away empty-handed. We simply don't know where to turn for material. And the same thing happens at the other branches."

Now, any request from librarians always has my respectful consideration, because librarians are so often right. They are in a position to know what holes in literature need filling up. In Pittsburgh, years ago, a five-minute talk with two of them resulted in the publication of a book of travel and the eleven volumes of *Our American Holidays.* I owe them far more in the way of encouragement, stimulus and practical suggestion than can ever be repaid by the dedication of "The Poetry Cure," by making anthologies to save them steps, or by that essay in appreciation, "The Creative Librarian," on which I have been at work for a decade or so, and mean to bring out some year in "The Atlantic Monthly."

When the ground was surveyed, Miss Krauss proved to

be right. In the existing collections of holiday literature there was found to be a marked shortage of the sort of drama needed by amateurs. For a few occasions like Jefferson's Birthday, and certain of the "Weeks," there seemed to be almost nothing of the kind in print. A good many tired teachers, librarians and settlement workers were, in desperation, turning out emergency plays after their regular work was done.

It is hoped that these volumes may lighten their labors. To meet the direst need, nine plays were specially written for this series. The other selections are almost as fresh; for the great majority of them have been put on paper within the last three years.

A few are by distinguished foreigners. The fact that the writers of the rest hail from all parts of the United States gives these books a quality representatively American. An effort has been made to meet, in every division, the requirements of all ages in schools, colleges, dramatic clubs and other organizations.

The series provides a thing increasingly needed in modern life,—re-creation through laughter. And it has an even more useful aim. It was undertaken in sympathy with the new, concrete type of character-education which is rapidly supplanting the abstract method of obvious didacticism. The latter coldly laid down the law "line upon line and precept upon precept." It sought to improve personality by a frontal barrage of crude moralizing. These volumes would lend practical support to the more scientific method of our own day. This works concretely, yet with far more subtle effectiveness, through the action and passion, the example and the indirect suggestion of the stage. Already it has shown striking results in building better citizens of the home, the school, the college, the town, the nation and the world.

R. H. S.

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LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: RAIL-SPLITTER *

By

CONSTANCE D'ARCY MACKAY

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CHARACTERS

Abraham Lincoln
Nancy Lincoln
Tom Bush
Amy Roby
Polly Prentice
Jason Brown
Lucy Brown
Francois Durand
Little John Lincoln
Noctah, *an Indian*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: RAIL-SPLITTER

SCENE: The Lincoln kitchen and living-room.
PLACE: Little Pigeon Creek, Indiana.
TIME: 1823.

The room is bright and clean, showing both thrift and poverty. There are two windows in background, with well-mended, faded curtains of the cheapest cotton. Between these two windows a stout door, which gives on the outside road. On the door is tacked a raccoon skin.

By the window at right a plain pine table and chair. The end of the table is set with a plate, knife, fork, drinking-cup, etc., for one person, and there are corn-dodgers in generous quantities, and a jug of molasses.

In the middle of the right wall there is a wide-mouthed fireplace, with black andirons, several iron pots, and a skillet. Above the hearth strips of leather nailed to the wall serve as holders for empty powder-horns, knives, etc. There is a pine bench by the hearth, placed so that those sitting on it face the audience. Also a three-legged pine stool. Beyond the hearth, towards the background, a dresser with a few dishes.

Fastened to the wall, left foreground, is a pine shelf on which stand ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S *books, well-worn copies of "Robinson Crusoe," "Æsop's Fables," "Pilgrim's Progress," etc., etc. Above this shelf a clock, battered yet adequate. A bearskin rug on the floor. The whole scene is homely, peaceful, intimate.*

The embers on the hearth give out a dull glow which leaves the room in semi-darkness, yet lights up several ob-

jects by the hearthstone—namely, a heap of pine cones, some dried spice-wood bushes, a rude corn-popper, a snow-shovel, and a neatly mended tongs.

In the frosty out-of-doors the wind blows gustily from time to time. Otherwise the room is quite still, save for the ticking of the clock, which points to half-past seven. For a moment after the curtain's rise the stage is deserted. Then come two brisk knocks at the door, and it is opened from without by POLLY PRENTICE, *who first thrusts in her head, looks about, and then crosses the threshold, speaking back over her shoulder to* AMY ROBY *and* TOM BUSH. POLLY *wears a scarlet cloak, and her cheeks are as red as apples. All carry lanterns.*

POLLY. There's no one home. Wherever can Nancy be? She said if she wasn't here we were to wait for her. Come in, Amy, and you, too, Tom Bush, and be careful to close the door. [*All enter.*] The fire is nearly spent. B-rrrrrr! It's a cold night for this time of year. My fingers are tingling. That's right, Tom, put on some spice bushes for a blaze. I'll put my lantern over here by yours, Amy. What time is it?

AMY. Half-past seven. I wish that Nancy would hurry. The corn-husking begins at eight, and we are to call for Jason Brown and Lucy before we start.

TOM [*warming his hands*]. Yes, and come back here to have Abe go with us. He's been out in the woods all day, swinging that ax of his. I could hear him down by the spring.

POLLY. There's his supper set out for him—corn-dodgers and molasses.

AMY [*primly*]. Polly, it isn't nice to look at things in other people's houses!

POLLY [*saucily*]. You looked at the clock only a minute ago, and I'm sure Abe's supper is as easily seen as the clock is! Easier, too, if you happen to be glancing that way. I wish that Nancy would hurry!

TOM [*as they seat themselves about fire*]. And I wish that Abe would hurry. He must be trying for luck.

POLLY. Luck?

TOM. Yes, you know they say that rails split by moonlight bring folks good fortune. Not that Abe needs good fortune—he's lucky at everything he puts his hand to. He can shoulder an ax and swing it better than any one I ever saw, and as for his books—there's no one who can beat him.

POLLY. He's always at them—even after a hard day's work.

TOM. There's nothing he won't read if he can get his hands on it, and at spelling he's head of his class every time.

AMY [*amused*]. You'd think he was a hero, Tom, the way you talk.

TOM [*eyes a-light*]. Well, sometimes he *does* seem like a hero to me, he's so strong and clever and kind. At school people are always coming to him with their disputes, and out of school, too. Even the Indians respect his knowledge. And with it all he can see a joke as soon as anybody, and isn't a bit puffed up. And then I like him, because even though he's quiet and it takes a long time for him to get angry, when he *does* get angry it's on the right side. I think some day he'll be a great lawyer. Come, Amy, what do you think he'll be?

AMY [*mischievously*]. Well, as you think he knows so much—almost as much as Mr. Andrew Crawford—I think perhaps he'll be a teacher.

TOM. What do you think he'll be, Polly?

POLLY [*absorbed in examining corn-popper, tongs, etc.*]. I don't know. Oh, see. He's mended the tongs. I saw him working at it the other day. [*Facing about, laughing.*] I'll tell you what I think he'll be—he'll be a *mender!* [*To* AMY.] Look out, Amy, that's Abe's precious snow-shovel. Dear knows why he has it out this early.

AMY. Because paper is expensive, goosey. By the light

of some pine cones he can figure on this, and then scrape it off again.

TOM [*admiringly*]. Nobody but Abe would think of such a thing. I tell you the day will come when we'll be proud we knew him.

AMY [*gayly*]. Bravo, Tom! You'll be making speeches soon, or lead in our next debate.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN [*speaking from outer doorway, ax on shoulder, a gaunt, rawboned, kindly-eyed lad*]. Who said debate—?

AMY [*jumping up with a burst of delighted laughter*]. There he is now! [*To* LINCOLN.] If any word would bring you, that one would, I know!

POLLY. Nancy isn't here. She said we were to wait. Go on with your supper, Abe, and don't mind us. I know you're hungry.

LINCOLN. Thank you, I will. [*Puts by ax and goes towards table.*] Hungry! I feel half starved! And my muscles are as stiff as boards. [*Turns.*] Here, Tom, I'm a fine host—neglecting my guests! There's the corn-popper, and [*diving hand into cupboard and bringing out a bag*] there's the corn!

NANCY [*appearing in the outer door with* FRANCOIS DURAND, *and little* JOHN HENRY]. And here's Nancy with a bag of salt, just in time. I'm glad you all waited for me. Come to the fire, François.

FRANCOIS [*shyly to all, as they kindly make way for him*]. Bon soir! Bon soir!

NANCY [*rattling on*]. B-rrrrr! It's chilly. It's nice to be in by the fire. How's your supper, Abe? I fixed it for you.

LINCOLN [*genially*]. It's fine, Nancy, thank you. [*Goes back to table and half-smiles, dryly humorous.*] And the best thing about it is that there's enough of it! [*To* JOHN.] Well, John, how are you?

JOHN [*drawling, wide-eyed, childlike*]. Did you see any *bears* in the woods?

LINCOLN [*with a twinkle, solemnly imitating him*]. No, I didn't see any bea-r-s in the woods; but I brought home some nuts for you! [*Gives them.* FRANCOIS, *under pantomimic urging from the group around the fire, has taken up his fiddle, tunes it, and from a mere ghost of an air breaks into a gay tune. Little* JOHN HENRY *takes the corn-popper, swaying it in time to the music, while the rest, with the exception of* LINCOLN, *do a step or so of an old-fashioned reel.* LINCOLN *watches them as he eats.* JOHN *watches them also, to the detriment of the corn-popping.*]

NANCY [*pausing in dance, with little shriek of dismay*]. Oh, mercy! The corn! I smell it burning!

ALL [*gathering about her, and thus hiding corn-popper from view of audience*]. Is it burnt? No! Yes! No! Oh, it's saved. [LINCOLN, *who has risen, goes back to his supper.*]

JOHN. I didn't mean to!

NANCY [*relenting*]. But when François plays the fiddle you can't think of anything else, eh?

AMY [*as they group themselves in fire-glow*]. Sit over here, Nancy. Isn't the corn splendid?

LINCOLN [*from where he is sitting*]. Any news, Tom? How's the wolf-hunting getting on? Anybody got one?

TOM. I heard in the store to-night that Hugh Foster had killed one. It may be only a rumor. You're not fond of hunting, are you, Abe?

LINCOLN. Oh, I try at it once in a while, Tom, but I'm not very keen. You boys get more out of it than I do.

TOM. Remember the raccoon hunt we had last summer?

LINCOLN. Yes, I remember. [*Facing about.*] To tell you the truth, Tom, I don't mind if things have to be killed outright; but I hate to see them in cages. I like to see 'em *free.*

TOM. I know you do, Abe.

POLLY [*merrily*]. Oh, Abe, before you came we were all guessing—

LINCOLN. Guessing?

POLLY [*nodding*]. What you were going to be. Tom said you'd be a lawyer. Amy said you'd be a great teacher, and I said you'd be a *mender!*

LINCOLN [*slowly*]. A mender—! I never once thought of being a mender, Polly.

NANCY [*with a little cry*]. Polly Prentice, look! Look what the time is! Ten minutes to eight! We'll be late for the corn-husking.

LINCOLN [*surprised*]. Corn-husking?

POLLY [*dancing about*]. Didn't you know there was to be one? Oh, I thought we'd surprise you! We're all going. You, too. [LINCOLN *shakes his head.*]

POLLY [*pouting*]. That means you think you have to study. Oh, Abe—!

NANCY [*aside*]. Don't tease him, Polly. After we've called for Jason and Lucy we'll come back this way—gracious! Look how the minutes are flying! We must be starting. Where did I put my cloak? Oh, here it is! Hurry, Amy. [*They all dart out the door with every sign of haste, little* JOHN *following as fast as his legs can carry him. Sounds of laughter from without, growing fainter.*]

LINCOLN [*to himself*]. A corn-husking—! [*Shakes his head. Goes over and gets a book, and stretches out in front of fire. A pause.*]

NOCTAH [*quietly entering*]. How!

LINCOLN [*turning*]. How! [NOCTAH, *with the quiet of an accustomed visitor, sits on bench by fire: pulls out a long pipe.*]

LINCOLN [*after a pause, looking up*]. Supper?

NOCTAH. No. Noctah only want to warm at fire. Like to watch Lincoln. Lincoln get wisdom out of books.

LINCOLN [*ruefully*]. Not so much as I'd like to, Noctah. The books are so few that it's just learning by littles.*

NOCTAH. Other people much talk. Lincoln heap silent: heap thinking. [*Taps forehead.*] Other people try to cheat Indian. Lincoln heap honest.

* Lincoln's own words.

LINCOLN [*twinkling*]. Oh, come now, Noctah. I guess we're all pretty honest hereabout. [*A pause, during which* LINCOLN *stares at the fire, above his book.*]

NOCTAH. Lincoln look at fire. See visions of future.

LINCOLN. There won't be any future if I don't work for it! [*Studies again.*]

NOCTAH. Umph! [*Smokes pipe: a silence.*]

LINCOLN [*after a moment or so, looking up*]. Anything I can do for you, Noctah?

NOCTAH. No. Noctah want nothing. [*Another short silence.* NOCTAH *smokes.* LINCOLN *studies. Then* NOCTAH *moves towards door.*]

LINCOLN [*looking up*]. Going, Noctah? You know you're welcome to stay if you want to. [NOCTAH *continues impassively towards door.*] Well, then, good night.

NOCTAH. Good night. [*Exit* NOCTAH. *A moment later there comes the sound of* FRANCOIS' *fiddle, and the same gay group breaks into the room, augmented by* JASON *and* LUCY BROWN. *They surround* LINCOLN, *who has risen.*]

TOM. Now, Abe, you know you like a husking better than anything else.

LINCOLN. Better than most things, Tom; but not better than all. [*Looks toward his books.*]

JASON [*coaxing*]. Come on, Abe, it's no fun without you.

LINCOLN [*decidedly*]. Not to-night, Jason.

FRANCOIS. You'll miss ze husking, Abe.

LINCOLN. I know that, François; but then I'll gain—so much else! [*Looks again towards his beloved books.*] There's husking to do there, François.

NANCY. You'll be sitting here all lonely, without any friends.

LINCOLN [*with one of his rare smiles*]. Without any friends—! Why, Nancy! [*Glances towards his books for a third time.*]

POLLY [*with a sniff*]. He means that he'd rather have Defoe and Bunyan and Æsop than us.

LINCOLN. Now, Polly.

POLLY [*with conviction*]. You would. You know you would.

JASON. Then you're not coming?

LINCOLN. No, boys, I'm not coming. I tell you, it's like splitting rails. Once you get tired or give up, your work gets the better of you. I mean to stick to what I've set out to do.

TOM [*regretfully*]. Well, then, good night, Abe.

LINCOLN [*with the utmost friendliness*]. Good night. Good night. [*With a general stir and in the midst of a chorus of leave-taking, he sees them to the door.*] Watch your lantern, Amy. Good night. Good night, all. [*For a moment he stands and there comes to him the sound of laughter and retreating footsteps, and a gay lilt from* FRANCOIS' *fiddle. As the sound grows fainter and fainter he crosses resolutely to the hearth, tosses on a cone or two, places the shovel where it will be within easy reach, and stretches himself on the floor before the fire. From outside a sudden gust of wind brings clearly a last snatch of the air that* FRANCOIS *is playing in the distance.* LINCOLN *raises his head and listens, smiles whimsically to himself, and then opens his books.*]

LINCOLN. And now for the husking! [*He lies full length, absorbedly studying in the fire-glow as the curtain falls.*]

[CURTAIN]

COSTUMES

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Blue flannel shirt. Faded black knee-breeches and much-worn coat. Tall boots which he wears for out of doors, and changes for old slippers.

POLLY. A brown woolen dress and scarlet cloak. Hair worn in quaint fashion with combs.

NANCY LINCOLN. Dark-scarlet woolen dress, and brown cloak. All the dresses of the girls are of the simplest. Their cloaks likewise.

AMY ROBY. Deep-blue woolen dress. Little white apron with pockets. Dark-blue cloak with hood.

LUCY BROWN. Dark-green woolen dress and cloak.

TOM BUSH. Dark-brown flannel shirt. Dark-blue knee-breeches.

JASON BROWN. Faded red flannel shirt. Dark-blue knee-breeches.

FRANCOIS DURAND. Tan-colored flannel shirt. Dark-brown knee-breeches. Crimson sash-belt.

NOCTAH. The usual Indian costume of buckskin. Fringed tunic. Long trousers. Moccasins, or imitation moccasins of khaki. (The suit should be of khaki also—the nearest imitation of buckskin.) He should wear a wig of long, coarse black hair. If this wig cannot be had, simulate it thus: make a tight-fitting skull-cap of black cheesecloth. Stitch it where the parting in the hair should come. Make two braids of plaited black cheesecloth, and fasten them to the skull-cap so that they will fall over the ears. They should be bound with a few wisps of red and green. Noctah wears neither war-paint nor feathers, but his face and hands should be stained brown.

THE DAY THAT LINCOLN DIED *

A PLAY IN ONE ACT

By

PRESCOTT WARREN and WILL HUTCHINS

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CHARACTERS

Squire Rockwood, aged 60
George Rockwood, *his son,* aged 22
Ezra Middleton, Mrs. Rockwood's *brother,* aged 50
Bud Wilder, aged 16
Lawyer Bradley, aged 50
Susie Bradley, *his daughter,* aged 20
Mrs. Rockwood, aged 55

Time: Late forenoon, April 15, 1865.
Plays thirty minutes.

THE DAY THAT LINCOLN DIED

SCENE.—*The front yard of* SQUIRE ROCKWOOD'S *place, a short distance from a remote village in Maine. On R., is the front porch of the Rockwood house. The back drop shows the fields. At L., is the walk leading to the road to the village. At L. front, L. 1 E., is a large oak tree, around the base of which is built an old-fashioned circular bench.*

The curtain discloses MRS. ROCKWOOD *busily brushing some very much worn stripling's garments, and hanging them to air on a line strung along the porch, humming snatches of a hymn-tune.* SQUIRE *saunters in from R. rear, and stops in front of porch. He has a stick in his hand, which he continues to whittle.*

SQUIRE. Think them'll fit him now, Ma? He's bigger'n he was.

MRS. R. He's grown past all belief. But he's got to wear something, ain't he? He can't go on wearing that uniform the rest of his natural life.

SQUIRE. Wa'al, he's worn the uniform for four years now, and nobody's got a better right to it. If it was good enough for him to wear when he shook hands with Abraham Lincoln, I reckon folks up here can stand it for a spell. Mighty becomin' too, I call it.

MRS. R. It may have been becomin' once, but it's kinder shabby now.

SQUIRE. Wa'al, I ca'c'late your duds would look kinder shabby if you'd hoofed it from Atlanta to the sea.

MRS. R. It was certainly too shabby to wear down to the village, seein' people he hain't seen for four year.

Does seem as if he might 'a' stayed with his own folks, the first morning home.

SQUIRE. I guess, Ma, he's kinder proud of it. Anyhow, he'll be back pretty soon; said he was only goin' down the road a piece.

MRS. R. [*looking up with alarm*]. Did he?

SQUIRE. Yes.—Maybe he wanted to see some one particular.

MRS. R. Susie Bradley, like as not!

SQUIRE. Like as not.

MRS. R. Does seem as though he'd have more sense than to go traipsin' down there, after the way Lawyer Bradley always treated him. As much as told him to keep away once. [SQUIRE *crosses and sits on stool in front of porch.* MRS. R. *sits on step and pares potatoes.*]

SQUIRE. They was younger then, Ma. A gal grows up between sixteen and twenty, and I guess George thinks a sergeant's uniform'll take him most anywhere, now. And besides, whatever he may 'a' done once, Tom Bradley ain't a-goin' to slam the door in the face of any man who was sent for to shake hands with Abraham Lincoln, even if the feller does get a peep at his precious daughter.

MRS. R. I guess she ain't any more precious than my boy. There ain't a girl in Maine that's good enough for *him*.

SQUIRE. They'se some pretty good girls in Maine, Ma; and seems as if I remember my ma used to have some such notion about me. I guess if she'll have him, you'll find Susie Bradley'll do.

MRS. R. Wa'al, mebbe she will; but I just can't bear to think of Lawyer Bradley's havin' a chance to turn him out again.

SQUIRE [*mollifying her*]. Now, Martha, Tom Bradley's level-headed enough to know the difference between a man of twenty-two who's shown his mettle, and a boy of eighteen. He ain't got no high and mighty notions about Susie.

He jest showed his good sense in not lettin' a girl who was scarcely out o' short dresses git too fond of a young scalley-wag with no very bright prospects.

MRS. R. Prospects? When he knows that George is goin' into his Uncle Ezra's new bank just as soon as ever he can start it, he won't say no more about prospects.

SQUIRE [*shutting his knife with a click, and pocketing it*]. Maybe he will and maybe he won't.

MRS. R. Now what do you mean by that?

SQUIRE [*rising and crossing to L. front*]. Maybe he'll say he don't care much for them kind o' prospects. Maybe he'll say he'd rather see his daughter married to a farm-hand than to a man in the bankin' business with an old skinflint copperhead like Ezra Middleton.

MRS. R. Caleb! He's my own brother!

SQUIRE [*sitting under tree*]. Oh, I was only sayin' what Tom Bradley would say, and he ain't the only one who would say it, neither. Ezra hain't never been very brotherly, Martha. [*Advances to C.*] And to bring up that mortgage business last night, right in the midst of the great joy God gave us of seein' our boy again—I can never forget that.

MRS. R. No more can I, Caleb. That was downright cruel. But money's all he's got to care about; no home, no wife, no children. And if it hadn't been for the war—

SQUIRE [*crossing to porch again*]. Oh, yes. That's allus his talk. If it hadn't been for the war we'd have had a telegraph line into town, and a railroad 'stead o' staging it up twenty miles from Bangor. If it hadn't been for the war he'd have started his bank years ago. If it hadn't been for the war I'd have made a lot out of the money he lent me to put into that mill with him. It's on account of the war, he says, that the mill wa'n't never ever finished. But he's got the money and the mortgage too, and now he'll have the property—the old Rockwood place—if we can't pay the interest when he comes back to-day. I tell

you, Ezra Middleton has made more money, twice over, since the war began, than he would have made if they hadn't been no war.

MRS. R. Wa'al, he seems to want to do the right thing by George, takin' him into the bank right away; and he hain't got no one else to leave his money to. If George will only be nice to him. I thought some of the questions he asked him about the mortgage last night was real impudent, but Ezra seemed to like it. I do hope George will try to be nice to him.

SQUIRE. That's pretty hard,—bein' nice to Ezra Middleton; you found it kind o' hard yourself last night.

MRS. R. Yes, I did, until he began to shine up to George. We've just got to make George see that everything depends on startin' right with his uncle. [*Enter* GEORGE ROCKWOOD, *up L.*; SQUIRE *rises to meet him by tree.*]

SQUIRE. You don't look very cheerful, George. Did you see anybody—in particular?

GEO. [*coming down C.*]. No, Dad. I wanted to see Lawyer Bradley, but they told me he was driving up this way. Has he been up here?

SQUIRE. Ain't seen him.—Suppose you didn't see Susie? You wouldn't 'a' got back so soon.

GEO. No. She's with her father.

SQUIRE [*dryly*]. Terrible! Terrible!

GEO. Oh, I didn't go to see her. I had business with him.

MRS. R. [*coming down from porch; with concern*]. Now, what kind of business could you have with Lawyer Bradley?

GEO. Oh! I had business, all right.

MRS. R. George,—you ain't going to say nothin' to him about Susie,—quick as this?

GEO. Well, I guess not! Guess I'd better talk to her before I talk to him.

SQUIRE. That's what I allus did. I generally found that was the best way. [*Sits on bench at L.*]

MRS. R. [*reprovingly*]. Caleb! [*To* GEO.] Wa'al, what was your business, then?

GEO. Mother, it was about the mortgage. I want to find out if that was all fair and square. It don't seem right for him to get everything, and us get nothing. I've got the money to cover the interest all right.

SQUIRE [*rising in surprise*]. You've got the money?

GEO. Yes, I've saved nearly a year's pay. But I won't pay him unless Bradley says I've got to. He won't get the old place to-day, anyway.

SQUIRE. But, George, why didn't you—

GEO. I didn't say anything about having the money last night, because—well—because I thought I could use it better for something else.

SQUIRE. What for, George?

GEO. Well, I got a notion I wanted to study law.

MRS. R. [*advancing to him*]. Oh, no, George, you must go into your Uncle Ezra's bank. It's a great chance for you. Besides, there's nobody to study law with here but Bradley, and he wouldn't take you. So you'd have to go away from home again.

GEO. I know it, Mother. That's what I needed the money for. But I suppose I'll have to go into the bank now. [*Turns away resignedly; then bravely.*] I guess maybe that will be better, anyway.

MRS. R. That's a good boy, George. If you'll be nice to him he can do ever so much for you. [*Sound of wheels outside.*]

LAWYER BRADLEY [*outside*]. Whoa! Here, Susie, you hold the reins. [*Enter* BRAD., *L.* GEO. *steps in front of tree, looking toward the road.*] Good morning, Squire! [*Heartily; then diffidently.*] Good morning, Mrs. Rockwood.

SQUIRE. Good morning.

MRS. R. [*curtly*]. 'Morning.

BRAD. [*coming down C., seeing* GEO.]. Why, hello, George! I heard you'd come home.

GEO. Good morning, sir! [*They shake hands formally.*]

BRAD. Let me see, this is the same hand that Lincoln shook.

GEO. Same hand, sir.

BRAD. See to it that this hand is never guilty of any deed unworthy of that great honor!

GEO. I'll try, sir.

BRAD. [*dropping the hand; jocularly*]. How was the President when you saw him last?

SQUIRE [*who has been looking out to the road*]. George, you go out and hitch the horse and ask Susie to come in. [GEO. *looks inquiringly at* BRAD., *who nods assent.* GEO. *goes out to L.*]

BRAD. [*mollifying her*]. George is looking first rate, Mrs. Rockwood. He's grown some, too, in spite of Sherman's chasing him all over the South. I hear the boys in the village are getting up a little shindig for him.

MRS. R. [*proudly*]. We're awful proud of George, and his Uncle Ezra's asked him to go into his new bank. George will give him his answer this morning. [*Goes back on to porch.*]

BRAD. Oh! Is that so?—H'm— [*Turns to* SQUIRE.]

SQUIRE. Well, Bradley, what's the news down to the village?

BRAD. Not much news, Squire. Except—er—Middleton's cutting down the big pine on Widow Baker's pasture lot, down on the Bangor road. Foreclosed, you know, last week. Started cutting at sunrise this morning.

SQUIRE. What's he cuttin' down the big pine for?

BRAD. For fire-wood. Says he'll get two years' taxes out of it.

SQUIRE. Well, ain't that a shame? That pine's been settin' up on that knoll there for five hundred years sure. Why, folks comin' over from Bangor won't know when they've got to town, without that big pine settin' there to tell 'em. I'm sorry about that. I'm sorry. [*Walks to rear of stage.*]

BRAD. [*following him up stage*]. Squire, I came up to see if you would spare me some potatoes. They're getting scarce down to the village. You had a good crop last year, didn't you?

SQUIRE [*coming down*]. Yes, sir! I had a fine crop. They're pretty good 'taters, too. Come and look at 'em. [SQUIRE *and* BRAD. *exeunt to R.* MRS. R., *with a knowing look toward the road, goes into the house. Enter* GEO. *and* SUSIE BRADLEY, *L.*]

SUSIE. What are you looking at me so for, George?

GEO. I guess it's your hair, Sue. Guess I never saw it done up before. How long have you been doing it that way?

SUSIE. Oh, ever so long. But how big you've grown! What are those stripes on your arm for?

GEO. That's a chevron, Sue. Shows I'm a sergeant.

SUSIE [*attempting a military salute*]. Oh!

GEO. Oh! you don't salute a sergeant! I'm only a non-com.

SUSIE. Oh! a non-combatant? Did Lincoln know that when he sent for you? [GEO. *starts in disgust.*] Oh, I knew better than that, George! That was wonderful! Tell me about it. Your father let me read some of your letters,—but that one was so short, and you must tell me everything about it.

GEO. I'd rather tell you than anybody else, Sue,—if you want to hear it.

SUSIE. Of course I want to hear it, George.—I—I—I—I— [*She sits under the tree.* GEO. *sits behind her to C.*]

GEO. You—what—? Sue, do you mean that you cared?

SUSIE. Of course I cared,—[*coyly*] the same as all your friends did.

GEO. Oh,—only just the same?—I thought—perhaps—it might mean more—to you. [*A sound of heavy hoofs outside.*]

BUD WILDER [*outside, L.*]. Whoa, General Grant! Hello, Sergeant Rockwood!

SUSIE. Oh, that's Bud Wilder. [*Enter* BUD, *L.*]

BUD. Hello, George! [*Sees* SUSIE.] Oh—ex-cuse me! [*Drawls.*]

GEO. Hello, Bud! [*Rises and shakes hands with him.*]

BUD. Where's the President? Heard he came along with you.

GEO. No, I had him stay in Washington to sign some papers. Expect to hear from him soon, though. Think he's going to appoint me Commander of the Army of the Potomac. But [*sitting on bench again*] say, you're quite a feller, Bud! Why didn't you come down and help us out? How did you manage to dodge the draft?

BUD. No, siree! I didn't dodge no draft! I tried hard enough to go. They wouldn't take me.

SUSIE. Yes,—he put on a pair of his dad's long pants and walked way over to Bangor and tried to enlist. [*To* BUD.] What was it they told you over there, Bud?

BUD [*with great dignity*]. They told me they didn't need no more men.

SUSIE. Oh! no, they didn't. They told you to go home and split the wood and fetch the mail for your ma!

GEO. Oh, fetch the mail, Bud? Say, you might fetch us our mail if you're going in time to meet the noon stage.

BUD. Oh, I can take a hint when it's thrown at me. [*Starts to go, but turns back.*] Say, George, it must 'a' been great to be right in them fights and git the news before it happened. We don't git yesterday's news till the noon stage comes up with the Bangor *Whig.*

GEO. It didn't help much to be in the fights. Sometimes we thought we'd won and were ordered to retreat.

BUD. Retreat! Gee, they wouldn't 'a' got me to retreat! I'd 'a' told 'em I didn't know how. That's the kind of a feller I am!

GEO. Well, I'll show you how right now. [*Turns him squarely by the shoulders.*] About face! Retreat!

BUD. Oh, gee! All right, Sergeant. [*Goes.*] I guess you two can worry along without me, anyhow.

GEO. Oh, Bud! bring up our paper, won't you? And if that letter from the President is there, w'y, I'll let you bring that, too.

BUD. All right, Sergeant! I'll fetch everything. [*Exit.*]

GEO. Well, he's gone! [*Sits again.*] Susie, didn't you care more—oh, a little more—than the rest?

SUSIE [*coyly*]. W'y—why should I—

GEO. I was thinking of you all through those four years, and thinking of you gave me courage—and hope that I might do something to prove myself worthy of you. And when the colonel, that night at roll-call, asked for a volunteer for an extra dangerous duty, it was you who prompted me to offer myself. I did not know what service might be required of me, but I did know that no task could be too hazardous to undertake for you. Don't tell me now that it meant no more to you than to the others.

SUSIE [*with a slight gesture of restraint*]. I was—proud of you, George—and prouder still when Lincoln sent for you. Why, there isn't another girl in Maine who can say, as I can say, that Lincoln sent for my—my—

GEO. Your—what, Susie?

SUSIE. My—my—

GEO. Do you mean—your beau?

SUSIE [*looking up at him unaffectedly*]. Yes [*pause*], and father was so pleased when he heard that you met Lincoln. He worships Lincoln. Tell me, what was Lincoln like?

GEO. Like? He wasn't like anything. He was just all bigness and kindness. [*During this speech* SQUIRE, BRAD. *and* MRS. R. *saunter in quietly, and catching the spirit of the speech remain attentive, grouped about the porch.*] When I came in he was sitting there, talking to a couple of generals, but looking just as plain and simple as—my own father. Then the orderly said, "Sergeant Rockwood," —and he began to stand up slowly and to straighten out. He walked over to me standing there kind of embarrassed,

growing bigger every step, until I knew that he was the biggest man God ever made. Then he held out his hand to me. It was the strongest hand I ever gripped,—not hard and set but firm and masterful, and as gentle as a woman's.

SUSIE. What did he say to you?

GEO. Just simple words; seemed like the same words anybody would say, but, oh, so different! He said he was glad to see me, and shake my hand, and I said I was glad to see him too; and then we both smiled, and I found myself looking right into his eyes, and he looked so tired, awful tired! It seems I could see into his eyes for miles, and all the suffering of all the war was there, and all the sorrow in every home, North and South. And his mouth was so big and kind and patient! I knew that no bitter word could ever pass those lips. He asked about my father and my mother,—he seemed to take a lot of interest in you, Mother. Then he asked what I was going to do after the war, and I told him I was saving my pay to study law, and he said the law needed men who were brave and good, and he asked the generals if they thought I'd fill the bill, and they looked up at me and smiled, and said they guessed so, and he put his hand on my shoulder and said, "I'm sure he will." Then he thanked me for what I had done and told me to come and see him again if I ever needed his help. Then he asked me where I lived, because he said he must write to me and thank me for coming to see him. And so I came away. [*Pause.*]

MRS. R. [*to* SQUIRE]. Do you suppose Lincoln will really write to him?

SQUIRE. I dunno. I hope so—but he's got a lot of other things to think about.

BRAD. *I* think he will.

SUSIE [*to* GEO.]. And are you going to study law?

GEO. No, mother wants me to go into Uncle Ezra's bank. [*Enter* EZRA MIDDLETON *from the road, L., surveying the party cynically.*]

MRS. R. Good morning, Ezra! George was just telling us what Lincoln said to him.

EZRA. Oh, some of Abe Lincoln's stories, eh? Had he been drinkin', George?

MRS. R. Ezra!

GEO. He was the soberest man I ever saw!

EZRA. Was he as homely as his pictures? Homeliest cuss *I* ever want to see!

GEO. No, sir! He was noble! Plain and awkward and old, like the big pine down in Widow Baker's pasture lot,—the one we can see so far away, so tall and lonely. He made me think of that big pine, and I guess that's one reason why I felt so easy with him. When I saw it from the road last night, looming up against the stars, I could just hear Lincoln again, saying, "Men who are brave and good!"

EZRA. Wa'al! You'll never see that tree again. I own that lot now, and I had your "big pine" cut down this morning. Pine's worth money, these days, thanks to your friend Abe. He got the country into a peck of trouble with his niggers and his whiskey and his war!

BRAD. I guess the war hasn't cost you much, Middleton. Come, Susie, we must be going. [SUSIE *goes out.*]

GEO. Mr. Bradley, I went to see you this morning on a matter of business. I'd like to talk to you a minute.

BRAD. What business?

MRS. R. George, not here, not now!

EZRA. Oh, it's about the mortgage, is it? Let him go ahead.

GEO. Uncle Ezra is going to foreclose to-day unless we pay the interest. What I want to know is, can he do it? Is that mortgage all fair and square? It don't seem just that he can get father's money and the place too.

EZRA [*taking the mortgage out of his pocket*]. There's the mortgage, Bradley; look it over. [*To* GEO.] We'll just see what the best lawyer in Hancock County has to say about it. [BRAD. *examines the mortgage briefly.*]

BRAD. It isn't just, George, but it's legal. Widow Baker

was caught in this same trap, and the trap's a good one. Unless your father can pay the interest, your uncle can foreclose. [*Returns mortgage to* EZRA.]

GEO. To-day?

BRAD. To-day.

GEO. Well, father can't pay it, but I can, and I will! [GEO. *pulls out a bag of gold and counts it. He hands over to* EZRA *all but one piece which he holds in his hand.*]

EZRA [*taking the money and jingling it*]. Good, George, good! But where'd you raise the money?

GEO. It's all I saved out of my pay,—all but this one piece.

EZRA. Did you have it last night? Why didn't you pay me then?

GEO. Because I wasn't going to pay it until Lawyer Bradley told me I'd have to.

EZRA. Good again, George! You'll make a first-rate banker! Don't you ever part with a red cent of the bank's money any easier than you did with this [*jingling coins*], and we'll get along first-class together. [*Puts money into his pocket.*]

MRS. R. There, George, I told you everything would come out all right. [*Village bell begins to ring.*]

SQUIRE. Twelve o'clock!

MRS. R. Dear me! And dinner isn't half ready! [*She bustles toward the house.*]

EZRA. Martha, I want a glass of your buttermilk before I go.

MRS. R. [*from the door*]. Go right in and help yourself, Ezra. [EZRA *goes in.*]

BRAD. Well, I guess I'll take my potatoes and go along.

MRS. R. [*from the door*]. Won't you all stay to dinner?

SUSIE [*running in*]. That's not twelve o'clock! That bell is tolling, and here comes Bud Wilder like mad! [*A sound of galloping hoofs draws near, and* BUD *bursts in breathless with blanched face.*]

BRAD. [*during his entrance*]. That bell hasn't tolled for

months. What's the news, Bud? [BUD *shakes his head at* BRAD., *staggers to* SQUIRE, *hands him a paper and a large envelope, and leans against the porch with his face in his arms.* SQUIRE *opens the paper with trembling hands, glances at it, then controlling himself with an effort, speaks in a choking voice, as he removes his hat.*]

SQUIRE. Friends,—there is sad news,—to-day. [*All crowd around breathless.*] President Lincoln—has been—assassinated! [*The paper and the envelope fall from his hands. The other men instinctively remove their hats.* BRAD. *picks up the paper and gives résumé of item.*]

BRAD. [*reading*]. "President Lincoln was shot by an assassin in Ford's Theatre at 8:19 last night. He died at three this morning." [*A pause.*]

GEO. Oh, God! Oh, God! [SUSIE *goes to* GEO.'S *side and comforts him.* EZRA *comes from the house, and stands in the porch.*]

EZRA. What's the news? What's all the fuss about? What's that bell tolling for?

SQUIRE. Ezra, President Lincoln has been assassinated!

EZRA. What?

BRAD. The President was shot last night, and died this morning.

EZRA [*coming down the steps*]. Good! That's the best news I've heard since Bull Run!

GEO. Oh! [*The company stands in horror for a second, then* GEO. *steps forward and knocks him flat with a pivot blow to the jaw.* SUSIE, *shocked, retires to left rear.*]

MRS. R. George! [GEO. *retires to his mother's side near porch.*]

BRAD. [*advancing and shaking his finger at* EZRA]. There, you damned copperhead, take that! It is the cursed reptiles like you that are to blame for this. You copperheads with your treachery and your treason, always stabbing him in the back, have done more to drag out the war than the brave men like Lee, fighting him squarely face to face. It's you and your like who are guilty of this cow-

ardly assassination. [EZRA *writhes and shakes his fist at* GEO.]

EZRA. You're done for, you puppy! I'll fix you!

MRS. R. [*her hands on* GEORGE'S *shoulders*]. George, you've ruined us! You've spoiled your only chance!

GEO. Oh, no, Mother—don't say that was my only chance. I'm going to stay here and work the farm with father. That's a better chance than working for the richest copperhead in the world.

BUD [*picking up letter and handing it to* GEO]. Here's the letter you were looking for, George.

GEO. [*looking at envelope*]. W'y, it's from the White House. [*Opens letter and reads to himself, visibly overcome.*]

SQUIRE. What does it say, George? [GEO. *hands the letter to his father and sobs.* SQUIRE *reads letter.*] "I did not know, when you so kindly came to see me, the whole of what I had to thank you for. General Sherman has just given me full account of your exploit, with more detail than I had known before, and more than your fine modesty volunteered. And now I am doubly grateful that you should have waited here two whole days to see me, when you were so impatient to get home to those you love. If I may presume upon my age and my experience to offer advice to a younger man, let me urge you to foster this courage of yours as the worthiest inheritance of your race. The victories of peace are won with no less courage than the victories of war. Bear your victories then with clemency, and your defeats, which will be many, without resentment. That quick impulse which prompted you once to volunteer for a task so hazardous that it could not be assigned in regular line of duty, must not prompt you another time to a less worthy deed. It may please your father and mother to learn that General Sherman will ask Congress to honor you, along with other obscure heroes of the ranks, with the simple medal engraved with the imperishable words, 'For

Valor.' I have the honor to remain, sir, your obedient servant, A. Lincoln.''

MRS. R. Oh, George, you shouldn't have struck him. You were too quick.

GEO. [*remorsefully*]. Don't, Mother, don't! I know I was! Too impulsive and too resentful, and that's just what his advice was about. Oh! I made a great mistake.

BRAD. I think not, George. No man short of Lincoln himself could have heard Middleton say that without feeling just as you felt. Mrs. Rockwood and Squire, with your permission, I'm going to make George an offer myself, right now. [*To* GEO.] George, suppose we begin to study law together to-morrow morning. [SUSIE *comes forward and puts her hand affectionately on her father's shoulder.*] Don't you think you'd rather be a lawyer like me than [*indicating* EZRA] a banker like him?

GEO. Yes, but we'd better start square, and I owe you a fee for your advice about the mortgage. [*He takes his coin from his pocket and passes it to* BRAD., *who returns it, saying.*]

BRAD. We'll call that the first fee of the new firm of Bradley and Rockwood. [SUSIE'S *hand slips down into her father's hand.*] You'd better keep it. [*Turns to* SUSIE *at pressure from her hand.*] And Susie will be the silent partner.

[CURTAIN]

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

GEORGE WASHINGTON AT THE DELAWARE *

A DRAMATIC ACTION WITH A PROLOGUE

By

PERCY MACKAYE

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The music for the ballad songs consists of old folk-melodies, which are published, with the words, in "The Ballads from George Washington," with woodcut illustrations by Arvia MacKaye, by the H. W. Gray Company, 159 East 48th Street, New York City.

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CHARACTERS

OF THE PROLOGUE

VOICES OF THE PEOPLE (chanting, unseen, or vaguely suggested)
A TOWN CRIER (Quilloquon)
A BALLAD SINGER (Quilloquon)
A LITTLE BOY
A LITTLE GIRL

OF THE DRAMATIC ACTION

THOMAS PAINE
LIEUT. JAMES MONROE
GEN. GEORGE WASHINGTON
COL. ALEXANDER HAMILTON
The sound of a flute (Quilloquon's)
Voices of men (outside)

PLACE AND TIME: By the Delaware River, above Trenton; Christmas Night, 1776.
SCENE: An opening amid snow-laden woods by moonlight.

GEORGE WASHINGTON AT THE DELAWARE

PROLOGUE

(PARTS 1 AND 2)

The stage is shut off from the audience by simple blue curtains, closed where they meet at the center. Behind the curtains a far-off bell is heard ringing, with musical cadence. Now its tone changes to a deep, mellow pealing; and now its rhythmic cadence is blended with far-sounding chimes, through which low murmurous VOICES *of many people rise, fall and rise again more loud—like a great wind, heard distantly, over forest trees.*

At first hardly audible, the deep murmur grows gradually more articulate, till—between the pulsing chimes—occasional words and phrases emerge distinguishable, above this flowing utterance of the chanting VOICES.

THE VOICES. "When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another,—

"And to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them,—

"A decent respect for the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation." [*As the murmurous chant lessens to a lull, there is heard a single voice intoning "Oyez!" and the blue curtains are seen to have parted slightly at the*

center, discovering—against a background of dark—the figure of a town crier, holding in his left hand a staff to which is attached a lantern, and of which the heraldic top is a hatchet-blade. THE CRIER *holds near the lantern in his right hand a paper broadside, from which—after calling his preamble—he reads aloud, intoning with the voice of* QUILLOQUON.]

THE CRIER (QUILLOQUON). Oyez! Oyez! People of America, hear ye!

This day, in the town hall of Philadelphia, duly convened,—this day in the year of our Lord, One Thousand, Seven Hundred and Seventy-six,—being the Fourth day of July—forevermore, unto all peoples, declareth the Assembly of our people:

"We hold these truths to be self-evident:—that all men are created equal,—that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights,—that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness,—that to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed.

"That whenever any form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it.

"And when a long train of abuses evinces a design to reduce them under absolute Despotism,—it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such Government,—and to provide new Guards for their future security.

"Such has been the patient suffrance of these Colonies.

"Our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injury.—A Prince, whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a Tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people.—

"*We, therefore,* The Representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress, Assembled,—appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions,—do, in the Name, and by the authority of

e good People of these Colonies,—solemnly Publish and eclare,

"That these United Colonies are, and of Right ought to ,—Free and Independent States!

"And for the support of this Declaration, we mutually edge to each other—our Lives, our Fortunes and our sa- ed Honor." [*As the* TOWN CRIER *concludes, a* BOY *and* GIRL *run in from either side, raising their hands toward e paper broadsides, from one of several copies of which has been reading. Handing to each a copy, he raises his ntern-staff, and as they run off, right, he follows, calling loud:*] Oyez! Oyez! People of the Ages,—hear ye!

(PART 3)

n the distance, THE CRIER'S *repeated call of "Oyez!" is dying away on the right, when on the left a fiddle begins to play the melody of a ballad-tune* during which the visible dim space becomes palely luminous with a swirling grayness, as of snowflakes beginning to fall.*

And now—the fiddle having ceased—to a thrumming of the same tune upon strings, three tattered grayish forms enter from the left: the two Children and a Man, who is playing a dulcimer.

All three—recognizable once more as THE BOY, THE GIRL *and* QUILLOQUON—*come singing the ballad-tune words, which they act out in their pantomime, severally assuming the parts, in simple ballad fashion, of the characters their song refers to—Lord, Lady, Servants and Gypsies.*

THE THREE FIGURES (QUILLOQUON AND THE CHILDREN).

There were three gypsies a-come to my door,
And down-stairs ran this a-lady, O!
One sang high and the other sang low,
And the other sang *Bonny, bonny Biscay, O!*

* The melody of "Raggle-Taggle Gypsies."

THE GIRL.

Then she pulled off her silk-finished gown
And put on hose of leather, O!

THE BOY AND QUILLOQUON.

The ragged, ragged rags about our door—
She's gone with the raggle-taggle gypsies, O!

[THE LITTLE GIRL *runs off right.*]

THE BOY.

'Twas late last night when my lord came home,
Inquiring for his a-lady, O.
The servants said on every hand:
She's gone with the raggle-taggle gypsies, O!

[QUILLOQUON *turns and addresses* THE BOY.]

QUILLOQUON.

Come, saddle to me my milk-white steed,
And go and fetch my pony, O!
That I may ride and seek my bride,
Who is gone with the raggle-taggle gypsies, O!

[*The two run off, right.* THE LITTLE GIRL *alone enters immediately, left, followed—to the thrumming of the dulcimer—by* THE BOY, *who remains near his place of entrance and sings. While he does so,* QUILLOQUON *enters, passes him, and advances toward* THE GIRL, *looking about, seeming at first not to see her.*]

THE BOY.

Then he rode high, and he rode low,
He rode through wood and copses, too,
Until he came to an open field,
And there he espied his a-lady, O!

[QUILLOQUON, *approaching* THE GIRL, *with aspect of lordly severity.*]

QUILLOQUON.

What makes you leave your house and land?
What makes you leave your money, O!
What makes you leave your new-wedded lord,
To go with the raggle-taggle gypsies, O!

THE GIRL.

Oh, what care I for my house and land?
What care I for my money, O?
What care I for my new-wedded lord?
I'm off with the raggle-taggle gypsies, O!

[*The falling snowflakes grow thicker and the scene more dim.*]

QUILLOQUON.

Last night you slept on a goose-feather bed,
With the sheet turned down so bravely, O!
But to-night you'll sleep in a cold open field,
Along with the raggle-taggle gypsies, O!

THE GIRL.

Oh, what care I for a goose-feather bed,
With the sheet turned down so bravely, O!
For to-night I shall sleep in a cold open field—
Along with the raggle-taggle gypsies, O!

[*With a swift, proud gesture of departure, lifting her last song-note to its octave higher, the little* GIRL *goes off, right, with steps of gladness, while* QUILLOQUON—*in crestfallen grandeur—strides off with the* BOY, *left. The* GIRL'S *voice, however, has hardly ceased, and* QUILLOQUON *has not yet disappeared, when a Man's Voice is heard singing through the dim whirling snowfall.*]

THE MAN'S VOICE [*sings huskily*].

O, what care I for a goose-feather bed,
With the sheet turned down so bravely, O!
For to-night—I shall sleep in a cold open field
Along with the raggle-taggle gypsies, O!

[*Then suddenly the* VOICE *speaks, with sharp staccato.*]

VOICE. Who goes there?

THE ACTION

THE MAN'S VOICE *breaks in a raspy fit of coughing.*

While he has sung, the blue curtains have drawn back to the width of the full stage-aperture, revealing the singer himself—a SENTINEL, *in ragged American uniform, standing in the night near a low-burning camp-fire (left).*

The snow has ceased falling. The fire dimly lights by its gleam a space surrounded by vaguely discerned walls of snow-laden woods, except in the background. There —between trunks of trees, rising like columns of gray ice—an arch-like opening gives glimpses of struggling moonlight and gusty, gray-black darkness, through which a low, muffled thudding and crackling murmur rises occasionally to the ear.

Holding for a moment his musket poised, the SENTINEL *looks off (left), listening. Then, lowering his gun and turning to the fire, he crouches by it, blows his fingers, takes from within his tattered coat a little book, holds it open near the firelight and begins writing in it.*

While he does so, through the glooming aperture in the background, the tall, silhouetted form of WASHINGTON, *in long military cloak, his hands gripped behind him, is seen to pace slowly past and disappear (right).*

The SENTINEL *stops writing, gesticulates to himself, muttering; then reads aloud from his book.*

THE SENTINEL. "O ye that love mankind! Ye that dare oppose not only tyranny but the tyrant, stand forth! Every spot of the Old World is overrun with oppression. Freedom hath been hunted round the globe. Oh, receive the fugitive, and prepare in time an asylum for mankind!" [*Coughing slightly, he stares a moment in the fire: then writes again. In the background, the dim form of* WASHINGTON, *returning, paces past and disappears, left. Half*

rising now from his crouched posture, the SENTINEL *reads again from his book in the firelight, with gesture as of ardent conversation with another.*] "To see it in our power to make a world happy, to teach mankind the art of being so, to exhibit on the theater of the universe a character hitherto unknown, and to have, as it were, a new creation entrusted to our hands,—are honors that command reflection." [*Closing his book, he looks intently in the night. Then suddenly, dropping the book, he seizes up his gun, leaps to his feet and calls out:*] Who goes there?

A MAN'S VOICE [*answers from outside, left*]. Merry Christmas!

THE SENTINEL. Merry Christmas, yourself! [*A* MAN *limps wearily in, through a gap in the snow-covered evergreens. The firelight reveals him also forlornly clad in ragged regimentals. The* SENTINEL *half lowers his gun.*] What's your name, and allegiance?

THE MAN. Lieutenant James Monroe, of the United States.

THE SENTINEL [*saluting—a bit slouchily, like a civilian*]. "Which are, and of right ought to be, free and independent!" Pass, Lieutenant Monroe, in the name of our immortal Declaration.

MONROE. Immortal, Sir, let us hope, but *ought to be* isn't *are* by a long shot—whatever Mr. Jefferson hath immortally declared for us. [*Sitting on a rock by the fire, he examines his foot.*]

THE SENTINEL [*bending over him*]. Lord, lieutenant, your foot's bloody—bleeding bad! Here, wait a minute. [*Tearing a strip from his own regimentals, he kneels down beside* MONROE.] You need bandaging.

MONROE. Thanks, friend. We all do—in this uniform. [*Behind them the shadowy form of* WASHINGTON *paces past again, and noiselessly disappears. While the* SENTINEL *is stooping over, wrapping his companion's foot in bandages,* MONROE'S *hand—resting on the book—raises it. Glancing curiously at the open page, he mutters:*] Hello, what's here?

[*The* SENTINEL *looks up an instant, but goes on immediately with his occupation.* MONROE *reads aloud:*] "These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it now deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered." [*Turning to the front of the book, he looks closely and reads:*] "Tom Paine: His Note Book."—Great Cæsar! Where did this come from?

THE SENTINEL. From a hater of Cæsar—out of my breast pocket, Sir.

MONROE. Yours! *You*—Thomas Paine, the author of "Commonsense"?

PAINE. Unauthorized by His Majesty: that's me.

MONROE [*rising and saluting*]. Why, Sir, permit me to salute—the Revolution! 'Tis a privilege to meet Public Opinion face to face.

PAINE. You meet just a sentinel at his post, Sir. 'Tis a privilege of serving Liberty, to inquire: "Who goes there?"

MONROE. Your inquiry will burn the ears of kings till their doomsday, Mr. Paine. Your challenge rings over the Atlantic. For my part, I should like to see it made the Atlantic doctrine—No passing for Old World tyrants this side of the world!

PAINE. And why not doctrine for t'other side, too, Mr. Monroe?

MONROE [*sitting again*]. Well, Sir,—a touch of modesty. I administer my doctrine by the dose—half a world at a time.

PAINE. Not me, lieutenant. My mother didn't bear me modest, nor twins; so, following her maternal example, I never give birth to a principle by hemispheres.

MONROE [*holding one foot and twinging*]. Well and good, Mr. Paine, but hadn't we better confine our universal dreams to gypsy camps—considering our style of bed to-night?

PAINE [*humming the words*].

"O, what care I for a goose-feather bed
With the sheet turned down—"

[*Breaking off with a short laugh.*]

Ha! "Raggle-taggle": that's the tune of Revolution, Sir.

MONROE [*wearily*]. Oh, I don't know! There's times I almost think we deserve goose-feathers—and tar, too—for such loyalty as ours.

PAINE [*sharply*]. What's that! Is that your ripe judgment of our cause?

MONROE. No, Sir, not ripe—just rotten. I'm dog-tired—tired of failure. The game's up! We know our dreams—but look at the facts.

PAINE. Well—what facts?

MONROE. Listen! [*He pauses a moment.*] You hear that sound? [*They both listen in silence. Shadowy in the background, the form of* WASHINGTON *repasses and disappears.*]

PAINE. You mean the river there—the ice rattling?

MONROE. Yes: the death-rattle of our rebellion. I mean, that Delaware river can tell our story. That's us—the American army. Last summer, what were we? The warm, quick stream of our country's passion, welling like hot blood, pouring out of the hills—the turbulent current of a continent. And now, in December,—what now, ha? That's us—out there: a death-cold stream, congealing while we move: a current choked up with the ice of its own broken heart—any hour to be buried under, gone, stone-cold as this river bank to-night.

PAINE [*humming, as he fondles his musket*]. "For to-night I shall sleep in a cold open field"—[*Speaking.*] And those facts, Lieutenant? Skip the metaphors.

MONROE. Facts, Sir? The facts are disaster and retreat. At Brooklyn Heights—failure, retreat; New York—the same; Fort Washington, Fort Lee—lost, both; the Hudson—lost; and here now for months in Jersey—ignomini-

ous retreat: deserters, dropping off like rats from a wreck: militia without honor; officers without obedience; a Congress that votes battalions, but no money—and this nearly two years since Bunker Hill! So here, Mr. Paine, this Christmas night, while the Hessian hirelings are rum-drinking over the river there in Trenton—these are the *facts:* To expel from America His Majesty's twenty-five thousand regulars, stuffed with plum pudding—here we are: twenty-four hundred retreating frozen-bellied gypsies!

PAINE [*quickly*]. And one general.

MONROE [*rising slowly, speaks with quiet emotion*]. Aye, Sir—one general. After all, for us, I guess that's the *only* fact. For, if needs be, we'll follow that one the gypsy path to hell.

PAINE [*with a gesture of silence, points to the background.*] Shh! [*Silently, once more, in dim silhouette, the form of* WASHINGTON *paces past and is gone. For a moment, they stand watching, motionless. Then* MONROE *speaks, under his breath.*]

MONROE. Him?—Is this camp-fire *his?*

PAINE [*nodding*]. I'm his sentinel here.

MONROE. I bear a dispatch to him.

PAINE. Not now: not for half an hour. That's my orders. He's thinking. He thinks—alone.

MONROE. And walks like that?

PAINE. Sometimes. Sometimes he just stands—like a tree—all night.

MONROE. What, and sleeps—standing?

PAINE. Not sleep, I guess; though often his eyes are closed. He calls it,—taking his cat-naps. And sometimes he takes 'em walking.

MONROE. Walking!

PAINE. Like we saw—there.

MONROE [*taking out a folded paper*]. But this dispatch, Mr. Paine?

PAINE. Follow me, Sir: I'll take you to Colonel Hamilton. Since the General met him in New York, he's made a son of him.—He's over yonder, with General Knox.

MONROE [*taking* PAINE'S *hand in the dim light, follows him, limping*]. Some future Christmas, Mr. Paine, we must resume our fireside conversation on the doctrine of hemispheres.

PAINE. Hemispheres?—No, Sir: give me—globes! [*They disappear in the darkness. After a moment—pacing past again in the background—the huge form of* WASHINGTON *pauses, comes slowly down half way to the fire and stands there. In long military cloak, three-cornered hat, and great boots, his hands still clutched behind him—his posture is erect as an Indian. Around his throat is a piece of woolen cloth. His eyes are intently fixed, his lips compressed with painful tightness. He remains perfectly motionless. Vaguely the sounds of wind and river-ice deepen the silence of their pausings. Soon, from the right, very quietly, the slight small form of a young man comes into the gleam of the fire. He is in uniform, shabby but borne with alert distinction. He passes over to the fire and waits there. As he crosses the gaze of* WASHINGTON, *the eyes of the latter follow him and continue to look at him for a moment, before he speaks in a tone hoarse with cold.*]

WASHINGTON. Ah! Hamilton—you?

HAMILTON. Yes, your Excellency.

WASHINGTON. Are the boats secured?

HAMILTON. Yes, your Excellency.

WASHINGTON. All?

HAMILTON. Yes, Sir.

WASHINGTON [*murmurs*]. Ah! [*Slowly, he begins to pace again.* HAMILTON *waits, near the fire. Soon* WASHINGTON *speaks again, abrupt.*] Oh! Alexander!

HAMILTON. What, Sir?

WASHINGTON. You dispatched my letter to Mt. Vernon?

HAMILTON. To Lady Washington: Yes, Sir.

WASHINGTON [*murmuring low, as he paces*]. You're a good boy—you're a good boy— [*After a moment, pausing again, he speaks with staccato sharpness.*] Well?—Well? Your report!

HAMILTON. This message, by Lieutenant Monroe, from General Gates at Bristol. Shall I read it, Sir?

WASHINGTON. No: give me the gist.

HAMILTON. General Gates has received your orders. He understands it is your plan to strike the Hessians to-night at Trenton, with five coöperating divisions, commanded severally by yourself, himself, Generals Ewing, Putnam and Griffin. Accordingly, he has dispatched General Cadwalader to the river.

WASHINGTON. Well?

HAMILTON. General Cadwalader has looked at the river.

WASHINGTON. Has he!—Well?

HAMILTON. He considers the floating ice impassable—

WASHINGTON. Considers—

HAMILTON. The chances desperate, and he is gone back to Bristol.

WASHINGTON. Gone back to *Brimstone!* Let him sit there and broil his rump!—What else?

HAMILTON. Another message from General Gates, by Captain Wilkinson.

WASHINGTON. We are twice favored.—Well?

HAMILTON. General Gates himself has set out for Philadelphia to inform Congress—

WASHINGTON. Inform Congress—what of?

HAMILTON. That he disapproves your plan and cannot coöperate.

WASHINGTON. Ah! [*After a pause.*] What further messages?

HAMILTON. From General Putnam, at Philadelphia.

WASHINGTON [*quickly*]. What's Put say?

HAMILTON. He regrets his division cannot march to-night.

WASHINGTON [*slowly*]. Old Put says that.—Well!—Next?

HAMILTON. General Ewing regrets the ice, but will try whatever seems most practical—in the morning.

WASHINGTON. Try! He'd better try lard, and fry in his own fat! That's practical for corn pone—ha!—in the

morning! [WASHINGTON'S *features contract, and he gnaws fiercely the edge of his hand, before speaking again.*] So: that makes three divisions time-stalled—useless. [*He glances slowly at* HAMILTON.] And the fourth—?

HAMILTON. General Griffin sends word— [*He pauses.*]

WASHINGTON. What are *his* regrets?

HAMILTON. He regrets his necessity to abandon New Jersey altogether.

WASHINGTON [*lifting off his hat, raises it high aloft.*] Jehovah, God of chariots! And *this* is the thunder of Thy captains! [*Dashing his hat to the ground, he grinds his boot upon it.*] Blithering skulkgudgeons! *These* are my fighting generals! [*An immense shudder wrenches his body. Controlling a sharp spasm, his face grows marble. Stooping, he takes up the crumpled hat and holds it in silence; then, slowly turning his look from the hat to* HAMILTON'S *face, he speaks with tense quiet.*] Alexander: not a word of this! You understand?

HAMILTON. Not a word, your Excellency.

WASHINGTON. Your report, Sir, is satisfactory. At midnight, our division will cross the Delaware—alone.

HAMILTON [*with quiet emotion*]. Nay, Sir: not alone.

WASHINGTON. I said—ours alone. What other forces are left to attend us?

HAMILTON. The Ages, your Excellency: the forces that prevail over river barriers: there, Sir, still flows—the Rubicon.

WASHINGTON [*hoarsely*]. Nay, my boy—not so classic. The Delaware will do, for to-night. 'Tis no Cæsar stands in my boots. [*With smoldering fire, that dartles, flames and then bursts.*] But 'tis Cæsar, I reckon, who camps over there with his legions: a Cæsar, hog-latin from Hanover, who would make the Atlantic his channel—who hires his own German breed to help suppress English freedom in both England and America, making his chancellors his apes and his commoners his minions. I'd rather you called me Hannibal-in-a-cocked-hat than such a Hessian Roman!

HAMILTON [*with flitting smile*]. I am well corrected,

Sir. I cannot gainsay—the cocked hat. [*With swift ardor, going near to him.*] But, oh, my dear General, I want you only to know my utter conviction of this night!

WASHINGTON [*looking at him—slowly*]. Your conviction, son?

HAMILTON. This night is the beginning of the world.—Darkness was over the face of the deep, and He said, "Let there be light!"

WASHINGTON [*murmurs*]. And there was light.

HAMILTON. And there was light!

WASHINGTON. Without form and void—and after that—light and order.

HAMILTON. Order—and organic structure: a new world—a new-builded unity—a new self-government above warring tribes—a commonwealth above kings—and its name, *America!*

WASHINGTON. You are young—and you have seen it.

HAMILTON [*ardently*]. I *see* it, Sir!

WASHINGTON. I am getting old—but I too have seen it—darkly. Old eyes and young must work together, boy. Will finds its way.

HAMILTON. And the will is here.

WASHINGTON. Ah?—Where?

HAMILTON [*with a reverent smile*]. Under that crumpled hat, Sir.

WASHINGTON [*smiling back faintly—speaks, after a pause*]. The boats are ready?

HAMILTON. On the face of the deep.

WASHINGTON. Over there—no crossing back. Over there—are the looted homes of freemen, and the Hessian looters—keeping the birth of Christ, there. Over that water, my boy, is our final stake: 'tis fight to a finish.

HAMILTON. And fight—for the beginning: our commonwealth above kings!

WASHINGTON. In the beginning—there was a word spoken—a watchword—and the stars held their watch ever after. [*From the distance, on the right, a single faint bugle-note is heard.*]

HAMILTON. O Sir, yes! Our watchword: the men are waiting for it.

WASHINGTON [*mutters, looking off*]. No stars yet tonight!

HAMILTON [*with fervor*]. You will give it, Sir—you alone. I'll go tell them. I beg of you, Sir,—the watchword!

WASHINGTON [*continues muttering to himself*]. Above warring tribes. Out of the void—a form. And there was light of stars—and order. Void, and then—victory!

HAMILTON. Sir,—the watchword.

WASHINGTON [*to* HAMILTON, *very quietly*]. Victory, or death.

HAMILTON [*murmuring low*]. Victory or death. [*Then, swiftly in silence going toward the dimness, right, he speaks in vibrant tone:*] Victory or death! [*As he disappears, the voice of* TOM PAINE *answers from farther off: "Victory or death!" Still farther, then, in the distance, other voices call faintly to each other: "Victory or death!" These voices are still continuing, when once more a far bugle is heard.* WASHINGTON *stirs slightly, clutching his hands before him. Now the bugle is answered by another, and* WASHINGTON *tightens the great joints of his hands, and breathes heavily. And now, through the dark, increasingly, the upblowing notes of bugles rise, like irises of sound. And as they rise, the gray of gust-blurred moonlight in the background clears to a pallid blue, which deepens and—filling swiftly with stars—takes on a glowing intensity of azure. And now the bugles—as many as the stars—magnify their blaring notes to a martial revelry of music, crashing the dark with their silver and brazen peals. Staring upward in the midst of this sound and the color behind him,* WASHINGTON *in the foreground, raises his arms in a gesture immense and terrible—his voice breaking with sharp joy, as he cries hoarsely aloud:*]

WASHINGTON. Victory! Lord God of battles—victory!

[CURTAIN]

GOD WINKS *

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT

By

KATHARINE STANBERY BURGESS

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CHARACTERS

WILLIAM GOWER, *an old man.*

This old gentleman is seventy-two years old: once a fine figure of a man, strong and erect, but now stooping and shuffling a very little bit. He has the combination of vigor and weakness often seen in men of that age; and his temper, too, is alternately mellow and irascible. He is clean, but his clothes are out-of-date and baggy: he evidently delights in wearing the oldest things he has. His shirt and collar are white but limp, and he wears an old black string tie. His hair and whiskers are thin and grizzled; his eyes are big and bright, by turns childlike and crafty. Having outlived his usefulness in the world, he has shut himself up in his castle with his ideals, on which he feeds. Incidentally, his assertions that he does not lie, cheat nor swear, are quite sincere: he is really unconscious of any transgressions.

JANE CORRIGAN, *his housekeeper.*

Here is the traditional faithful family servant: a strong, unbeautiful Irishwoman of about fifty-five, who is shrewd, practical, humorous, tender, sometimes testy. While the old man is really her spoiled child, she has imbibed most of his ideals—perhaps more for his sake than for theirs. And she is going to fight for them. Strangely enough, however, though she has lived with him long enough to know all his whims and crochets, he has the power sometimes to frighten her when it comes to a question of right and wrong, sin and punishment. Her antagonism to Margaret Gower is always very near the surface: no love has ever been

lost between them. The tang of brogue in Jane's voice and speech does not approach the low comedy point—and neither does Jane herself, at any time whatever.

MARGARET GOWER, *the old man's daughter-in-law.*

You could not insult this lady more successfully than by telling her that she is *not* a lady; but such is the sad truth. Without background, without the milk of human kindness, without honesty, charity or humor, see what a poor imitation she is! She has lived, for some thirty-eight years, a narrow, middle-class life, leaning on her Church (one of the Protestant denominations), but adorning that Church very little in the way of high ideals and probity. All this shows in her set and determined face and her usually hard voice; but, being an opportunist, she can, when she has an end in view, put honey into her tones and feign suavity and filial affection *almost* successfully. And now she wants to do a bit of social climbing through a bit of patriotic posing. Margaret knows how to dress, and her clothes are neither better nor worse than those of the average woman.

CLYDE RANSOM, *an authority on Americana.*

Mr. Ransom probably has a strong individuality when he is in his own sphere; but this morning he is cast in the rôle of consulting engineer in a crooked deal—though quite innocently and without blame. He is of any age between thirty and fifty, and is immaculately dressed, well polished and presentable—all that is desirable. Needless to say, this is a very trying and embarrassing experience for him.

GOD WINKS

The scene is the living room in WILLIAM GOWER'S *house, in a small Massachusetts town, at a quarter before nine on the morning of Washington's Birthday.*

It is an old-fashioned room, practical and plain and somewhat shabby, but very cheerful, and showing a feminine touch. There are doors in the middle of the right and left walls, the former leading to the dining room and the latter to the hall. In the back wall, at equal distances from the middle, are large windows with small panes, curtained in white muslin and with old-style cornices or valances. Potted plants stand on the sills. Near the window R., stands a big, old secretary or desk, with pigeonholes and small drawers above and a closing lid, and large drawers below. In front of this is a desk chair, and farther front, R, is a big armchair, its back to the dining room door. There is another large chair, opposite it, at L. A sofa is in U. L. corner, a table with a lamp (not to be lighted), books and ornaments in U. R. corner, and one or two other chairs disposed at pleasure. The floor is covered with a rag rug; there are a few engravings and other pictures on the walls; curious old pottery figures are on the top of the desk. Everything is ancestral.

But here is the crowning glory of the room. In the exact middle of the back wall, between the windows, there hangs, rather high, a very large portrait of George Washington: possibly a black-and-white reproduction of the unfinished Gilbert Stuart. Beneath this, a little above the level of the eye, hangs a small shelf or cabinet: if the latter, it must have only a single door. It

has two small tacks fastened to the front edge. Inside it, or on the shelf, are seen a Cup and Saucer of Royal Worcester porcelain. Under this shrine there is a rather small stand, with a cover, on which rest two or three books—probably American histories.

NOTE.—*The tempo is spirited, with only occasional ritards and pauses. No comic note is to be forced or stressed: all the comedy is unconscious—an undertone (or overtone) of the grim poignancy of the plot.*

Old MR. GOWER *is found sitting at his desk, showing left profile. He has before him a black tin box, from which he takes money—gold and greenbacks—stacking and counting it aloud. There is a note of glee in his voice, and something of avarice.*

GOWER. Five hundred and ten—five hundred and twenty—five hundred and forty—yes, by cracky, I was right the first time! I *knew* I was right! [*Suddenly a thought strikes him. He pulls out his watch and gives a start. He thrusts the money into the box and slams down the lid.*] Jane—Jane! . . . *Jane!* . . . Damn that woman—what's keeping her? . . . *Jane!*

JANE'S VOICE [*from R.*]. Yes, Mr. Gower! I'm comin'—in a minute!

GOWER [*roaring*]. Well, why the devil don't you hurry? It's nearly nine o'clock!

JANE'S VOICE. All right, all right! [*Then* JANE *herself appears R., holding in front of her a silk American flag, eighteen or twenty inches long.*] Sure, I've got it all pressed nice and flat, now—it's all ready for you, Mr. Gower.

GOWER [*getting up*]. Well, you've been a long time about it. A quarter to nine on General Washington's birthday, and the flag not up! When my dear wife was living, the flag was always pressed and ready before breakfast. She was a woman that knew her duty and gloried in it!

JANE. Sure, an' this is the first time in all the ten years *I've* been keepin' house for you that *I've* been late; but I've been that rushed this mornin'!

GOWER. Well, well—you're a good girl, Jane. Give me the flag. [JANE *gives him the flag, but she does not look him in the eyes. She is trying to cover some worry and perturbation.* GOWER *stands with the flag in his hands.*] Jane, who was at the door while I was eating my breakfast?

JANE. Why—a—just a man, sure.

GOWER [*insistently*]. What did he want?

JANE. Why, he—he—

GOWER. Damn it—out with it!

JANE [*tersely, seeing no way out of it*]. It was the postman.

GOWER. Postman, hey—at this time of the morning?

JANE [*busy straightening various articles of furniture that are already straight*]. Yes, sir—special delivery—for me. . . . I'm after thinkin' this rug ought to be turned around.

GOWER. What business have *you* getting special deliveries? . . . Where did it come from?

JANE. Oh, Mr. Gower, don't be askin' me—now. Let's get the flag hung. I'll tell you another time.

GOWER [*looking down at the flag*]. By cracky, you're right, Jane: it's late. . . . Jane, did you ever notice that I never say "by George"? Like other men?

JANE [*with amusement*]. Yes, sir.

GOWER [*impressively*]. Jane, when I was a boy, back in the eighteen sixties, I and the other boys used to say "by cracky!" And, Jane, I've trained myself to say it ever since. Do you know why?

JANE. Yes, sir.

GOWER. It's because I won't take the name of George in vain. That's why! When you understand—

JANE [*dryly*]. Lord love you, Mr. Gower, you've told me at least once a week for the last ten years.

GOWER [*irascibly*]. Yes, and I'll tell you again as often

as I please, damn it! I'll tell you that I don't swear by the sacred name of George Washington! [*Then, his voice trailing off:*] I'm not a profane man anyways . . . by God.

JANE [*smiling*]. All right, Mr. Gower; sure an' I understand.

GOWER [*suddenly melting*]. Well, come on, Janey. . . . Are these loops all right? And the tacks in firm? [*They move back to the Washington Shrine.*] Now you stand at attention. [*With trembling hands, he hangs the flag on tacks that are already fixed in the lower edge of the cabinet, and then steps back, surveying it reverently.*] Jane, do you realize what that flag means?

JANE. Yes, sir.

GOWER [*half contemptuously*]. You're Irish. Maybe you do, and maybe you don't. . . . Do you realize what that portrait means, Jane Corrigan? That portrait of the greatest man and gentleman and general that ever lived? And more than that, what—that—cup—and saucer mean?

JANE. Yes, sir—I know it all very well.

GOWER. Jane, General George Washington, the Father of our Country, drank tea out of that cup; yes, and by cracky, out of the saucer, too! In those days, it wasn't a disgrace to pour your tea into your saucer—I do it myself whenever I want to. . . . Well, as I was saying, when General Washington was passing through Germantown, Pennsylvania, in the summer of—

JANE [*quickly and roguishly*]. Of seventeen-eighty-nine!

GOWER [*snapping*]. *Yes, of seventeen-eighty-nine!* . . . General Washington stopped at the farmhouse of my great-great-grandfather, Ebenezer Gower. And my great-great-grandmother, Eunice Gower, gave him tea, out of that very cup and saucer—do you understand? Out of that very cup and saucer!

JANE. Yes, sir.

GOWER. And by cracky, my great-great-grandmother didn't wash that cup and saucer for a month! And then

one of her slaves did it by mistake, and mixed up the teaspoon with the other spoons. And my great-great-grandfather caned him for it. By God, it served the—served the— [*He has a slight fit of coughing.*]

JANE [*instantly*]. The black rascal right!

GOWER [*angrily*]. Good God, Jane, can't you let me . . . Well, maybe you don't want to hear the rest.

JANE. Oh, sure an' I do, Mr. Gower! You mustn't mind my foolin'. *I like* the story; an' I honor the cup an' saucer most as much as you do.

GOWER. Well, well, Janey, you're a good girl. . . . And so my great-great-grandmother put that one cup and saucer in a place of honor; and in a place of honor it's been kept through all these generations. All the rest of the set got broken—all but one other pair.

JANE [*calmly, as if reciting an antiphon*]. An' they're out on the second shelf o' the dinin' room cupboard. . . . You know, it seems like *they'd* ought to be in here, too.

GOWER. Not in the same room with General Washington's, Jane! No, *sir!* They never *have* been. My grandmothers always kept 'em separate. No outsider could ever tell the difference. We Gowers can always tell. I can tell in a minute—but only when I've got my specs on.

JANE [*meditatively*]. I dunno as *I* could. I always wash 'em separate. I never held the two of 'em together.

GOWER. My dear Wife could tell the difference. She revered those relics; my son Edward that's dead revered them. But my son Harry and his wife don't give a damn—that's what *their* patriotism amounts to!

JANE [*quickly*]. Yes, they do care, Mr. Gower,—they care *too much.* At least *she* does.

GOWER. What the devil do you mean, Jane? . . . That Margaret's a cold-blooded, hard-shelled woman. I don't care if she *is* a church member and always howling about truth and honesty. I wouldn't trust her any farther'n I could swing a cat by the tail. She's a two-faced baggage; and I'm ashamed that my son should have picked out such

a wife. Harry had *some* good qualities, but damned if she hasn't ruined every one of 'em!

JANE. Mr. Gower, are you—are you after bein' afraid of your daughter?

GOWER. My daughter-in-law! Don't you forget the *in-law* whenever you speak of *her!* . . . *No,* I'm not afraid of her! Who says I'm afraid?

JANE [*who is on edge*]. Well, it always does be seemin' to me—as if you sort o' . . . well, *you* know—!

GOWER. Jane, when Margaret Gower comes to my house, I'll respect her: when she stays at home in Boston, I'll thank her the damnedest! . . . That's all! [*He is sitting R. F., by this time.* JANE, *up stage, has a sudden blinding flash in her mind. She clutches at her diaphragm with both hands, and with difficulty restrains a gasp of fearful joy. Hurriedly, she slips out the door, R.*] Here, you Jane! where're you going?

JANE'S VOICE. In a minute—in a minute! [*A slight rattle of dishes is heard.*] I'll be right back! [*She reappears, carrying the duplicate cup and saucer. She tries to appear natural and nonchalant.*] Sure, an' I just wanted to see are they the same, after all? [*She carries them to the little table and sets them down.*]

GOWER [*even before she gets there*]. Here—don't you touch General Washington's! Of *course* they're the same —except for that one teeny-tiny curlycue on the genu-ine cup and saucer that nobody knows about but me. And *you* let them alone! [*Then softening:*] Now, Janey, you wait till I find you my great-great-grandmother's letter to her son Jonas, describing the great occasion! [*He rises and goes back to the desk.* JANE *stands at the left of the little stand, in an agony of nervousness, but trying to be calm and natural.*] First, I've got to put away my money, safe and sound. [*He locks the box.*] You notice, Janey, I don't keep *all* I've got in my bank account—Harry and Margaret'd be getting it out of me in some way. And don't you ever let on that you know I've got it! [*He gets down*

on his knees at the left end of the lowest drawer—that is, nearest to JANE. *He can still see her; her time has not yet come. He places the box in the drawer and then begins to ransack for the letter. She watches him like a hawk.*] Now, where the devil . . . ? Where's that letter? [*He suddenly turns his back to her, to reach up to the other end of the drawer. Instantly, with great caution, she takes down the true cup and saucer, sets them on the table, and puts the duplicates in their place. Frightened at her own act, she unobtrusively crosses herself, and regains her position, just as he speaks again! Her face is twitching in silent tears.*] A-ha! Here it is! Here's the precious document! [*Laboriously, after closing the drawer, he rises from his knees, holding an old yellow letter. He looks at* JANE.] Why—why, Janey, you've been crying! Damn it, what's wrong?

JANE [*straightening her face*]. Nothin'—nothin', Mr. Gower.

GOWER [*irritably*]. Jane, don't you dare to lie to me, about yourself or—or anything else! The Father of his Country never told a lie, and *I* won't *stand* a lie!

JANE. Sure, God winks at *some* lies, Mr. Gower—little white ones that don't do nobody no harm, but only good—don't He?

GOWER [*snapping*]. He does *not!* A lie's a lie, and your own religion ought to teach you that. I'm a truthful man myself, and I wouldn't even *act* a lie, with this Great Example before me. And, Jane Corrigan, if ever I catch you telling one, or even acting one—I don't care what it's about—damned if I don't send you out of the house, bag and baggage, so quick you won't know yourself!

JANE [*gulping*]. Yes, sir.

GOWER. Jane, I fired you *once* for telling a lie. Five years ago. Do you remember *that?* You told the new water rent man there were only four faucets in my house [*speaking rather boastfully*], when there were really six. You lied, Jane—*you lied.*

JANE. I didn't, Mr. Gower—I didn't. I just showed 'im the four of 'em. Besides, I done it to save *your water rent*—you know *that.*

GOWER. I don't give a damn *what* you did it for. And if you didn't *tell* the lie, you *acted* it. And you remember I gave you your walking papers before you could say "Jack Robinson." And I'll do it again—by God.

JANE [*subdued but stubborn*]. I was back again in three days.

GOWER [*snapping*]. Yes,—because I was sorry for you. I-I-I-*I* didn't need you! . . . But you'll never be taken back again. This is a house of truth—you understand! You'll tell no lies or play no tricks for *any one!* Not even *me!*

JANE [*convinced at last, and depressed*]. Oh, Mr. Gower, sure an' I believe you. I *won't* lie—I won't even *act* a lie. An' . . . there *is* somethin' I was after keepin' from you. I had a letter, this mornin'—from Mrs. Harry, it was; an' she'll be here any minute, now. She was to come out from Boston this mornin'.

GOWER [*starting to unfold the old letter, which he has held all this time*]. So *that's* it! And what's that hell-cat up to now?

JANE [*filling up with silent tears*]. Oh, Mr. Gower dear, it's that hard to tell you what she's tryin' to do to you! My heart was 'most broke till I—

GOWER [*breaking in*]. Well, damn it—out with it! Don't stand around sniveling! Tell me—and no lies about it!

JANE. Well, I . . . it's this way. . . . [*Then suddenly she puts her apron to her face and runs to the window, L., where she sobs and chokes.*] . . . I—I can't say it!

GOWER. Well, by God, you *will* say it! [JANE, *hearing the noise of a motor stopping, raises her head and gives a great start. She chokes back the tears and speaks quickly, turning.*]

JANE. Saints alive! There she is now, gettin' out o' a

machine, with a man! [*She seizes the true cup and saucer from the table and runs hurriedly out, R.*]

GOWER [*shouting*]. *What* man? . . . Jane! [*While he stands, bewildered, he abstractedly refolds the letter and puts it in a coat pocket. The doorbell rings.* JANE *hurries in again and starts across to door, L.*]

JANE. Oh, my God!

GOWER [*explosively*]. Look here, you! Don't you use such language! I'll be damned if I let any one swear in front of me! [*But* JANE *has gone. The old man subsides and stands in a daze. Presently the front door is heard to open and close, and* JANE *reënters, L., preceded by* MARGARET GOWER *and* CLYDE RANSOM. JANE *crosses to door, R.; but, unwilling to miss anything, she goes out, comes back, and finally takes up her stand there.*]

MARGARET [*going up to* GOWER *and kissing him effusively*]. Why, Father dear! Here you are, looking hale and hearty as ever! . . . I *wish* you wouldn't keep the front door locked: I don't like to have to ring the bell in this house! . . . Father, I want to present Mr. Clyde Ransom, from Boston. Mr. Ransom's a great authority on Americana—that's American relics and antiques, you know. [*This very sweetly and patronizingly.*] He's the curator of the Americana Museum! [GOWER, *standing, bows stiffly.* RANSOM *bows with much grace and offers his hand, which* GOWER *finally takes, bewildered.*]

RANSOM. I'm proud to meet you, Mr. Gower. I understand you're one of the patriarchs of the town.

GOWER [*suspicious but boastful*]. I'm an old settler—that's what *I* am! Seventy-two years old. My father, Lemuel Gower, came to Massachusetts from Pennsylvania when I was a boy of twelve; and he was descended from—

MARGARET. Yes, yes, Father dear—I've told Mr. Ransom all about that. But . . . oh, won't you lay off your overcoat, Mr. Ransom? And sit down? [MARGARET *and* RANSOM *lay their coats on the sofa in U. L. corner. The three sit down*—GOWER *in the easy chair, R.* JANE *trots in and*

out once or twice, but is never far away; she arranges small things at the back occasionally, but her main business is keeping on the scene of action.] . . . You see, Father, Mr. Ransom hasn't very much time, this morning, and I haven't either. We have to get back to Boston before eleven o'clock. And so—we'd better get to the business right away.

GOWER [*grimly*]. What business?

MARGARET. Why . . . hasn't Jane told you about it? I wrote to her to tell you, and—sort of prepare you, don't you know? Didn't you get my letter, Jane?

JANE [*stiffly*]. Yes, mum, I did. . . . But I didn't get the chancet. Besides, you can do your own tellin'.

MARGARET. Really, Jane, that was very inconsiderate of you!

GOWER. Well, Mrs. High-and-mighty, what have you got to spring on me?

MARGARET. A . . . Father dear . . . a . . . well, it's just this. I've come for the cup and saucer.

GOWER [*leaning forward*]. *What* cup and saucer?

MARGARET. The ones you gave Harry and me a year ago last month.

GOWER. I *never* gave you and Harry a cup and saucer, a year ago last month, or any other time! What do you mean? . . . [*Then, springing up and with horror in his voice:*] My God—you don't mean the General Washington?

MARGARET [*still sitting and looking up at him*]. Yes, Father—the Washington.

GOWER. It's a lie! I never did—and you know damn well I didn't! What do you want with my precious relic?

MARGARET [*rising*]. Father, do you remember when you had pneumonia, that January, and you were so dreadfully ill, and your doctor bills were so heavy, and you were behind in your taxes, and . . . Oh, Mr. Ransom, I'm so sorry to have to speak of these things before *you!*

RANSOM [*suavely*]. Oh, please pretend that I'm not present. I'd like to look at some of these old pictures, if you don't mind. [*He goes to pictures, U. L., keeping his back turned.* JANE *is still listening intently.*]

MARGARET. And Harry helped you out, Father, and paid your taxes, too, though he couldn't very well afford it at the time. Everything amounted to nearly a hundred and five dollars. And you were so grateful that you wrote —a—that is, you signed—a paper giving Harry and me the Washington cup and saucer whenever we should ask for them. . . . *Don't you remember?*

GOWER. No, by God, I *don't* remember! . . . I—I . . . It seems to me I did sign some paper that Harry fixed up, when I was too sick to know what I was doing; but—I don't know what it was. [*He seems very much bewildered.*] . . . Jane, is this true?

JANE. Sure I don't know, Mr. Gower. They'd never 'a' did it if *I'd* 'a' knowed what was goin' on. I never heered tell of it till this mornin'.

MARGARET [*indignantly*]. Of course it's true! And here [*producing a paper and holding it before him with both hands*] is the paper itself, and your signature. And the signature of Jim Dawson, your hired man, as witness; and that of Frank Loomis, the notary public. You swore to your promise. Read it, and maybe you'll remember *then*. And here's a note that Harry's penciled at the bottom, telling you to let me have the cup and saucer. [GOWER *tremblingly puts on his spectacles and reads.*]

GOWER. . . . My God, it's true! . . . And my own son and his wife would play me a dirty trick like that! When *you knew* that I set more store by that cup and saucer than —than anything else I've got in the world!

MARGARET [*putting the paper into her bag*]. Why, Father! You mustn't make me out dishonest—and before Mr. Ransom! You did it of your own accord, poor dear. We've just let it go indefinitely, but—well, now we're ready for the gift, Father.

GOWER. I tell you, I don't owe you that money. I paid it back to Harry, last May—every damned cent of it.

MARGARET [*starting a little*]. Oh, *no,* you didn't!

GOWER. I did, I tell you! In gold and greenbacks.

MARGARET [*craftily, and a little uncertain*]. Have you a receipt?

GOWER. Why—why—no! Who in thunder would think of asking for a receipt from his own son?

MARGARET [*reassured*]. So, you see, you're mistaken. And we have the law on our side. [*Then, very sweetly, as she sits down:*] Besides, Father, you'll change your tune when you hear why I really want the cup and saucer—why Mr. Ransom and I want them.

JANE [*impulsively and scornfully*]. Is he a second-hand man, I dunno?

MARGARET. *Jane!* How *dare* you speak so? . . . Father, this gentleman is *not* a—he's not even a dealer in antiques. He's come out from the Americana Society to pass upon the genuineness of the china—or porcelain, as *he* calls it. [*This last should subtly convey the inferiority complex.*] . . . And then—just think! Harry and I are going to present it to the Society—yes, and we'll use *your* name, too, Father—to go into their museum. And it's to be exhibited at their tea, this afternoon, and—and we'll all be written up in the papers. Think of the glory of it!

GOWER. Glory be damned! I don't want any public hogwash, and I do want my cup and saucer. . . . Mr. Ransom—or Handsome—or whatever your name is, how much are you giving her for this?

RANSOM [*quickly and unguardedly*]. Seventy-five dollars.

GOWER [*triumphantly*]. *A-ha!* I *thought as much.*

MARGARET [*at the same time, and turning a baleful look on* RANSOM]. *Mr. Ransom!*

RANSOM [*coming forward and covering his blunder with suavity*]. I—oh! Well, it will *pass* as a gift, you know.

MARGARET. Besides—if the truth *must* come out—*I* said a hundred.

RANSOM [*politely but firmly*]. Seventy-five is our limit.

GOWER [*eagerly*]. And *I'll* give you a hundred and ten for it—I'll buy back my own property, by God!

MARGARET. And you always making a poor mouth about money!

GOWER. Well, I—I—I—I *could get* the money—*now.*

MARGARET. I wouldn't sell you that cup and saucer for twice your hundred and ten dollars. It isn't the money I'm after, it's the—*distinction. . . . Though I don't intend to let it go cheap!*

GOWER. Damn you for your trickery!

MARGARET. You shan't call it trickery! You know very well this was a fair and square bargain, and that I'm a righteous and honest woman. Mr. Ransom, I *am* ashamed!

RANSOM [*blandly*]. Now, Mr. Gower, if you would only realize—

GOWER. Hold your tongue, sir! I don't want any advice from *you! . . .* My own son to lend himself to such a thing as this! On the twenty-second day of February, too! Good God, it'll kill me!

MARGARET. That's just sentimentalism, Father—these things don't really do you any good. [*She goes back to the shrine.*] Look here, Mr. Ransom. [*She takes down the duplicate pair and shows them to* RANSOM.] This is real Royal Worcester, isn't it? . . . Oh, by the way, Jane, will you go upstairs right away, and see that the fires are in good condition? I want to take Mr. Ransom up and show him some of the mahogany and homespun. Don't worry, Father—I'm not going to sell *them! . . .* Please be quick, Jane. [JANE *crosses to door, L. She thinks that her face wears the expression of the sphinx; but the sphinx could not show such a mingling of anger, contempt and holy joy. At the door, she cannot resist one backward, withering look at* MARGARET. *Then she goes out.*] . . . Father, I can't stand that woman! She acts as if she owned you.

GOWER. Don't you dare say one word against *her!* How'd I ever live without Jane? She's the only one that's got a scrap of feeling for me. [*He is standing near his chair, R.* MARGARET *turns back to* RANSOM *and stands watching his examination. The old man turns his head toward them and lifts a fist in the air.*] By God, woman— [*But she is still intent on the porcelain.* GOWER *stops with his arm aloft, frozen by an egregious idea. His jaw drops; he turns to the front, his eyes nearly popping from his head. He grasps the back of the chair with both hands for support; first awe, then joy, are written on his face. This is a momentary suspension of the spirited tempo. His resolution formed, he hurries around and drops into his chair with a cavernous groan, his own idea of dejected acquiescence. Then another groan, just as* MARGARET *starts to speak.*]

MARGARET [*watching* RANSOM's *face*]. Good china—isn't it?

RANSOM [*with a slight superior stress*]. Porcelain. . . . Yes, it's Royal Worcester, in perfect condition. I should judge it's of—about—seventeen hundred and fifty-five. And I believe there's a letter that goes with it?

MARGARET. Oh, yes,—of course. [*She comes down.*] *Father dear—* [GOWER *groans and rubs his head.*] Father dear, where is that letter? It ought to be part of the exhibit, you know.

GOWER [*guardedly, and pressing his arm over his pocket*]. Why—I haven't got it any more. It got burnt up, by accident, about six months ago.

MARGARET. Oh, *Father!* Isn't that a shame? . . . *Are you sure?*

GOWER. Why, damn it—do you think I'd lie about it? *I* don't *tell* lies!

MARGARET [*sighing*]. Well then, Mr. Ransom, I'm afraid you'll just have to take my word for it.

RANSOM. In which case, not a *cent* more than seventy-five dollars.

MARGARET [*in surprised expostulation*]. But I've been *offered a hundred and ten for it!*

GOWER [*groaning dramatically*]. I'm a poor, helpless old man! But I can't deny my own signature, and I can't fight against my own flesh and blood!

MARGARET [*patting his shoulder*]. That's the way to talk, Father dear; and you've got to get it out of your head that we've tricked you. I'm a Christian woman and a church member; and everybody knows I'd never cheat or deceive any one; and I'd *never* tell a *lie!* . . . You come with me, Mr. Ransom. [*They start, L.*] And if the Society's so crazy to get this cup and saucer, it can certainly afford at least a hundred dollars!

RANSOM [*as they pass through door, L.*] Mrs. Gower, you are very unreasonable. I've already told you— [*And then they pass out of hearing. The old man groans again as they leave, and keeps it up till they are safely gone. Then he comes to sudden life, rises, and hurries out, R. The noise of dishes is heard. He comes back almost immediately with the true cup and saucer, and goes to the table where the others sit. With trembling hands he makes the exchange, never thinking, of course, to look for the "little curlycues."*]

GOWER [*savagely*]. That'll serve 'em right, damn their eyes! [*Then he sings, softly, stamping his feet:*] "Yankee Doodle came to town, a-riding on a pony!" [*Then he salutes the portrait.*] Well, General, we've got the enemy beaten, you and I! Skinned clean, by cracky! [*Then he carries the duplicates out, R., muttering as he goes. He is heard to put them away, and soon he comes back, crosses to L., and drops into the chair there. He heaves a happy sigh and rubs his hands meditatively.* MARGARET *comes in from L., carrying a square pasteboard box.*]

MARGARET. I found this upstairs. I'm going out in the dining room to hunt some tissue paper—there used to be some in one of the drawers. [*She leaves the box on the little table.*]

GOWER [*with his eyes closed*]. Mm'hm.

MARGARET. That man's a mean bargain driver. I couldn't get him to go a cent over seventy-five dollars. But I'm not going to back out; and I'm going to that tea, this afternoon, and see that we get just recognition, or my name's not Margaret Gower! But oh, I'd like to fix *him!* [GOWER *only groans. She passes out, R., where she is heard opening and shutting a drawer and then moving dishes. The old man opens his eyes and smiles, and then turns in his chair, facing L., and sitting in an attitude of dejection.* MARGARET *comes partly into the room, quickly, with the duplicate cup and saucer in her hands.*]

MARGARET [*in genuine surprise*]. Why, Father— I'd completely forgotten . . . [*She looks over at the pieces on the table, then at those in her hands—almost as she is speaking. Suddenly, with widening eyes and a repressed gasp, she realizes the hideous possibilities and the chance for revenge. She checks herself, covers the porcelain with one hand, and turns away.*]

GOWER [*dully, and without turning around*]. What's that?

MARGARET [*tangled*]. Oh—I mean—

GOWER. Well, *what* d' ye mean?

MARGARET. Why . . . oh, nothing. . . . I found some old tissue paper, Father. [*She bolts out quickly and leaves the duplicates around the door in the dining room, and reappears with a bunch of tissue paper in her hands. Her eyes are bright and shining. Then, feeling her way, she speaks ingratiatingly.*] . . . Father dear—why don't you go upstairs and tell Mr. Ransom all about your old furniture and—a—*things,* you know—and all their history? Jane's with him, but what does *she* know? And you do tell things *so interestingly,* Father! I really think you ought to go.

GOWER [*still slumped down in his chair*]. I'll be damned if I do!

MARGARET. Well . . . Father! He—he was pulling all

the drawers in your room open, when I came down, to see how they worked!

GOWER [*springing up*]. The devil he was! Well, *I'll* show *him!* [*He stamps out L., in a fury and a hurry.* MARGARET *smiles, turns back into the dining room and brings in the duplicate porcelain. She hurries to the table and makes a change.*]

MARGARET [*almost breathlessly*]. Now, you pack of skinflints! You sha'n't even have your seventy-five dollars' worth! [*Back she goes with the true cup and saucer, and reappears just as* GOWER *and* RANSOM *come in L., followed by* JANE. JANE *goes across to the dining room, but again hovers at the door most of the time.*]

RANSOM [*earnestly*]. Of course I never *thought* of prying into your things, Mr. Gower! I didn't open a single drawer, as I've already told you. Surely there must be some mistake.

GOWER [*indifferently*]. All right, sir, all right. No offense meant. [*Resignedly:*] There's been a lie *somewhere.* [*He sits down in his chair, R., in assumed dejection.*]

RANSOM. Your things are wonderful, Mr. Gower; and I hope that some day you'll decide to let us have some of them. [GOWER *only grunts, and* RANSOM *turns back to the table.*] . . . Oh—I see you have a good box, Mrs. Gower—and paper; thank you. . . . No, I'll do them up myself. [*He deftly and quickly packs the pieces, while* MARGARET *watches him with a sardonic smile.*] Mr. Gower, this is a valuable acquisition to our little museum; and I promise you that your story, as your daughter has told it to me, shall be placed on our records and fully exploited in the press. If you prefer to give it to me in your own words—

GOWER. I don't.

MARGARET [*sarcastically*]. I've had to listen to the story —and the letter—often enough to get it all straight, I think!

RANSOM. Then I think we'll be going, Mrs. Gower.

MARGARET [*cuttingly*]. You've forgotten something. And I want it before I leave this house.

RANSOM. Oh—yes—of course. [*He produces his pocketbook and counts out the money into her hand.*] Twenty—forty—sixty—seventy—seventy-five. Is that all right?

MARGARET [*putting the bills into her own purse*]. It isn't—*right;* but . . . yes, *I think we're square*—you and I.

RANSOM [*putting on his overcoat*]. Now I'm going on out to start my engine. Come as soon as you can, please. . . . Good morning, Mr. Gower. It's been the greatest pleasure to meet you. And thank you. [*He offers his hand to* GOWER, *who takes it limply, without rising.*]

GOWER. Good-by. [RANSOM *goes out L., with the box.* MARGARET *puts on her coat.* JANE, *moving a step farther into the room, watches the other two alertly. All three seem awkward. At last:*]

MARGARET [*uneasily and embarrassed*]. Well . . . ?

GOWER. What do you mean? . . . Seems to me there's nothing left to say.

JANE. Only . . .

MARGARET [*at a nervous tension*]. Only—*what?*

JANE. Only . . . well, must I be takin' down that little cabinet, Mr. Gower? If I don't, *somethin'* ought to go in there, I s'pose.

MARGARET. Why—if—if there *is* anything else you'd like to have there . . . of course I don't know what, but . . . [*Her voice trails off.* JANE *starts to speak, but stops with a gulp.*]

GOWER [*looking up suddenly with pretended interest*]. Well, now—*I'll* tell you what! There's another cup and saucer, just like the General's—out o' the same set. Jane and I have always kept 'em hid. It seems to me, now, they *may* be out in the dining room cupboard, behind that big, blue pitcher. . . . How about—how about having *them* in here—just to look at, you know, and—remember—and

sort o' pretend? . . . *Damn it, why doesn't somebody answer me?*

JANE [*eagerly, now that the ice is broken*]. Yes, yes, Mr. Gower—you're right! Let me get 'em! [*She darts out, R., and returns with the true cup and saucer, which she tremblingly and reverently places in the cabinet.*] . . . A-a-a-a-ah! Glory be to God! [MARGARET *bites her lip. She is hoist with her own petard.*]

MARGARET [*stiffly*]. Yes—I'm sure that's very nice, Father.

GOWER. They look kind o' good—just like the real ones. Don't they, Jane? [*Then, turning to* MARGARET:] And much good may you get out of your dirty bargain, madam!

MARGARET. Oh! Don't talk that way! . . . I have to go now. . . . A . . . Father, I—I hope you'll find some enjoyment in—*those,* you know. Of course *they* were probably on the tea table too, when—when your great-great-grandmother . . . when she . . . oh, well, good-by! [*Covered with confusion, she bolts out L.* JANE *stands watching her grimly. The front door opens and closes. The old man stands before the cabinet, his head bowed. When* MARGARET *is quite gone, he lifts his head and squares his shoulders.* JANE *too looks at the cabinet, her guilty conscience struggling with her joy. She would like to make the old man happy with the truth, but she is afraid. At last, in a gentle voice:*]

JANE. Mr. Gower—*dear*—don't be after takin' it too hard!

GOWER [*moving slowly to his chair, R., and dropping into it.*] Jane, that woman's a she-devil. She's a cheat and a liar. . . . I s'pose I've got to take my medicine, though; honest men are usually the ones to suffer!

JANE [*standing L., and fumbling nervously with her apron.*] Mr. Gower . . . now . . . I'm wonderin' . . . wouldn't it 'a' made you happy if she was to 'a' got the wrong ones—after all? . . . If it could 'a' been fixed?

[*She turns away from him in her embarrassment. He smiles a little, his eyes narrow, he nods his head slightly, and he grips the arms of his chair, starting forward. He too is on the verge of a confession.*] . . . Of course I was only thinkin'—it's a thing that God'd 'a' winked at. . . . [*But he is afraid—afraid of belying his own standards. Could he again hold anything over* JANE? . . . *She turns back just in time to see his brows knit and his body stiffen.*]

GOWER. Good God, Jane—NO! D-d-d-do you suppose I'd stoop—do you suppose I'd blacken my character with such a deception? I never want to hear such a damned, low-down insinuation again! After all I've said about lies —and from a Christian woman, too! . . . Why, what would General Washington up there have said?

JANE [*giving up the fight with a forlorn smile*]. Oh, well! I didn't really mean it, an' o' course it ain't happened. I s'pose we'll just have to take it all out in pretendin', the rest o' our lives! [*The old man's face assumes a sweet and crafty smile. He gets up and goes over to* JANE *and pats her shoulder.*]

GOWER. That's right, Janey—that sounds better. Spoken like an honest woman! . . . We'll pretend—and we'll believe it. [*He sweeps his left arm first toward the shrine and then to high heaven.*] And the first fellow that dares to say these aren't the General's own cup and saucer, by God—no, sir, by George—by *George Washington himself*—I'll throw him out of this house!

[WHILE THE CURTAIN DESCENDS, GOD SLOWLY WINKS.]

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S WEDDING *

(From "Martha Washington")

By

WILLIAM ARCHER

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CHARACTERS

Colonel George Washington
Thomas, Lord Fairfax
Governor Fauquier
Major Chamberlayne
Mr. William Dandridge
Mr. Bartholomew Dandridge
Mr. John Augustine Washington
Mr. Charles Washington
Cully, *a negro*
Mrs. Martha Custis
Mrs. Dandridge
Miss Elizabeth Dandridge
Mrs. Fielding Lewis (Betty Washington)
Mrs. Burwell Bassett (Fanny Dandridge)
A Clergyman, Guests, Negroes, etc.

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S WEDDING

SCENE—*The Sixth of January, 1759. Both G. W. and M. W. are aged twenty-seven—a few months more or less.*

At the White House, one of the Custis' residences, on the York River, Virginia.

A well-proportioned and spacious room, very simply decorated, in light colors. (Walls paneled and painted.) Entrance door, L. In back wall a large double door opening into a similar, but smaller room. This door is not opened until the end of the scene. In wall, R., two sash windows, high and comparatively narrow, with fire-place between them—logs burning on hearth. Rather wooden portrait of ancestor in British uniform of the Marlborough period over mantelpiece. One or two other crude family portraits on wall. The windows look out upon a wintry garden. Simple chandelier with about a dozen candles in center of ceiling, and scones for candles on walls. But the whole scene passes in bright morning light.

All the chairs, sofas and settees of the room, with others evidently pressed into the service, are ranged in four or five rows, facing towards the back. The rows, however, are broken by an aisle leading up to the double door, and about the width of the door. There are eight seats in each row, four on each side of the aisle. The chairs of the last row, near the fireplace, are light and can easily be turned so as to face the fire.

(Note.—The White House no longer exists, so that the motives for this scene may be taken from any good colonial building.)

CULLY, *a middle-aged negro butler in livery, enters L., and is immediately aware of various negro faces, male and female, at both windows. He crosses the room with menacing gestures, throws up the window, down R., and speaks.*

CULLY. Now yo' po' black trash, jes' yo' clar right 'way. Yo' think yo' Mistiss caynt be jined in holy matermony 'thout yo' rubbin' yo' ugly noses up 'gin her winder-panes. What dat yo' say, Dinah? Want ter see her weddin' gown? Oh, yo' female wimmin—plum crazy on puss'nal 'dornment! Well, yo' niggers has ma permish'n ter gad'er roun' de peaszer when the bride an' bridegroom dey comes out fer ter drive away. A 'clar ter grashus A dasn't do no more fer yer dan dat. Be off wid yer, now! Git 'way down ter de Williamsburg gate, an' cheer fer Cun'l Washington when he 'rive. A's info'med his Hon'ble Exency de Gub'nor am gwine ter 'scort him. But yo' hymn-singers yo' jes' keep on hand. A'll wave ma hankchif when de cermony begin fer ter commence, an' den's yo' time fer ter mek a joyful noise before de Lo'd. Keep yo' eyes on dis yer winder, yo' unnerstan'? Well den, hol' yer breffs an' act accordin'. [*Closes the window with a bang. At this moment* ELIZABETH DANDRIDGE, *aged ten, but looking younger, runs in L. She is* MARTHA'S *half-sister—a pretty child, wearing a little hoop and a white satin gown with pink ribbons. Perhaps her hair might be done up and powdered. Pictures of children of the period should be consulted.*]

ELIZABETH [*carrying a white silk favor*]. Oh, Cully, I've got a favor for you. Come here and I'll pin it on. [*Does so.*]

CULLY. Bless yo' heart, Missy Lizbeth.

ELIZABETH [*holding out her skirts and turning round*]. What do you think of my gown, Cully?

CULLY. A 'clar ter goodness, yo' looks splendenshus, Missy Lizbeth. Yo' mout be de bride yo'self.

ELIZABETH. No, Cully, since Colonel George is marrying my sister, I don't think I shall ever marry. [*Sighing.*] I could give my heart to no one else.

CULLY. Dere now, Missy—cheer up!

ELIZABETH [*does so*]. Of course I'm very glad to have him for a brother-in-law. I was quite a child when my other brother-in-law died; but I don't believe he can have been half as amiable as Colonel George.

CULLY. Ole Mas'r Custis he wuz a fine man, Missy; but A's 'bleedzed fer ter say A's 'quainted wid no gem'man dat can hol' a can'l ter Cun'l Washington.

ELIZABETH. Do you know what my teacher says he is, Cully? She says he's a hero!

CULLY. Bless grashus, wha's dat, Missy?

ELIZABETH. I don't know exactly, but I think a hero means some one that's very tall and strong and kind.

CULLY. Even ter his niggers, Missy?

ELIZABETH [*quite simply*]. Yes, even to his niggers.

CULLY. Den I hopes yo' schoolmarm done tell de troof.

ELIZABETH [*looking round the room*]. But, Cully, if the company are to sit in these chairs, I don't see any place for the bride and bridegroom and the minister.

CULLY. Bless yo' heart, Missy, de altar am in dar. [*Indicating the double door.*] When de time come, we opens dese yer do's—

ELIZABETH [*running up to the double door, slightly opening it, and peeping*]. Oh, Cully, how beautiful! Where did all these flowers come from?

CULLY. De Lor' Fairfax, he sen' 'um f'um up de river.

ELIZABETH. Oh, isn't a wedding fun, Cully! Shan't I have a lot to tell my little nephew and niece.

CULLY [*surprised*]. Yo' nephew, Missy?

ELIZABETH [*grandly*]. Master John and Miss Patsy, of course.

CULLY. Dere now, ef A didn't disremember! Sho' nuff dey's yo' nephew and niece, Missy Lizbeth.

ELIZABETH. Poor innocents, they cried when their mother

left them at the Six-Chimney House. But they would only have been in the way here, and children quickly get over their little troubles.

CULLY [*open-mouthed*]. Well, A 'clar ter goodness!

ELIZABETH. What do you mean, Cully?

CULLY. Nothin', Missy Lizbeth—nuthin' in de roun' worril! [*Enter L.* MRS. DANDRIDGE *and* MRS. FIELDING LEWIS, *both in gala attire.* MRS. DANDRIDGE, *a substantial lady of forty-five, is* ELIZABETH'S *mother and* MARTHA'S *stepmother.* MRS. LEWIS, WASHINGTON'S *sister* BETTY, *is about twenty-six.*]

MRS. DANDRIDGE. Well, is everything ready, Cully?

CULLY. All am prepar'd, Ma'am.

ELIZABETH. Oh, mother, the altar is just lovely! Do look!

MRS. DANDRIDGE. I arranged the flowers myself, my dear. [*Looking at a huge watch, attached to a long gold chain.*] A quarter of twelve! I hear your brother is famed for his punctuality.

MRS. LEWIS. 'Tis a military virtue, Madam.

MRS. DANDRIDGE. Elizabeth, run to your sister Martha's room, and tell her there are only fifteen minutes left. Your sister Fanny is helping her to complete her toilet.

ELIZABETH. Yes, mother. [*Runs out, L.*]

MRS. DANDRIDGE. Cully, set chairs by the fire. [CULLY *does so, taking the two nearest chairs in the back row.*] We may as well wait in comfort, Mrs. Lewis. The company will soon be here now, Cully. Be on the watch for them.

CULLY. Sho'ly A will, Marm. [*Exit L. The two ladies sit by the fire.*]

MRS. DANDRIDGE. Well now, dear Mrs. Lewis, I hope you take kindly to your new sister-in-law.

MRS. LEWIS. Indeed I do, madam. I think my brother a most fortunate man.

MRS. DANDRIDGE. Strange how the tall men always pick

out the little women. Perhaps Providence so orders it, lest the race should run into giants at the one end and dwarfs at the other.

MRS. LEWIS. But though Martha is no Amazon, she has presence—she has an air.

MRS. DANDRIDGE. She has character, dear madam. Your brother will find her staunch and sterling. Poor Daniel Custis was a good husband enough, yet not quite good enough for her.

MRS. LEWIS. We are all rejoiced that George has at last chosen so wisely. He is by no means insensible to feminine attractions, and has hovered on the brink of matrimony more than once.

MRS. DANDRIDGE. I have heard some gossip about him and a Miss Fauntleroy—

MRS. LEWIS. Yes—and then I believe there was a certain Miss Phillipse of New York with whom he was mightily taken. And Mary Cary of Fredericksburg—but [*laughing*] Mary Cary was quite contrairy—

MRS. DANDRIDGE. —and fate reserved him for Martha. Well, no marriage that I can remember has made such a stir in Virginia. It has everything in its favor. They are equal in years and not unequal in fortune. Colonel Washington will be one of the greatest land-owners in the colony —as well as one of the most respected men.

MRS. LEWIS. My dear brother! I think he deserves his happiness. [CULLY *opens the door, L., and announces.*]

CULLY. De hon'ble Major Chamberlayne; Mas'r William Dandridge; Mas'r Bartholomew Dandridge. [*The gentlemen enter, wearing riding boots, but otherwise in festal attire.*]

CHAMBERLAYNE [*a bluff, hearty personage*]. Mrs. Dandridge, madam, I kiss your hand. [*Does so.*]

MRS. DANDRIDGE. You are welcome, Major Chamberlayne. Let me make you known to Mrs. Fielding Lewis, the bridegroom's sister.

CHAMBERLAYNE [*bowing*]. I am proud to call myself

your brother's friend, Madam. [MRS. LEWIS *curtsies.*]

MRS. DANDRIDGE. Well, William—well, Bartholomew—

WILLIAM. Your servant, madam.

BARTHOLOMEW. Good day to you, mother-in-law. [*Greetings.*]

MRS. DANDRIDGE. Mrs. Lewis, let me present to you my two sons—sturdy lads, you'll admit—but sometimes rather troublesome children.

WILLIAM. We have a stern parent, madam.

CHAMBERLAYNE. But where is the bride? [ELIZABETH *tears open the door, L., and dashes in, greatly excited.*]

ELIZABETH. Oh, mother, Sister Martha is coming downstairs—and don't she just look splendenshus!

MRS. DANDRIDGE. Splendenshus, child! Where *do* you get your language?

ELIZABETH. It was Cully that said it—I thought it such a nice word. [*She curtsies to* MAJOR CHAMBERLAYNE. *Her half-brothers stoop and kiss her.* MARTHA CUSTIS *enters L., followed by her sister* FANNY—MRS. BURWELL BASSETT. *Descriptions exist of* MARTHA'S *dress—which may or may not be adhered to.*]

CHAMBERLAYNE. Ah, here she comes! [*Bowing.*] Mrs. Martha, your humble servant! [MARTHA *curtsies to him, and then to her brothers.*]

MARTHA. Good morning, Brother William. Good morning, Brother Bartholomew.

THE BROTHERS. Good morning, Sister Patsy. [*She holds out both hands.* WILLIAM *kisses the right hand,* BARTHOLOMEW *the left, simultaneously.*]

BARTHOLOMEW [*keeping hold of her hand and raising it, as he stands at arm's length, regarding her*]. Sakes alive, sister! How fine we are! You might be a princess.

MARTHA. I wouldn't change places with one, brother.

CHAMBERLAYNE. Well said, Mistress Martha! And I hope you don't forget that I am, so to say, the founder of the feast.

MARTHA. Indeed, Major, 'twas you that brought us ac-

quainted. For my part, I bear you no malice, and I hope that, thirty years hence, Colonel Washington may say the same.

MRS. DANDRIDGE. What are you talking about, Martha, you and the Major?

CHAMBERLAYNE. Faith, ma'am, I'm reminding Mistress Martha that I have one good action to my credit.

MRS. DANDRIDGE. And what was that?

MARTHA. Nothing less than inviting Colonel Washington home to dinner.

CHAMBERLAYNE. 'Twas in a happy hour I met him at the ferry, posting to Williamsburg. "Come home with me to dinner, Colonel George," says I, "and let me present you to my lovely and amiable guest, Mistress Martha Custis." "Nay, sir," says he, "I must beg you to excuse me. The Governor expects me at Williamsburg, and we have weighty matters to discuss." So we had it up and down, but I would take no denial. "Bishop," says he to his servant at last, "I am to dine with Major Chamberlayne; but bring me my horse not a moment later than five, for we must be in Williamsburg to-night." The horse came at five, but the rider could not tear himself away. He tarried till six, he lingered till seven, and then 'twas too late to ride that night. The Governor and the urgent public business had to wait; but 'tis my belief that, before he set forth on the morrow, the private business was fairly afoot that has brought us here this day.

MARTHA. There you are wrong, sir: 'twas at least a month later that Colonel Washington honored me with the offer of his hand.

MRS. LEWIS. My brother is not apt to be precipitate in his actions.

CHAMBERLAYNE. Never tell me that it took him a month to make up his mind.

BARTHOLOMEW. But having made up his mind, he had still to summon up his courage.

MARTHA. Nay, brother, Colonel Washington has never to *summon up* his courage, for it never deserts him.

CHAMBERLAYNE. Not when he has Frenchmen or Indians to face—but a fair lady is a different matter.

MARTHA. Do you think, sir, that the soldier who saved all that *could* be saved in General Braddock's disaster—the man who had his horse shot under him and four bullet-holes in his coat—would play a less manly part in—other things—than in war?

CHAMBERLAYNE. Surely you are not to learn, madam, that modesty ever goes hand in hand with bravery.

BARTHOLOMEW. Have you not heard, sister, what took place but a week ago in the House of Burgesses, when the Colonel resigned his command?

MARTHA. He told me that the House received him with flattering cordiality—nothing more.

BARTHOLOMEW. He did not tell you what Speaker Robinson said when he stammered and could find no words to reply to the praises heaped upon him? He did not mention that?

MARTHA. What did the speaker say?

BARTHOLOMEW. "Sit down, Mr. Washington," he said, "sit down—your modesty is equal to your valor, and that surpasses the power of any language I possess."

MARTHA [*after a short pause*]. Thank you for telling me, brother. I should never have heard it from the Colonel. That, I believe, is the one sort of secret he keeps from me.

CHAMBERLAYNE. Joking apart, Mistress Martha, you are marrying a very fine fellow.

MARTHA. Joking apart, Major Chamberlayne, I am quite of that opinion.

CHAMBERLAYNE. Even when he was no more than a boy, men saw in him a man. Poor Braddock, who was only too apt to despise colonials, esteemed and loved George Washington; and begad, it wasn't because he knuckled under to him either.

MARTHA. I'd like to see him knuckling under to any one!

CHAMBERLAYNE. I remember, when he came back from that massacre on the Ohio, Parson Davies of Hanover County spoke from the pulpit of the "heroic youth," Colonel Washington, and declared that Providence had preserved him for some great purpose.

MARTHA. If he had been killed on the Ohio he couldn't have married me.

CHAMBERLAYNE. Ha-ha-ha! Good i'faith. The prophecy is fulfilled—this is the great purpose young George was reserved for! You are a sly one, Mistress Martha! [*The sound of a distant horn is heard. The* DANDRIDGES, MRS. LEWIS *and* ELIZABETH *go to the windows and look out. Negroes are heard cheering.* CULLY *appears at the door, L.*]

CULLY. His Exency de Gub'nor's cha'yot am drivin' up de paddock, an' Cun'l Washin'ton an' udder gemmans ridin' longside it.

MARTHA. He mustn't find me here! Fanny, and dear Mrs. Lewis, pray come with me to the parlor. [*To* MRS. DANDRIDGE.] Will you, madam, receive the gentlemen? Elizabeth, come!

ELIZABETH. Mayn't I stay and receive Colonel George?

MARTHA. Oh, very well. [*To* MRS. LEWIS, *as they go out.*] The child adores him. [*Exeunt* MARTHA, MRS. BASSETT *and* MRS. LEWIS.]

MRS. DANDRIDGE [*to* CULLY]. Has Dr. Mossum come yet, Cully?

CULLY [*as he follows the ladies out*]. De reb'rend gemman hab not yet arrove. [*Exit.*]

CHAMBERLAYNE. Come, young men, we must receive His Excellency. [*Goes out with the* DANDRIDGES.]

ELIZABETH [*standing beside* MRS. DANDRIDGE]. Mother, is it true that Colonel George has killed hundreds of Frenchmen and Indians?

MRS. DANDRIDGE. No doubt he has killed some, my dear, else they would have killed *him.*

ELIZABETH. But he is so gentle and kind—why should they want to kill him?

MRS. DANDRIDGE. You must ask the kings that make the wars, my dear—and I doubt whether *they* could tell.

ELIZABETH. Mother—when King George dies, will Colonel George be king?

MRS. DANDRIDGE [*laughing*]. Sh, sh, child! You are talking treason. Don't let the Governor hear you.

CULLY [*at door, L., announcing*]. His hon'ble Exency de Gub'nor, His Lo'dship de Lo'd Fairfax, Cun'l George Washin'ton, Mr. John 'Gustine Washin'ton, Mr. Cha'les Washin'ton. [*They enter in the order stated, followed by* MAJOR CHAMBERLAYNE *and the two* DANDRIDGES. WASHINGTON'S *costume is described as "a coat of blue cloth, lined with red silk and adorned with silver trimmings, a white satin waistcoat, knee-breeches and shoes with buckles of gold, powdered hair, and a straight dress sword." As he is here represented as having just dismounted, some sort of boots might perhaps be substituted for the shoes. The other gentlemen, though not quite so resplendent, should be handsomely dressed.* LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR FAUQUIER, *a man of fifty-five, goes up to* MRS. DANDRIDGE, *whom he evidently knows, and bows.*]

GOVERNOR. Mrs. Dandridge, madam—I hope I see you well.

MRS. DANDRIDGE [*curtsying deeply*]. Your Excellency is most obleeging.

WASHINGTON [*comes forward and kisses her hand*]. I believe, madam, you do not know my kind friend, Lord Fairfax, Mrs. Dandridge. [FAIRFAX, *a man of over seventy, bows.*] Permit me to present my brothers, Mr. John Augustine Washington, Mr. Charles Washington. [*Greetings.*]

MRS. DANDRIDGE. We are honored by your presence, Your Excellency and my Lord.

GOVERNOR. It is a duty, no less than a pleasure, to do honor to Colonel Washington.

FAIRFAX. You will have a good son in young George, madam—he has been as a son to me.

WASHINGTON [*looking round*]. And—and—the bride, madam?

MRS. DANDRIDGE [*laughing*]. Have no fear, Colonel—she has not run away—she but awaits the hour of the ceremony in another room. It still lacks some minutes of noon, and the canonical gentleman has not yet arrived.

FAIRFAX. I told Colonel George we were setting forth too early, but his impatience was not to be restrained. [*The* GOVERNOR *and* LORD FAIRFAX *stand before the fire.* MRS. DANDRIDGE *resumes her seat above it. The other gentlemen stand around.* ELIZABETH, *who has been more or less concealed behind her mother, steals up to* WASHINGTON *and plucks the skirt of his coat.*]

WASHINGTON [*looking down at her*]. Ah, Miss Betsy, have I overlooked thee? I was much to blame. [*Stoops and kisses her, then takes her hand and leads her forward.*] Your Excellency, my Lord—permit me to present a young lady whom in ten minutes, I trust, it will be my privilege to call sister. [ELIZABETH *curtsies,* FAUQUIER *and* FAIRFAX *bow.*]

FAIRFAX. As fine a reverence, little lady, as ever I saw at the Court of Queen Anne.

MRS. DANDRIDGE. Pray, my Lord, do not turn the child's head. Come hither, Elizabeth. [ELIZABETH *stands by her mother's side.*]

GOVERNOR. I trust, Colonel Washington, that your marriage does not involve our losing your services in the field.

WASHINGTON. Indeed, sir, I hope to beat my sword—such as it is—into a plowshare.

FAIRFAX. Why, George, from a boy you were ambitious of the profession of arms.

WASHINGTON. I still entertain a high opinion of it; but, please God, my fighting days are over.

FAIRFAX. I remember when you would fain have gone to sea as a midshipman.

WASHINGTON. 'Twas a boyish whim; but I own I was greatly cast down when my mother's cousin said to her: "Rather than put your son in the English navy, apprentice him to a tinker."

FAIRFAX. And later—only four years ago—you were eager to exchange a blue coat for a red, and accept a king's commission.

WASHINGTON. I was four years younger, my Lord. I now see that I should never have been received as an equal by the English officers, and we Virginians do not love to rank as inferiors.

GOVERNOR. But, sir, you may again be called upon to defend His Majesty's dominions against the French. So long as they hold Canada and Louisiana, these colonies are never secure.

FAIRFAX. I hear whispers of a projected expedition against Quebec. Does Your Excellency know aught of it?

GOVERNOR. Officially, my Lord, nothing at all. But it would not greatly surprise me to learn that General James Wolfe was to have a command on this side of the Atlantic.

WASHINGTON. What! Wolfe of Louisburg! A fine fellow! I should be proud to serve under him.

FAIRFAX [*laughing*]. So, so! You would unsheath your plowshare at the call of glory! George, George! You will not easily sink the soldier in the *husband*-man.

WASHINGTON. You may laugh, my Lord; but the glory I most affect is that of taming the wilderness and teaching the earth to bring forth its fruits in season.

FAIRFAX. You hold with my poor friend Jonathan Swift that the greatest benefactor of his kind is he who can make two ears of corn grow where only one grew before.

WASHINGTON. Whoever said that said a very true thing. The noblest use of the sword is to clear a path for the plow.

GOVERNOR. Then, Colonel, I think I can promise you opportunities to employ your sword to that end. We have not yet done with the French beyond the mountains.

WASHINGTON. I, sir, am as resolute as any one that our westward extension shall not be hemmed in by an alien people.

GOVERNOR. Some day, after a great Western campaign, I may have the pleasure of presenting Colonel Washington and his bride at the Court of St. James's.

WASHINGTON [*laughing*]. That must be as my bride shall determine. [*Turning to* MRS. DANDRIDGE] What think you, madam? Will Martha have a mind to make her curtsy at court?

MRS. DANDRIDGE. Why, Colonel, you may as well ask: "Is Martha a woman?"

WASHINGTON. For my own part, I admit my longing desire to visit the great metropolis of this Empire. But whatever my kind friend here may say [*indicating* FAIRFAX] my one real ambition is to live and die as a tiller of the soil on the banks of the Potomac.

FAIRFAX. To sit under your own vine and fig-tree, no man making you afraid?

WASHINGTON. You have said it, my Lord. So much, methinks, is the right of every man; and no man need crave for more.

CULLY [*appearing at the door, L.*]. De Reb'rend Dr. Mossum present his comp'nts, an' all is prepar'd fer de nupshl so-lem-niz-ashn. [*A clock in the hall is heard to strike twelve.*]

MRS. DANDRIDGE [*rising*]. Punctual to the minute!

WASHINGTON. You will excuse me, gentlemen. Mistress Elizabeth, will you conduct me to your sister? [ELIZABETH *takes his hand and leads him out by the door, L.* CULLY *throws open the double door, and reveals the clergyman waiting in front of a table which more or less suggests an altar. It is decked with flowers in silver bowls and goblets, and with silver candlesticks. The altar should probably be raised by a single step, on which the clergyman stands.* MRS. DANDRIDGE *ushers the* GOVERNOR, LORD FAIRFAX *and the other gentlemen to seats in front. Other guests enter*

the room; she welcomes them in dumb show and shows them seats. Some white servants and one or two house-negroes take the back places. CULLY *watches the open door, L., till he sees the bride and bridegroom approaching; then he opens the foremost window and waves a gorgeous handkerchief. The negroes outside strike up a hymn. (Perhaps one of Dr. Watts's hymns would do; perhaps something better could be discovered.)* WASHINGTON *enters with* MARTHA *on his arm,* ELIZABETH *bearing her train, and* MRS. LEWIS *and* MRS. BASSETT *following. They pass up the short aisle, the company rising and facing round to them. A verse of the hymn comes to an end, and the clergyman is about to begin the service when the negroes strike up another verse. The clergyman shakes his head as* CULLY, *who throws up the window and shouts.*]

CULLY. Stop dat dar hollerin', yo' dad-blame niggers! Ef A catches up wid yer, yer'll sing anudder chune! [*He bangs down the window: the hymn has ceased. The company decorously repress smiles, and face towards the parson, who begins the service.*]

[CURTAIN]

FLAG DAY

WASHINGTON AND BETSY ROSS *

A DRAMATIC ACTION IN TWO SCENES

By

PERCY MACKAYE

An Arrangement from the Three-act Play Entitled

WASHINGTON, THE MAN WHO MADE US

A Ballad-play by Percy MacKaye

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The music for the ballad songs consists of old folk-melodies, which are published, with the words, in "The Ballads from George Washington," with woodcut illustrations by Arvia MacKaye, by the H. W. Gray Company, 159 East 48th Street, New York City.

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CHARACTERS AND SCENES

SCENE I

In a Scene Loft.
PLACE *and* TIME: *At the Old South Theatre, Philadelphia: winter of 1778.*

CHARACTERS: *Three men, two women.*

(*A Scene-shifter*—QUILLOQUON)
(*Two Children with Paint-Pots*—*the* BOY *and the* GIRL)
CAPTAIN JOHN ANDRE
GENERAL SIR WILLIAM HOWE
GENERAL KNYPHAUSEN
POLLY REDMOND
BETSY ROSS

TRANSITION

QUILLOQUON—*sings, to dulcimer*
Ballad: "Down by the Cold Hill-Sidey."
Ballad: "Gypsy Davy."

SCENE II

SCENE: *A Triumphal Archway.*
PLACE *and* TIME: *Philadelphia, Spring of 1778.*

CHARACTERS: *Six men, two women.*

(*A Ragged Singer*—QUILLOQUON)
"A KNIGHT" (*Captain André*)
"A LADY" (*Polly Redmond*)
THREE SOLDIERS

(*A Bugler*—QUILLOQUON)
WASHINGTON
LAFAYETTE
HAMILTON
PRESIDENT LAURENS
OFFICERS
CIVILIANS
BETSY ROSS

FINALE

Ballad: "Betsy Ross"

QUILLOQUON *sings and dances.*

THE CHILDREN *sing refrain and dance with him.*

WASHINGTON AND BETSY ROSS

SCENE I—*Behind blue curtains, which meet at the center, is heard a fiddle playing, to the voice of* QUILLOQUON *singing.*

Immediately, as the blue curtains draw back half the width of the stage opening, a burst of gorgeous color meets the eye.

In a scene of shallow depth, the entire back wall consists of a resplendent painted canvas, in front of which, at the right, is a step-ladder.

On this is standing a YOUNG MAN, *clad in a British officer's uniform. At either side of him, standing on boxes, are a* BOY *and a* GIRL, *each holding a pot of paint. The* YOUNG MAN—*slender, handsome, dark—holds several brushes, with one of which he is busily putting final touches to the design on the canvas.*

At left and right, the scene is closed in by great folds of blue hanging curtains, on which—informally pinned—are drawings and paintings of scene-designs.

In a great chair (right), over which is thrown a rich-hued tapestry, sits a stout MIDDLE-AGED MAN, *in the uniform of a British General. Near him, standing, is a tall man, with fierce black beard, long mustachios, towering brass helmet and the uniform of a Hessian officer.*

In the left background—in front of some tall decorated screens—stands a fiddler (QUILLOQUON), *dressed in a strange bright-colored smock, worn over his work clothes.*

The two CHILDREN *are clad likewise, and—where they stand*

holding the paint-pots—join in the chorus of the ballad-song, to which QUILLOQUON *partly fiddles—partly directs them with his bow—as he sings.*

Midway of the song's first stanza the curtains part.

THE FIDDLER.

A fighter would a-fiddling go;
Instead of his sword he carried a bow,
All for to fiddle it high and low
Among the greenrooms gay, O!

FIDDLER AND CHILDREN.

Jackie, boy!—Master!
Sing ye well?—very well!
Hey down, ho down,
Derry, derry down!
Among the greenrooms gay, O!

To my Hey down, down!
With my Ho down, down!
Hey down, ho down,
Derry, derry down!
Among the greenrooms gay, O!

THE FIDDLER.

He fiddled all day until 'twas night,
He fiddled all dark until 'twas light,
All for to fiddle away the fight
Among the greenrooms gay, O!

FIDDLER AND CHILDREN.

Jackie boy!—Master!
Sing ye well?—very well!
Hey down, ho down,
Derry, derry down!
Among the greenrooms gay, O!

[*As the song concludes, the* BRITISH OFFICER, *slapping his thigh, exclaims loudly.*]

THE BRITISH OFFICER. Bravo, Master Scene-shifter! You sing well, with your Jackie-boy, and Jill, too. [*To*

the YOUNG MAN *on the ladder.*] Where did you pick up this fellow?

THE YOUNG MAN. Oh, here in the theater, General: a jack-of-all-trades. He helps me here in the scene-loft. [*Pointing.*] How do you like our new curtain, for the Old South?

THE BRITISH OFFICER. Prodigious good! A touch of extravagance that takes me. Your brush is as gallant as your sword, Captain André.

THE YOUNG MAN [*turns with a smile and slight bow*]. Sir William Howe does me honor.

HOWE. Devil a bit! I saw your new drop-scene at the last performance—that landscape and cascade. Hogarth himself couldn't beat it. And so this is the new curtain for to-morrow night?

ANDRE. Yes, General. 'Tis just finished. [*Tossing his brushes to* QUILLOQUON, *he comes down the ladder, while* QUILLOQUON *and the children go off through the curtains, right.*]

HOWE. What's the play?

ANDRE. "Douglas."

HOWE. Who plays the title-part?

ANDRE. I do, sir.

HOWE. Well said, youngster! You'll provide my staff with Garrick and Sir Joshua combined. Who gives the prologue?

ANDRE. I plead very guilty, sir. I've wrote it.

HOWE. What—Oliver Goldsmith, too! Sure, Captain André, I must raise your rank to Major of Dramatics.

ANDRE [*laughing*]. 'Twould be only fitting, Sir William. You yourself, sir, have converted the theater of Mars to the temple of Melpomone. Thanks to you, Philadelphia is now the Athens of America.

THE HESSIAN OFFICER [*with a strong German accent*]. Ya—so. Here is now goot vinter quarters: plendy of goot music and liquors.

HOWE. And sour-crout, Knyphausen! Better than

Trenton, a year ago, eh? How about that serenade the Yankees gave you Hessians o' Christmas night,—ha? [HOWE *roars with laughter.*]

KNYPHAUSEN. De tamn Yankees dey eat deir own medicine now, general. You hear de last news from Valley Forge—ya?

HOWE. Eh?—What news?

KNYPHAUSEN. Meester Vashington he is now tie up his breeches mit wrapping strings. For why?—he is cut off his last button, to buy him a frozen potato.—Haha!

HOWE. Ha! Hath he? Well, well, poor old fox, he shall have a hot sirloin—when I catch him. He's a gentleman and a sportsman—George Washington. Next spring—after I've frozen out his little rebellion—he and I shall go duck-shooting together. 'Tis jollier sport than this man-hunting.

KNYPHAUSEN. Sport! Ya—dere you are, you Anglo-Saxons! Always *you* play your var—by de pretty rules, like a game.

HOWE. A game, well, what the devil else is war?

KNYPHAUSEN. Var is business, Sir Villiam.

HOWE. Business be damned! War is a great national sport, sir. Learn the rules and play according. [*Rising.*] Knyphausen, I'm captain of this cricket match. When the boys in your country learn bat-and-ball, they'll learn to understand British soldiers; aye, sir, and American.—Now, André, I clean forgot: I must be off.

ANDRE. So soon, general?

HOWE. I've lost my dog. God above, sir, Jack! my best hound—I've lost him. Took first prize at the show. I wouldn't swap him for a battalion. I must set the town in search. [*Taking out and handing a paper.*] Here, Knyphausen, you have legs—hurry ahead of me to headquarters. This paper gives his full inventory.—Superb foxhound—good old Jack! Aye, sir,—a dozen battalions!

KNYPHAUSEN [*taking the paper*]. For vone dog! [*Scowling with savage disdain.*] Gotteswillen!—Vat for a

var! [*As he is about to stride out through the curtains, left, two young women appear there—one in a bright-colored gown, the other dressed in gray like a Quaker. Seeing the Hessian, they start aside—the first suppressing a scream, as* KNYPHAUSEN, *bowing fiercely, brushes rudely past and goes out, muttering.*] Pardon, Mesdames!

THE FIRST YOUNG WOMAN. O—Captain André!

ANDRE. Mistress Polly,—ladies!

POLLY [*looking after* KNYPHAUSEN.] Why is one of *those* here?

HOWE [*bursting out*]. God knows, madam! His Majesty hired 'em, not me. Manners of mud-turtles! That one is a colonel, but he butters his bread with his thumb.—Pray introduce me, captain.

ANDRE. Sir William—I present you to Mistress Polly Redmond, and—

POLLY. And my friend,—Captain,—Mistress Betsy Ross: both loyal *rebels*, Sir William!

HOWE [*bowing, as they both curtsy*]. I bow to your conquest, fair enemies!

POLLY. Oh, but Captain, I've only a minute. I've run in to give you my answer.

ANDRE. Ah! So you *will* sing for us to-morrow night—before my prologue?

POLLY. All my repertoire!

ANDRE. I am overwhelmed.

POLLY. You *will* be—when you hear me! [*Handing a paper.*] Look at my numbers

ANDRE [*reads*]. "War and Washington," "Cooped up in a Town," "Burgoyne's Defeat"— [*Bursting into gay laughter.*] Aha, Sir William—you hear? Reserve your box early! 'Twill be a royal benefit—for rebels!

HOWE [*joining his laughter*]. *Standing room only,* I'll wager! Put me down for *two boxes* [*with another bow*]—if Mistress Betsy will be there to join the rebellion.

BETSY. I thank thee, sir; but 'tis the privilege of a Friend to be neutral. I attend not the playhouse.

HOWE. Neutral? Never with those eyes, fair Mistress! Nay, under that gray cloak of a Friend, I warrant you'll draw forth a shining blade for Washington!

BETSY. Only a needle, sir. Polly sings for her country: I can only sew. [*Under her cloak is visible a cloth bundle, with needle and thread—through the wrapping of which is glimpsed a gleam of red, white and blue.*]

HOWE [*glancing*]. What's here? [*In confusion* BETSY *covers the bundle and speaks aside to* POLLY.]

BETSY. Polly, speak quick. He must not discover it—the flag of our new country!

POLLY [*saucily to* HOWE, *stepping between him and* BETSY]. 'Tis shirts—for Valley Forge soldiers, sir. Confiscate 'em if you dare—for his Majesty!

HOWE. Ah—unneutral needle! [*Pressing his heart.*] Already, Mistress Betsy, thou hast stabbed me mortally—here. I must fly for help—to headquarters. [*Going.*] Captain, reserve me my box. Recover my lost heart—and my dog. Dear old Jack! Damn Hessians! Splendid hound! Ladies, your most devoted! Ah—by the by! I pray you will all dine with me shortly—to meet the Marquis of Lafayette and General Washington. I'm expecting 'em soon—by pressing invitation. Long live Washington—under my roof! God save the king—and my good old Jack! Worth *twenty* battalions—that dog! [*Limping off on his cane,* HOWE *disappears through the curtains.*]

POLLY. Funny old dragon! [*To* ANDRE.] We must be going, too!

ANDRE. Nay, charmer of dragons: stay one moment. [*As she waves good-by to him.*] Not if I show you a secret?

POLLY [*hesitating*]. Secret?

ANDRE. A grand state secret.—Behind those screens!

POLLY. Oh!—Stop, Betsy.—'Tis fate! We are—spies!

[*Returning, curious.*] I've always felt I should hang for a state secret.

ANDRE. So have I, Mistress Polly! Resist not fate!

POLLY [*awesomely*]. Must I swear not to tell?

ANDRE. You must swear to tell all Philadelphia—except Sir William.

POLLY [*raising her right hand*]. Swear, Betsy!

ANDRE. Look! [*He puts aside the screens, revealing behind them a gorgeous array of dresses, costumes and dyed cloths, hanging over standards.*]

POLLY. O tempter of Eve!—what are those?

ANDRE [*taking forth some of the costumes and draping them over the step-ladder*]. For my *Mischianza!*

POLLY. Miss—what?

ANDRE. My pageant—the first in America: a medley of masques and music and dances! 'Tis for next spring—in honor of Sir William. Philadelphia shall go arrayed like Tyre and Sidon.

BETSY [*with grave feeling*]. While our patriot army goes naked.—Polly, come away!

ANDRE [*showing a robe of white silk, with spangled pink sash*]. Look! This Polonaise—for a Lady of the Blended Rose.

POLLY [*snatching it from him*]. O rapture!

ANDRE. 'Tis for you, Mistress Polly. Picture yourself in a veil of silver lace, with this headdress of pearls! [*Showing another splendid robe, with bright sash.*] And this—for a Lady of the Burning Mountain:—for your friend, if she will deign to wear it.

BETSY [*turning away*]. I will die before wearing it. [*Glancing again at the red, white and blue of her half-concealed bundle.*] The colors I revere are for an altar—not for a playhouse.

POLLY [*pressing the robe to her heart*]. Captain, I succumb: array me in this robe: shoot me at sunrise, and bury me in a crystal casket—at the feet of my hero, Washington!

BETSY. Polly, thou art gone daft with thy theater crazes. Living or dead, let us be clothed in our duty.

ANDRE. "Living or dead, let me but be renowned!" That's a line I speak to-morrow night, in my part of *Douglas*. Ah, dutiful Mistress Ross, do not scorn too much our theater's art. My duty is soldiering; yours—'tis sewing. Yet it may be that your life-task and mine to-day—all our heart's devotion to peace or war—shall survive to-morrow only in a player's part—or the refrain of a song.

BETSY. Duty, sir, thinks not of survival.

POLLY. But beauty longs for it, Betsy. Remember our Washington, even at Valley Forge, hath a theater—for our starving patriots. They lack for clothes and bread—but not for players.

BETSY [*murmurs*]. Valley Forge!

ANDRE. The art we share should heal our enmities. I pray it will. [*Dreamily, from near by, strings of a dulcimer begin to play—a melody pensive and minor.* BETSY, *clutching tighter her bundle, stands gazing—her eyes fixed far off.*]

BETSY [*murmurs again*]. Valley Forge! They are starving now at Valley Forge. [*And now, to the dulcimer, the voice of* QUILLOQUON *is heard singing.*]

THE VOICE OF QUILLOQUON.

She leaned herself against a thorn,
All alone and aloney,
And there her firstling sons were born,
Down by the cold hill-sidey.

[POLLY *looks questioningly toward* ANDRE, *who answers her look quietly.*]

ANDRE. An old ballad.

THE VOICE OF QUILLOQUON [*sings on*].

She pullèd down her dark, dark hair,
All alone and aloney,
And bound it round their limbs so bare,
Down by the cold hill-sidey.

She pullèd out her snow-white breast,
All alone and aloney,
And bid them suck—'twould be her last,
Down by the cold hill-sidey.

BETSY [*murmurs*]. The cold hill side. [*She turns toward the curtained entrance.* ANDRE *speaks to her.*]

ANDRE. Pray, mistress, wait! We are enemies—only in prose. In the heart of song, my England is yours, your America—mine. May we not be friends?

BETSY. To be a friend, sir, is my faith. Yet there are times when friendship must be fought for. O Polly,—come! [*She goes swiftly out, left.* POLLY *is following.*]

ANDRE. And *you—?*

POLLY [*pausing at the entrance, hands back the pearl headdress to* ANDRE]. Dear captain, fate may make us spies—but never traitors.

ANDRE [*snatches her hand, kissing it*]. Lady of fate! [*Restraining an impetuous gesture,* POLLY *hurries out. Left alone,* ANDRE *turns slowly back. The dulcimer is still playing. Looking at the pearls in his hand,* ANDRE *murmurs low:*] Spies—but never traitors.

TRANSITION

Through the side curtains, QUILLOQUON *enters with the children. As they approach, their forms and the figure of* ANDRE *melt into grayish darkness, while their voices are singing.*

THE VOICE OF QUILLOQUON.
If God were here, O children mine,
All alone and aloney,
He'd wrap you in the warm wool fine,
Down by the cold hill-sidey.

THE CHILDREN.
O Mother dear, whose eyes are there,
All alone and aloney,

A-shining through your dark, dark hair,
Down by the cold hill-sidey?

QUILLOQUON.

If God it were, O children mine,
All alone and aloney,
He'd warm your hearts with His red wine,
Down by the cold hill-sidey.

THE CHILDREN.

O Mother dear, His milk is best,
All alone and aloney,
That warms us from your snow-white breast,
Down by the cold hill-sidey.

[*During this, in complete darkness, the front curtains close, and now, from behind them, there resounds the explosion of a gun. At this sound the mood completely changes. Fifes and drums are heard, and a great burst of cheering. Then a louder gun explodes, and—while the curtains are opening in darkness—the voice of* QUILLOQUON *rings gayly, to a dance-step tune and rhythm.*]

THE VOICE OF QUILLOQUON [*sings*].

Gypsy Davy came over the sea,
To his lingo-dingo-dance, sir:
God keep merry Amer-i-kee!
And vi-ve la bel-le Fran-ce!

Ree-attle-attle dingo-lingo-dingo,
Ree-attle-attle dingo-dance, sir:
God keep merry Amer-i-kee!
And vi-ve la bel-le Fran-ce!

[*During this song the dark gradually changes, through dusky grayness, to broad day.*]

SCENE II—*The light reveals a scene of fantastic design and vivid color: a triumphal archway, constructed in the form of an arbor.*

At the center, back, the arch is festooned with splendid cloth of gold, draped from its central keystone.

Overhead, the arbor roof is hung with tapestries florescent with designs of clustered fruits and flowers.

Under this gorgeous archway, a drab, contrasting group of tattered American soldiers (with sprigs of evergreen in their hats) half surround a ragged singer (QUILLOQUON). *In the background others are seen in excited pantomime.*

During this, from the right, two figures steal out and hasten furtively toward the background. One (POLLY) *is dressed in a gown of white polonaise silk, with pearl headdress and spangled veil; the other* (ANDRE) *is clad in a great cloak embroidered with coats-of-arms. his face half hidden by a domino mask.*

QUILLOQUON [*singing and dancing to his tune*].

Gypsy Davy brought over his squad
With their own true love to lea-d 'em,
For the lass in the heart of every lad
Was the Gypsy-Queen of Free-dom.

Ree-attle-attle dingo-lingo-dingo,
Ree-attle-attle dingo-dance, sir:
God keep merry Amer-i-kee!
And vi-ve la bel-le Fran-ce!

[*The soldiers cheer, and look on laughing as* QUILLOQUON *repeats his clog-dance steps, to the thrumming of his dulcimer. Meantime, the figure in the domino mask speaks quick and low to his companion.*]

ANDRE. Adorable Mistress Polly, adieu! General Washington and Lafayette have captured the city. General Howe and General Clinton are in full retreat. I must join them. Washington and his Valley Forge rabble are already close by. Philadelphia is lost and my heart with it.—Keep this remnant, in token of a poor soldier of paint

pots. [*He cuts off a gold button, kisses it and gives it to her.*]

POLLY. Farewell, Captain André—first soldier-artist of America! Come back to us, when English cousins are friends again. Meantime, we will hate your old king—and adore your young memory.

ANDRE [*ardently, removing his mask*]. You—Mistress Polly?

POLLY. Polonaise you were to call me!—See! [*Smiling, she points to her gown.*]

ANDRE [*glancing from the gown to the archway*]. Ah! fair phantasy of my Mischianza! A bubble of dreams—'tis burst. But it was beautiful?

POLLY. A triumph for all the Muses! [*In frightened tone, as soldiers draw near.*] Quick. Put on your mask. They'll see you. [*The two steal toward the archway, as* QUILLOQUON *resumes his singing with the soldiers.*]

QUILLOQUON.

So hark now, every Free-dom's man,
And remember long and well, sir:
While David stands with Jon-a-than,
The Devil he'll stay in hell, sir.
[*Dancing and singing with the soldiers.*]

Ree-attle-attle dingo-lingo-dingo,
Ree-attle-attle dingo-dance, sir:
God keep merry Amer-i-kee!
And vi-ve la bel-le Fran-ce!
[*With this finale,* QUILLOQUON *dances off through the archway, left.*]

POLLY [*in a low voice, to* ANDRE]. Escape. Be quick. God speed you!

ANDRE [*kissing her hand*]. Till happier days! [*He hurries off, right, in the background. A bugle blows outside. The soldiers gather to attention. From the left background, through the archway, a bugler* (QUILLOQUON) *enters, followed by a* LITTLE GIRL *and* BOY, *who walk back-*

ward strewing flowers before WASHINGTON, *who comes in, accompanied by* LAFAYETTE, HAMILTON, *and other officers. Behind these more soldiers and civilians follow.*]

WASHINGTON [*showing to the officers an open letter in his hand*]. Gentlemen,—listen! I have just received by post this letter from our ambassador, Dr. Benjamin Franklin, in Paris: [*He reads from the letter.*] "I have the honor to inform you that this day the alliance between France and the United States of America was officially signed and sealed."

HAMILTON AND LAFAYETTE [*in one breath*]. The alliance!

LAFAYETTE. Ha! Prophecy of my veins!

HAMILTON. Our first ally in the Old World—to unite both worlds for freedom. [WASHINGTON *turns to* LAFAYETTE *and* HAMILTON, *extending both of them his hands. On either side, each seizes his hand and presses it.*]

WASHINGTON. Boys—my sons—young America and new France!

HAMILTON [*with deep ardor*]. Trenton—has led to Paris.

LAFAYETTE. Paris—has come home to Valley Forge!

WASHINGTON. And Valley Forge has driven Howe from Philadelphia! The tide is turning, friends. [*As he is about to pass on,* POLLY *steps forward and, unclasping her necklace, tosses it in* WASHINGTON'S *path, making him a low curtsy.* WASHINGTON, *pausing with abruptness, bows aloofly.*] Madam— [*To his orderly,* BILLY.] Restore the lady's possessions.

POLLY [*as* BILLY *lifts the necklace to hand it back.*] Not mine, your Excellency. 'Tis legitimate loot. I have but robbed the plunder chest of Tyranny, to make offering on the altar of Freedom.

WASHINGTON [*with a second bow of stiff politeness*]. A well-meant sentiment, madam. May I inquire whence you are from?

POLLY [*twinkling*]. From the right bank of the Potomac, General: one o' your Virginia *Jinnies.*

WASHINGTON [*his coldness breaking with a sudden glow*]. My dear young lady—your name?

POLLY. Polly Redmond, of Fairfax County—ten miles from Mt. Vernon.

WASHINGTON [*with outright warmth*]. Mt. Vernon! Dear Mistress Polly—ten times welcome! [*Kissing her hand.*] Your devoted servant. [*Turning to* LAFAYETTE.] Mistress Polly—the Marquis of Lafayette.

LAFAYETTE [*bowing to her hand*]. Chere dame de la Polonaise!

WASHINGTON [*introducing the civilian*]. And President Laurens—of the United States Congress. [LAURENS *bows.*]

POLLY. Gentlemen of the Army and Congress, welcome home to your capital. [*Pointing to the shield on the archway.*] You behold! The sunset of General Howe is the rising-sun of Washington. *Vive* the heroes of Valley Forge! But not all of us prisoners in Philadelphia are butterflies like myself—to flutter in your path. I beg leave, sir, to fetch forth from her hiding—a little moth in gray.

WASHINGTON [*smiling*]. A moth, Mistress Polly?

POLLY. A young Quakeress, your Excellency, who spins from her gray cocoon the bright colors of liberty. With that silk, sir, the stars of your exile, and the stripes of your suffering, she has sewed in a flag for our country.—[*Smiling.*] By your own orders, General!

WASHINGTON. Ah! I remember.

POLLY [*calling at the doorstep, left*]. Betsy! Betsy! [*In the doorway appears the young Quakeress, carrying a furled banner. Seizing her gayly by the arm,* POLLY *brings her forward and presents her, with a curtsy.*] Your Excellency and gentlemen—Mistress Betsy Ross, and the first flag of the United States of America! [*Unfurling the flag,* BETSY *steps shyly forward, extending it toward* WASHINGTON. *There, as the stripes and thirteen stars float out,*

the bugler (QUILLOQUON) *blows on his bugle a joyous blast.*]

FINALE

The blast of the bugle dies away in sudden darkness, through which the voice of QUILLOQUON *is heard singing, to an old ballad tune:*

QUILLOQUON.

Oh!—I've lost my heart to Betsy,
to Betsy,
to Betsy!
My heart I cross
To Betsy Ross,
With her glancety, dancety bars and stars
Of the red and white and blue.

[*Now, through a narrow opening of the blue curtains, only the flag, held by* BETSY, *is still visible, and the form of* QUILLOQUON *dancing before it with the two children, who join in the refrain of the song:*]

Oh—Because she sewed so neatly,
so neatly,
so neatly,
My heart I cross
To Betsy Ross,
With her glancety, dancety bars and stars
Of the red and white and blue.

[*And now, in the background, the form of the Quakeress has disappeared, and the flag alone flutters like flame against the dark.*]

And—Wherever she waves so sweetly,
so sweetly,
so sweetly,
My heart I cross
To Betsy Ross,

With her glancety, dancety bars and stars
Of the red and white and blue.
So—Carry me back to Betsy,
to Betsy,
to Betsy,
My heart that's lost
To Betsy Ross,
With her glancety, dancety bars and stars
Of the red and white and blue.

[*A deep gun resounds. During its reverberations, the blue curtains close.*]

[END]

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY *

A PLAY

By

ELIZABETH McFADDEN and AGNES CRIMMINS

Adapted from the Story of the Same Name by Edward Everett Hale

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CHARACTERS

OF PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE

THE RECRUITING OFFICER
THE VOLUNTEER
THE FLAG VENDER
THE OLD MAN
THE GIRL
THE SLACKER

OF THE PLAY

LIEUT. PHILIP NOLAN
COL. MORGAN
LIEUT. JACK KINGSLEY
LIEUT. RICHARD DENT
LIEUT. COL. HENRY
MAJOR SPENCE
CAPT. DAYTON
LIEUT. MACLEAN
LIEUT. BLUE
BROCK, *a scout*
LIEUT. DANFORTH
SINGING JOE, *able seaman*
LIEUT. TRUXTON
LIEUT. MORRIS
CAPT. SHAW
LIEUT. PHILLIPS
HARRY COLE
VIRGINIA RUTLEDGE
SOLDIERS, SAILORS, PIRATES, ETC.

SCENES

PROLOGUE: A recruiting station in any city in the United States. Time, the present.

ACT I: A room in an administration building at Fort Adams, Mississippi, September, 1807.

ACT II: On board *The Warren* anchored in the Bay of Naples. Two years later.

ACT III: On board *The Warren* at sea. The following morning.

EPILOGUE: Time and scene as in prologue.

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

PROLOGUE

SCENE—*The scene is a khaki recruiting tent, situated upon a square, or green, presumably facing the main street of the city. The front of the tent is open. Above the opening is the sign:* UNITED STATES RECRUITING STATION.

Within is a plain table at center, with chair facing front. At R. of table is a canvas-covered camp stool. At R. and L., against walls of tent, are long, plain, unpainted wooden benches. On the back wall is an oculist's alphabetical eye-test card. The platform upon which the tent is set up extends about five feet in front, and to within about five feet of the foot-lights, and is one step above the stage, thereby suggesting the sidewalk in front. The roof of the tent is extended above, making a piazza effect.

On the platform, at R., is a poster of Uncle Sam, with the words below: "I WANT YOU FOR THE UNITED STATES ARMY." *At L. is a poster of Columbia, with the words below:* "COLUMBIA CALLS." *Fastened to trees at R. and L. of tent are two flag-poles; at R. the United States flag; at L. a navy-blue flag, upon which, in white letters are the words:* "MEN WANTED FOR THE UNITED STATES ARMY."

At rise of curtain the RECRUITING OFFICER *is sitting at table in tent. He is a man of about forty years, with gray hair, smoothly shaven face, and of military bearing. He is dressed in the khaki uniform of a captain. Sitting on stool, at R. of table, facing eye-test chart, and*

with back to the audience, is the VOLUNTEER, *a well-set-up young American.*

OFFICER. Read the top line.

VOLUNTEER. P-B-L-R-F.

OFFICER. Read the third line.

VOLUNTEER. M-X-U-D-O.

OFFICER. That's right. Now the last line.

VOLUNTEER. T-I-H-A-V.

OFFICER. You'll get by on your eye-sight.

VOLUNTEER [*turning towards him eagerly*]. And is that all, sir?—Am I all right to enlist?

OFFICER [*with a sympathetic smile*]. You look pretty fit, but you'll have to take the physical examination. [*Takes enlistment blank out of table drawer, and lays it in front of the* VOLUNTEER.] Have you any dependents?

VOLUNTEER. No, sir.

OFFICER. Then you can fill this out now. [*Passes him a pen. Both men bend over blank: the* OFFICER *explaining in a low voice; the young man writing. From R. enters an* ITALIAN FLAG VENDER, *with board covered with dark blue cloth, on which are fastened pins of the United States colors, of various styles. About the top of the board are crowded the flags of the Allies. He is a man of thirty-five years, or thereabouts with the half-melancholy, half-gay expression which is characteristic of his race. He is dressed poorly, but in the picturesque style of the average Italian.*]

VENDER [*walking slowly across stage, looking from R. to L., calling out his wares as he goes*]. Getta de color!—Showa de color!—Alla de flagga!—Getta de color! [*A rather shabbily dressed* OLD MAN *comes on at L.* ITALIAN *approaches him eagerly; with ingratiating smile.*] Getta de color, signor. [*Eagerly as the* OLD MAN *slows up, examining board.*] Alla de color. Parada, she come subito. You showa de color, signor? [*Offering an American flag.*]

OLD MAN [*with a sigh*]. I suppose that's all an old man like me can do. [*Putting his hand into his pocket, and taking the flag.*]

VENDER [*smiling eagerly at chance of a sale*]. Sí, signor, sí!

OLD MAN [*looking wistfully towards recruiting tent*]. How I'd like to be that young man!

VENDER [*with gesture of melancholy*]. Ah! sama de here, signor. Me lika fighta for my Italia. [*Holding up Italian flag affectionately.*] No canna. Fiva bambina;—eata maccaroni alla time. Maccaroni, she go uppa— [*gesture of lifting his hand higher and higher*] uppa. Bambina cria. Me canna no fight.

OLD MAN. We'll have to do our bit here at home.

VENDER. Sí, signor, sí.

OLD MAN [*holding up flag*]. How much?

VENDER [*with ingratiating smile*]. Twenta-five centa. Quarta dollar. [OLD MAN *passes out money.*] Grazie, signor, grazie.

OLD MAN [*passing out another coin*]. And take this for the bambina.

VENDER [*reluctantly*]. Oh, noh, signor!

OLD MAN [*pressing it upon him*]. Yes, take it. [*With sad smile.*] I have no babies to buy maccaroni for.

VENDER. Oh, grazie, tante grazie, signor.

OLD MAN [*fastening colors on lapel of coat*]. There's no flag like that,—did you know it?

VENDER. Sí, signor. [*Holding up Italian flag.*] No flag like my Italiana. She multa bella,—my Italiana. [*The* OLD MAN *starts off R. looking lingeringly into tent as he goes.*]

VENDER [*looks after him gratefully; then turns, walks back and forth, calling*]. Getta de color!—Showa de color! [*From R. enters, with a mincing gait, a* GIRL *of eighteen or twenty years, a little tripping creature, dressed in a blue serge suit quite à la mode.* VENDER, *espying her, approaches with same ingratiating smile.*] Buya de *color,*

signorina. [GIRL *pauses and studies board.*] Alla de color. Parada she coma, pret' quick. Signorina showa de color?

GIRL [*with a little giggle*]. I s'pose I ought to have one.

VENDER [*eagerly*]. Sí, signorina, sí. Alla showa de color now.

GIRL [*fingering pins*]. They might think I was a spy if I didn't, I s'pose. [*Another little giggle.*]

VENDER. Sí, signorina. [*Offering pin.*] She naice.

GIRL. How much are they?

VENDER. Twenta-five centa: quarta dollar.

GIRL. Haven't you any for nineteen cents?

VENDER [*with characteristic shrug of shoulders*]. Oh, noh, signorina. Alla de same. Cheapa de price.

GIRL. I s'pose I could give up that soda.

VENDER. Sí, signorina! Soda! She alla gone in a minute. De flaga, she staya forever— [*Touching region of his heart*]. Ona de heart.

GIRL. Well, if you put it that way I guess I'll have to have one.

VENDER. You take dis one? She naice.

GIRL [*looking at it critically*]. I don't think it matches my suit. [*Trying.*] No. Haven't you something a little darker?

VENDER [*offering another*]. Disa one. She naice. Alla silk.

GIRL. U-m-m-m. [*Looking over board.*] Those enamel ones are rather cute.

VENDER. Desa? Sí, signorina. [*Taking one out and offering it.*] You taka dis one?

GIRL [*trying it in the lapel of her coat; takes out vanity case, and studies it in the mirror, turning her head from side to side critically*]. U-m-m-m. [*Then turning to board again.*] I don't know. [*Pointing to another.*] What's that one, with the colors running up and down? Stripes are worn a lot this year.

VENDER. Disa one. Signorina lika betta? [*Takes pin and offers it to her.*]

GIRL [*trying it*]. Um. That isn't so ordinary, is it?

VENDER. Sí, sí. [*Catching himself quickly.*] Oh, non, non! Mucha outa. Sí.

GIRL. I'll take this. You're sure you haven't any cheaper?

VENDER. Non, signorina;—cheapa de price.

GIRL [*taking out her pocketbook, with a sigh*]. Well, I s'pose it's worth it—to be patriotic.

VENDER. Grazie, signorina, grazie.

GIRL [*as she fastens pin into lapel of coat, looks curiously into tent*]. Oh, I'd just love to fight for my country!

VENDER. Non! Non! We fighta for you.

GIRL. Oh, I'd just love to run one of those horrid old things through with a long knife.

VENDER. Non! Non! Dat is not naice for you. For me— [*Feigning a lunge with imaginary knife.*] Sí!

GIRL [*again looking from pin in her lapel to board*]. I don't know. I guess I'll take the first one. This isn't really the flag, is it—with the stripes running up and down. [*Looking others over.*] I wonder if there's any I'd like better. [*The* VENDER *sighs as she changes pins.*] No, I guess this will do. [*Fastening it in.*] There! That's better. [*Turning away trippingly—going off R.*] Good-by.

VENDER. Arrivederci, signorina. [*Moves off quickly, looking back furtively, as if afraid she would change her mind again. Calls to possible customer off-stage, L.*] Getta de color.—Alla de flagga. [*Exits. The* GIRL *looks coquettishly into tent; then trips off R. patting her pin, and passing* THE SLACKER, *who saunters lazily on, throwing an appreciative glance her way. She is too absorbed in adjusting her pin to notice him. He is a well-set-up young fellow of about twenty years of age, of the middle class apparently, of the same physique as the* VOLUNTEER, *but gay and lighthearted. He pauses to study the recruiting tent, its posters*

and its occupants, with amused curiosity, moving slowly past, then turning and looking in, whistling softly some popular air.]

VENDER [*coming on at L., coming forward eagerly*]. Buya de flag.—Getta de color, signor?

SLACKER [*taking out cigarette, and lighting it with evident enjoyment*]. Nothing doing, my friend.

VENDER. Naica flagga, signor. Showa de color. Parada, she come pret' quick.

SLACKER [*indifferently*]. An' she can go pret' quick' for all of me.

VENDER. Naica flagga, signor. Only twenta-five cents.

SLACKER [*holding up cigarette after deep puff*]. I can get twenty-five of those for that price.

VENDER. Cigaretta go up smoke. De flagga, she stay alla time. [*Coaxingly.*] Buya de flagga, signor. Showa de color.

SLACKER. Sentimental rubbish, Pietro Antonio Spaghettio. Not for mine! [*The* VENDER *looks discouraged. The* VOLUNTEER *and* RECRUITING OFFICER *rise from table in tent and come out onto platform.*]

VOLUNTEER [*to* OFFICER, *with an earnest look*]. You think, Captain, I can go right into training?

OFFICER. If you pass the physical examination, I think so.

VOLUNTEER [*shaking his hand warmly*]. Thank you, sir. I want to be ready when I'm needed.

OFFICER. That's the spirit! [*The* SLACKER *looks on in amusement.*]

VOLUNTEER. Good-by, sir. Thank you very much.

OFFICER. Good-by, my boy. Good luck.

VOLUNTEER. Thank you, sir. [*Steps down from platform.*]

VENDER [*to him, eagerly, holding out pin*]. Americana flagga, signor. Showa de color.

VOLUNTEER [*squaring his shoulders*]. I'll show the colors when the call comes! [*Goes off R., his head high, his*

step firm. The Recruiting Officer *looks after him approvingly.*]

Slacker [*to Italian, in amusement*]. Big Injun Fight much. [*The* Vender *moves off L., calling his wares as he goes, his voice gradually dying away. The* Recruiting Officer *studies the* Slacker *keenly. The* Slacker *throws a lazy, half-amused glance at him.*] Well, Cap, what's the great dope you're pulling off?

Officer [*seriously*]. The great dope, young man, is that your country needs you.

Slacker [*contemptuously*]. To fight the other feller's battle. Oh, no! Not for little Willie!

Officer. To fight for humanity, justice, democracy!

Slacker. Fine words for the easy marks!

Officer. To defend that flag up there [*pointing to American flag*] with your life, if necessary.

Slacker. My mother didn't raise her boy for cannon fodder.

Officer. Your mother, and every American mother, knows that when the call comes she has got to put aside all maternal claims. She has got to listen to a higher call, the call of the mother of every one of us, the call of our country, crying out to all her sons to defend her honor.

Slacker. I don't see that there's any honor about it. You fellers have been just itching for some high heroics. We didn't have to get into this mess. There's nothing to it!

Officer. Was the sinking of the *Lusitania* nothing? Was the ruthless murder of our men, women and children nothing? Just as in the Spanish War our battle cry was "Remember the *Maine*," so now let our inspiration be "Remember the *Lusitania*."

Slacker. And just because we lost a few hundred who were fools enough to risk their necks, you think we ought to rush in and lose thousands, millions, more? Talk sense, captain. The thing for us to have done was to write a few more notes,—to prolong the conversation. You know if you

talk to the other chap long enough he will get tired and leave you alone. [*Laughs.*]

OFFICER. Don't laugh, young man. There is a nobler reason why we should get into this war. There is the same reason we had in 1776. We are getting into it so that the man in the street, such as you are, can have something to say about the government under which he lives, to place himself on an equal footing with the man who has been sitting upon a throne, making him bend the knee of submission to unquestioning obedience—to slavery!

SLACKER. Say, you talk almost as well as a certain gentleman in Washington!

OFFICER. I speak for and with that gentleman who is making history that will give the United States the first place among the countries of the world. And it is an honor for you and for me and for every able-bodied American citizen to have the opportunity of getting in on the making of that history. Young man, the hour has struck!

SLACKER. But the alarm clock hasn't gone off, Cap. [*Stretching out his arms, lazily.*] Let me sleep in peace.

OFFICER. And wake up, perhaps too late. My boy, if you do not join the colors now you put yourself in a class of men that is most despised, the class of the slacker—the coward—the shirk.

SLACKER. I should worry!

OFFICER. That's just what you should do. If you don't do your duty now, what will be your position in the community later on? I tell you, young man, after the war is over, you won't be able to look your friends in the face, unless you look the enemy in the face now.

SLACKER [*laughing*]. Gas on, MacDuff! Gas on! That's what you're paid for. You're doing fine, believe me. You'll get some likely suckers yet. [*Laughs and starts to move off, L.*]

OFFICER [*growing indignant*]. Wait! [*Goes up to him.*] Have you no love for your country? No sense of patriot-

ism? No feeling of loyalty to your native land, these wonderful United States?

SLACKER [*contemptuously*]. United States! What do I owe to the United States? Do I owe it my job at eighteen dollars per? My three square meals a day? My downy couch at night? Not much! I owe what I've got to this—[*tapping his forehead*] and this! [*Tapping his arm.*] And I'm not going to chuck it for any fine words from you or anybody else. To hear you talk one would think the United States was the Garden of Eden! What is it but the dump heap of all the refuse of the world? The stamping ground of corrupt politicians, grafters—the—

OFFICER [*lifting his hand in warning*]. Stop! Or you may regret your words! You are insulting your country, the United States of America.

SLACKER. The United States be hanged, I say—

OFFICER [*coming up to him threateningly*]. Stop, I tell you! [*Lifting his hand as if to strike him.*] Don't speak words you can never take back. A man did that once, and spent the rest of his life in repentance, remorse and shame. [*With quick thought, taking the young man's arm.*] Did you ever hear of "The Man Without a Country"?

SLACKER [*laughing*]. What was he? A Yidd?

OFFICER. He was a better man than you are. But he cursed his country, as you would do just now. [*Indicating tent.*] Come in here. I'll tell you what happened to him—what it means to sneer at your country. [*He leads the* SLACKER *into the tent. The lights fade gradually till the stage is dark.*]

[CURTAIN]

ACT I

SCENE—*A room on the ground floor of an administration building at Fort Adams, Mississippi, in September,* 1807. *The room is a plain office, with doors down left*

(leading out to the parade ground), up right and center back (both into other rooms.) There are windows in side walls down right and up left.

In the center of the room is an office table large enough for a dozen men to sit at comfortably. At the end to the right, sits COL. MORGAN, *the President of the Court-martial. Beside him to the left is* MAJOR SPENCE, *next him* CAPT. DAYTON. *On* MORGAN'S *right sits* COL. HENRY *and next him* LIEUT. BLUE. *At the other end of the table are places for the* JUDGE ADVOCATE *and the* REPORTERS *and for the accused.*

It is about 9 A.M.

Everything is commonplace enough within, but out of doors is the singing September day. When the curtain is raised the members of the court are in their places. TWO ORDERLIES *stand near the doors.* COL. MORGAN *enters through the doorway back center, the* OTHER OFFICERS *rise as he takes his place, then sit again.*

MORGAN [*gravely*]. Good morning, gentlemen.

THE OTHERS. Good morning. Good morning, colonel. Morning, sir.

HENRY. Any more news, colonel?

MORGAN [*grimly*]. Nothing definite, scouts have not come back but Dickinson thinks the Indians are massing in force on the other side of the river. Your men are holding themselves in readiness?

THE OTHERS. Yes,— All ready, sir! They are! Ready, sir!

MORGAN. Word may come at any moment! We must push this ugly business here through and get rid of it.

DAYTON. Gad, sir, I wish Nolan had gone straight! Two years ago there was no better man in my company than he.

MORGAN. The more shame to him now! I am not disposed to show him mercy.

HENRY. Nor I.

MORGAN. The court is in session. [*Turns to orderly up right.*] Ask the judge advocate to come in.

SPENCE. One moment, colonel. May I have five minutes of the court's time?

MORGAN [*surprised*]. Yes—but—remember some of us may have to take to our saddles to-day.

BLUE. And a good job, too! I'd take to the war path any time to get away from this—and fresh air in my lungs.

SPENCE. Our duty is here also.

MORGAN. I do not mean to slight it, sir! We are here to mete out life or death to a young officer. [*To* SPENCE.] If you feel that justice will be better served by your statement at this time, the court will hear you.

SPENCE. I do feel so!

MORGAN. Go on then.

SPENCE [*with a glance at the* ORDERLIES]. I'll be brief—but I want "closed session." [MORGAN *gives a gesture of dismissal, the* ORDERLIES *salute and go out.*]

MORGAN. Well, Spence?

SPENCE [*rising*]. Just a word—about this lad—on trial here.

HENRY. Wouldn't it be more regular to speak before him?

SPENCE. More regular, yes—but it would defeat my ends. I want to ask the court to observe the prisoner by the light of what I have to say.

MORGAN. And that is?

SPENCE. I admit that he's facing the gravest charge that can be made against a soldier—treason!—but I want to plead for him. I want to remind you that he is only twenty-four and that what Dayton has just said is absolutely true; that two years ago, Philip Nolan was one of the finest young officers of the Legion of the West.

HENRY. It is hard to realize that in view of his present infamous conduct.

SPENCE. You mean his defiant bearing?

HENRY [*heatedly*]. I mean his constructive treason and

his insolence on top of it. Gad, I'd break his sword on the parade ground! I'd cashier him before his troop.

SPENCE. I knew you felt so!—

MACLEAN. So do I! There's too much of this loose talk against the government. I move we make an example of this fellow.

SPENCE. May I remind you that the 89th Article of War provides that when a prisoner, arraigned before a general court-martial, from obstinacy or deliberate design, stands mute or answers foreign to the purpose, the court may proceed to trial and judgment, as if the prisoner had pleaded not guilty.

LIEUT. BLUE. Perhaps Major Spence has—personal—I may say family—reasons for befriending Lieutenant Nolan.

SPENCE [*haughtily*]. I don't understand you, sir.

BLUE. Of course where a young lady is concerned—

MORGAN [*to* BLUE]. Major Spence's motives are above suspicion.

SPENCE. If you are referring to my niece, Virginia, I can assure you that her loyalty will always outstrip her affection.

HENRY. In the name of Heaven, why are we on *this* subject?

SPENCE. It is not the topic which I chose, sir! I merely want to help a lad too sulky to defend himself.

HENRY. We are not trying him for being sulky but for being a traitor to the United States.

SPENCE. Exactly! Let's hold to that and not harden our hearts because he *is* sulky! Let's not forget that he has been led astray more by a youthful spirit of adventure and a beguiling friend than by an evil within himself.

MACLEAN. You condone his treason?

SPENCE. No, but I understand it, I think, a little better than you seem to do. I want to give him justice.

MORGAN. Do not forget, Major Spence, that every member of this court is under oath "to duly administer justice without partiality, favor or affection."

SPENCE. I do not forget it, sir, but we are dealing with a strange nature in a strange mood. He is his own worst enemy, and, gentlemen, there is to me no more moving sight than a lad trying to conceal the sensitive, tender, passionate soul of the-boy-he-is, under the hard veneer of the man-he-would-be. This wild thing we have caught here in the lariat of the law is no domestic pony from a New England farm—but a wild mustang of the plains, fierce, unbranded, free as the night wind. If he is silent it is because he is unable to express his heart in words, and because he believes he is guiltless of the charge. He is sore at our failure to understand him.

HENRY. I am proud of my inability in that matter.

SPENCE. I think that what the boy really needs to put him right with the world is not so much punishment, as a greater chance for service, service and self-sacrifice. It is always the man who has given the most to his country, who loves her best and is most happy in that love. That is why I never pity a dead soldier on the field of battle for I know that he carries the peace that the world cannot give in his silent heart. As for Nolan, punish him if you will, but for God's sake, gentlemen, choose a punishment that shall make—not break—him. I've done. [*He sits down.* MORGAN *strikes a bell on his desk, the door up right is open and an* ORDERLY *enters.*]

MORGAN. The court is open. Ask the judge advocate to come in. Bring in the prisoner. [*The* ORDERLY *makes a gesture to some one through the open door behind him, then turns and goes out into the room behind. A moment later the* JUDGE ADVOCATE, LIEUTENANT JACK KINGSLEY, *enters through the same door. He comes down, salutes the* OTHER OFFICERS, *and sits at his place to the left, spreading out a handful of papers which he carries. He is followed by a* SECOND OFFICER, *who also carries papers, sits beside* KINGSLEY *and acts as the reporter in the case.*]

JUDGE ADVOCATE. Good morning, gentlemen.

THE OTHERS. Kingsley! Good morning. Good morning, sir.

MORGAN. Any of the scouts back?

JUDGE ADVOCATE. Not yet. Dixon rode in to say that he hears the Cherokees have been having war dances for the past week.

MORGAN. Really!

JUDGE ADVOCATE. Oh, and, Colonel Morgan, Miss Rutledge is in the next room. She requests permission to come in.

MORGAN [*decisively*]. No, she cannot come in. [*To* SPENCE *apologetically.*] I'm sorry, Major Spence, since she is your niece, but this is man's business.

SPENCE. I disapprove of it quite as much as you do, Colonel Morgan. [*To* KINGSLEY.] Tell her, please, it is absolutely impossible.

JUDGE ADVOCATE [*salutes and turns to go*]. Yes, sir. [VIRGINIA RUTLEDGE, *a high-spirited, beautiful girl of eighteen, bursts into the room, brushing past the* ORDERLY *who would remonstrate with her.*]

VIRGINIA. My uncle will give me permission—I can come in, mayn't I, uncle? [*The* OFFICERS *all rise and greet her, she is evidently a favorite.*]

SPENCE. Really, Virginia, this is too bad.

MORGAN. Miss Rutledge, this is no place for you. I cannot allow you to remain.

VIRGINIA. Oh, why not? I'll be very good. I won't interrupt.

MORGAN. It isn't that. It is the unpleasant nature of our task.

VIRGINIA. Oh, you think he's guilty. He isn't. I know he isn't and I want to be here when he proves his innocence.

MORGAN. I wish I had your faith, Miss Rutledge, for we all have been very fond of him, but I fear you are mistaken.

VIRGINIA. Oh, you haven't understood him, he is innocent, I know.

MORGAN. If he is, why does he remain silent in the face of accusation?

VIRGINIA. Because you have suspected him; because you have hurt his pride. He is a man of honor and I want to hear him prove it to you here. Please let me stay.

MORGAN [*after a moment's hesitation*]. It is cruel to disillusion youth, Spence, but there are some things we all have to learn, even with great pain and suffering. I think perhaps it is our duty to let the child remain.

SPENCE [*bowing*]. As you will, sir. [*Draws out a chair near himself for* VIRGINIA.]

VIRGINIA. Thank you, Colonel Morgan. [*Here the door up right is opened and* LIEUTENANT PHILIP NOLAN *enters. He is a tall, handsome dashing young fellow, clad in his uniform but without a sword. A look of joy lights up his face as he sees* VIRGINIA. *She answers with a smile that indicates affection and confidence, and she maintains this confident demeanor throughout the first part of the proceedings.* NOLAN *goes to the place reserved for him down left, saluting perfunctorily as he goes. The* OTHER OFFICERS *do not return the salute.*]

MORGAN [*to* NOLAN]. Be seated, sir. [NOLAN *takes his seat. He is swaggering in his indifference of pose.*]

JUDGE ADVOCATE [*after conferring with an* ORDERLY *who has just entered from the doorway left*]. Captain Heath wishes to know who is to command Lieutenant Nolan's troop, if the artillery is called out.

MORGAN. Lieutenant Dent is next in command.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. He is also our last and principal witness here.

MORGAN. Have him in at once. [*The* JUDGE ADVOCATE *speaks to the* ORDERLY *near, who goes through the doorway at the back. A moment later* DENT *enters. He is a fresh-faced young fellow.*]

JUDGE ADVOCATE. Your name?

DENT. Thomas R. Dent, sir.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. Raise your right hand. [DENT *does*

so.] "You swear that the evidence you shall give, in the case now in hearing, shall be the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. So help you God."

DENT. I do!

JUDGE ADVOCATE. You know the accused?

DENT. I do.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. How long have you known him?

DENT. I've always known him, sir—we were brought up on adjoining plantations.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. Where was that?

DENT. Outside of Louisville, Kentucky, sir. That's where we lived till we were about sixteen.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. And then?

DENT. We ran away to Texas—to be with his brother Stephen.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. What doing?

DENT. Hunting wild horses, sir.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. How long did you do that?

DENT. For three years.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. And then?

DENT. Then Stephen got killed—and then we decided to enlist.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. You've seen a good deal of Nolan since?

DENT. With the same battery, sir, and roommates.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. You know Philip Nolan pretty well.

DENT. Better than his mother does, sir.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. Good!—You know the charge against him?

DENT [*reluctantly*]. Treason, and complicity with the conspiracy of Aaron Burr.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. What can you tell the court about that?

DENT. I—I wish I might be excused from testifying, sir, Philip and I look at these things differently.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. Remember your oath. What can you tell the court about Nolan's acquaintance with Burr?

DENT. He knew him, sir.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. When did Nolan first meet Burr? Last year when Burr came through here?

DENT. No, sir, up at Fort Massac. On Burr's first trip West.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. Tell the court about it.

DENT. Nolan and I were up there with Major Dickinson's detachment after that raid of the Cherokees, and Burr came through. General Haskins gave a dinner party in Mr. Burr's honor and we were all invited. Nolan sat opposite Burr. Burr marked him even before dinner was over.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. You mean Burr paid him special attention?

DENT. Most flatteringly—talking to him, deferring to him, laughing at his stories. You could see its effect on Nolan from the start.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. Explain to the court what you mean by "its effect on Nolan."

DENT. Well, it was like this. We broke up around 1 A.M. and Burr took Nolan out for a walk. Between three and four o'clock in the morning Philip came back to our quarters. At first I thought he had been drinking, but it wasn't that—he was—he was just plain crazy over Burr—it was ugly to watch—he was hypnotized like a snake with a bird.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. Did he tell you of Burr's scheme?

DENT. Not then—Burr didn't talk of his plans on that trip. He just made Phil think he was the greatest man in America, and his devoted friend—and went off and left him.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. And then?

DENT. Nolan never was himself again after that—he used to write to Burr—long letters—and copy 'em and recopy—many a time I'd wake up at night and find him sitting up writing away.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. You mean he kept copies of his letters.

DENT. No, I mean he didn't find them easy to write and he was mighty particular about their being as high sounding as he could make them. You see he'd never had any schooling to speak of.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. Um! Tell us about his education. You went to school together?

DENT. There wasn't any school in those parts, sir, though I remember Phil's father hired a tutor for him one winter—an Englishman, I think he was.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. And the rest of the time—nothing?

DENT. We weren't exactly in the wilderness, you understand—we had lots of fine company.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. Such as?

DENT. A good many Spanish officers stopped with us over night on their way to and from Mexico, or there'd be French merchants from New Orleans—fine gentlemen!

JUDGE ADVOCATE [*to the court*]. In the midst of the Spanish plot and the Orleans plot!

MORGAN. Small chance to learn much patriotism there!

DENT. And Phil traveled some. Once in a while he'd go to Vera Cruz on business for his father.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. To go back to his correspondence with Burr. Did you ever know of his getting letters from Burr?

DENT. Never a line did he get, sir. The other fellows used to laugh at him because he spent his time mooning round writing away when he might have been playing Monongahela—or high-low-jack. We teased him a good deal, sir, and as the winter passed, it began to tell on him.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. In what way?

DENT. He got pretty white and thin. Then—at last—he had his revenge.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. How?

DENT. Burr came back. It was a great day for Nolan.

JUDGE ADVOCATE [*referring to his notes*]. That was September, 1806.

DENT. Right-o!—He talked then! Burr had not been at the fort an hour before he sent for Phil. He took Nolan

out in his boat on the river and kept him all night—he got him then body and soul.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. Did Nolan repeat to you any of the things Burr said to him?

DENT. He did—he tried to get me to go in.

VIRGINIA [*in hot involuntary protest*]. Oh! [SPENCE *silences her with a look.*]

JUDGE ADVOCATE. What were some of these things Burr said?

DENT. He—talked like a raving Arabian Nights' Tale. He said that great things were going to happen in the next few years. That every one knew that the wealth of this continent is in Mexico, that the future seat of government must be there, that every one knew Louisiana would never be a part of the United States, that every one who knew history knew you had to have one strong centralized government to endure, not a dozen conflicting state governments each looking out for itself.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. What else did he tell you Burr had said?

DENT. He said Burr told him that we men out here had no idea how few people there are in this country who have any faith in this government enduring.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. What did you tell him to all this?

DENT. I told him I thought the men who had planned and carried through the Revolution could be trusted to uphold the government now.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. What did he say to that?

DENT. He said it made no difference what I thought; that Burr had been Vice President and knew the government from the inside.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. Did Nolan at any time confide to you his personal plans?

DENT. He said he was sick of the service.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. And?

DENT. He said he'd obey any order—any time signed "by Command of his Excellency, Aaron Burr."

JUDGE ADVOCATE. That struck you as treasonable at the time, did it?

DENT. I thought it pretty stiff, sir—for an officer. I told him so. I warned him against letting his men hear such talk from him.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. That will do—you may step down. [DENT *salutes, leaves the witness stand and goes out through the doorway leading on to the parade ground.*]

JUDGE ADVOCATE [*turning to the court*]. The prosecution here rests. [*He sits.*]

MORGAN. The accused may now call any witness he wishes.

NOLAN. I haven't any witnesses. I don't want any.

MORGAN. That's your privilege.

JUDGE ADVOCATE [*rising*]. Mr. President, if I correctly understand my duty as judge advocate of this court, I am here not only as prosecutor of the offender but also to see that justice be done to him.

MORGAN. That is true! The position of judge advocate in a military court is more akin to that of the judge in a civil action than merely that of the public prosecutor. You may speak for the prisoner if you think that he is incapable of defending himself.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. I shall then review the case, bringing to the attention of the court the evidence both for and against the accused. After that I believe it is customary to allow the defendant opportunity for a final plea.

MORGAN. Right!—Proceed, sir.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. Is it the court's wish that I shall read the entire record of the case at this time?

MORGAN. You may read the specifications of the charge against the prisoner and then state your own conclusions.

JUDGE ADVOCATE [*reading from a paper which the* REPORTER *hands him*]. The court then proceeded to the trial of Lieutenant Philip Nolan, 7th Artillery Corps, U. S. A.; the accused was arraigned upon the following charge and

specifications. Charge: Treason against the government of the United States. Specification: In that Lieutenant Philip Nolan, 7th Artillery Corps, did publicly make use of the following treasonable words against the government of the United States, to wit: "that he was tired of the army service," that "he was ready to take the first way out of it."

Specification 2: In that the said Lieutenant Nolan did secretly join with one Aaron Burr in treasonable plots against the United States, publicly declaring, to wit: that he "would obey any order signed by his excellency Aaron Burr." Specification 3: In that the said Lieutenant Nolan did thereby break his oath against the United States taken by him at Fort Massac, July 16, 1802, in the following words: "I, Philip Nolan, do solemnly swear that I will bear true faith, and allegiance to the United States of America, that I will serve them honestly and faithfully against all their enemies whomsoever and that I will obey the orders of the President of the United States and the orders of the officers appointed over me, according to the Rules and Articles of War." This at Fort Adams, Mississippi, on the 5th day of September, 1807.

In summing up the case, may I remind the court that these charges rest on the evidence of officers who have testified to the acquaintance which the accused had with Aaron Burr and on his own statements to members of his troop and to other officers.

Reputable witnesses vouch for the statements that on three separate occasions the prisoner has been heard to say that he was "tired of the service" and again that he "would obey any order to march anywhere with his excellency Aaron Burr." It is known to this court that the court-martial at Richmond has failed to convict Mr. Burr of any overt act of treason while it must be said it has equally failed to convince the public mind of his innocence of intention. It is only fair to the accused to call attention

to the undisciplined adventurous life led by him before he joined the army, and also to remind you that during the first three years after his enlistment, Lieutenant Nolan, in one campaign after another, went headlong up the grades of service. You will find, if you examine his record, that he has been twice cited in the Orders of the Day, for deeds of special daring.

Then two years ago, after Black Snake was killed and his tribe driven back, our command settled down to routine garrison duty. Here was the first dull restraint that Nolan had ever known. We may guess how it galled him. Then Aaron Burr came!

NOLAN [*jumping to his feet*]. I don't want this defense! —Sentence me—and let me go!

MORGAN [*sternly*]. Silence, sir! [NOLAN *subsides sulkily.*]

JUDGE ADVOCATE. Aaron Burr, superb of physique, brilliant of mind, fascinating of manner, rotten of soul. Wherever Aaron Burr has gone, in the most distinguished company, he has irresistibly drawn to him men and women of every station. What wonder that a man who fascinates the most cultured society should charm and attract this young, half-taught boy. You have heard how they met. From the first it was steel to the magnet! All the bright courage and devotion in the lad's heart were poured out at the tempter's feet. Burr went—and Nolan passed the lonely winter that his roommate has described to you—hugging his ambitious dreams. At last with the fall came Burr once more, no longer a mere attorney, seeking place—but—a conqueror, marching to his triumph!

You remember what the distinguished lawyer, William Wirt, said of Burr recently at the trial at Richmond; that "pervading the continent from New York to New Orleans, he draws into his plan, by every allurement which he can contrive, men of all ranks and descriptions. To youthful ardor he presents danger and glory; to ambition, rank and titles and honors; to avarice, the mines of Mexico."

And on the hour when they met for the second time Philip Nolan's evil star came and stood over him!

From that day he began to be a traitor to his country. The evidence against him is overwhelming. You have weighed it for yourselves. In closing, let me tell the prisoner, Mr. President, that the motives and feelings of the human heart can only be known to the world—his world—by act and speech and bearing. It appears from those of this prisoner that his speech and bearing if not his acts are dishonorable to him and to the service he should grace. Only a profound and openly shown contrition can tell us now that he regrets his folly. [*The* JUDGE ADVOCATE *takes his seat.*]

MORGAN [*sternly to* NOLAN]. Stand up, sir! [NOLAN, *trying to hide his embarrassment with bravado, lounges to his feet.*] Prisoner, you have heard the charge and the arraignment. At this solemn moment have you anything to tell us in extenuation of your conduct—to show your loyalty to the United States?

NOLAN [*haughtily after a slight pause*]. Nothing, sir!

VIRGINIA [*pain and entreaty in her voice*]. Oh, Philip, say something!

NOLAN [*moved by her tone, starts to speak; then closes his lips firmly.*] No!

JUDGE ADVOCATE [*springing to his feet*]. Mr. President, may I remind the prisoner that while it is true his upbringing has been such that the United States was hardly more than a name to him—yet he has been fed by the United States for the five years he has been in the army, clothed by the United States, housed by the United States. The United States cared for him when he was ill and the United States stands ready to protect him against any other government. He has sworn on his faith as a Christian to be true to the United States. It was the United States which gave him his uniform and the sword that he wore by his side. Alas, my poor Nolan, why was it, think you, that Aaron Burr cared a straw more for you than he

did for the flatboat men that sailed his ark for him—except that you had been picked out as one of Her own confidential men of honor—*by the United States!*

NOLAN [*beside himself with anger*]. Damn the United States! I wish I might never hear of the United States, again. [*There is a second's blank pause—then every* MAN *in the room rises to his feet. The hands of the* OFFICERS *instinctively seek their swords.*]

VIRGINIA [*in a voice that is almost a scream*]. Philip!

MORGAN. Silence! [*She subsides, staring at* NOLAN *in terror.* MORGAN *speaks to the officers.*] No swords, gentlemen,—He has lost *his!* [*Finally he turns back and stares at* NOLAN; *when he speaks his voice is cold, repressed.*] You forget, sir, that some of the officers before you have fought through the Revolution. The name of the United States of America is more dear to us than the blood we have shed for her sake. [*He addresses the members of the court.*] Gentlemen: we will retire to prepare sentence on this prisoner. [*The* ORDERLY *nearest the door up back, swings it open and the* MEMBERS OF THE COURT *file through,* COL. MORGAN *preceding them. As the* MEN *go out,* SPENCE *turns to* VIRGINIA.]

SPENCE [*holding door open*]. Virginia. [*As he indicates that he wishes her to go, she starts to obey, looking at* NOLAN *doubtfully.*]

NOLAN [*taking a step toward her, appealingly*]. Virginia!

VIRGINIA [*hesitatingly to* SPENCE]. In a moment, Uncle. —Trust me! [SPENCE *looks toward* NOLAN, *then toward* VIRGINIA, *turns and goes out. The door is closed, off-stage there is bugling, one* ORDERLY *goes to the door leading to the parade ground, looks out, turns and beckons to the other; a second later the* MARSHAL *follows them, and all* THREE *go out attracted by what is happening there. For a moment or two, the* JUDGE ADVOCATE *sits conferring with the* REPORTER, *then as the bugling grows nearer and more insistent the two young* OFFICERS *follow the soldiers to the*

left side of the room and stand at the window looking out.]

NOLAN [*going to her eagerly and holding out both hands*]. You believe in me, Virginia? You trust me?

VIRGINIA [*dully*]. You cursed your country!

NOLAN. I beg your pardon, Virginia. I forgot your presence and my manners.

VIRGINIA. Not your offense against me, but against your country—against the United States!

NOLAN. The fellow infuriated me so. Feeding me up on United States, United States, until I was fairly ill.

VIRGINIA. How could you, how could you? And then not one word in self-defense! You have branded yourself a traitor!

NOLAN. If I could only make you understand! Make them understand! They live only in the present. Nothing exists for them but United States. If they could only know what I know and see into the future, the wonderful future with Burr at the head of a glorious country. Virginia, they don't know it,—they can't see that far, but this country is going to be torn to bits as if it were a hunted animal chased by wolves. With England preying on it here and France there and Spain trying to get her teeth in. How can we hold out against them? We have no navy and what is our army, a mere handful. Burr has seen all this, he is preparing for just this event. He is going to open up a Kingdom in the south, in Mexico! Mexico, full of beauty and wealth and power, and there we are going to build up a country greater and finer than is possible in these poor United States! He has given me this wonderful chance to join him. Oh, Virginia, don't you understand? [*Tenderly.*] And don't you understand why I want to do it? Is it because I myself want power? No, dear heart, it is because I want to lay all the beautiful things of the world at your feet. [*Holding out his arms.*] You will go with me, dear?

VIRGINIA [*shrinking from him*]. Oh—Philip, how could you! How could you! [*Turning toward door.*]

NOLAN [*A note of alarm in his voice*]. Virginia, you must understand me.

VIRGINIA. And I thought you a man of honor! [*Dashes out of the room, through the doorway leading to the parade ground.*]

NOLAN [*looks after her stupefied with pain*]. Virginia! [*The door back opens and the* OFFICERS OF THE COURT *file into the room and take their places. The* JUDGE ADVOCATE *and other* COURT ATTENDANTS *return quietly. The* MEMBERS OF THE COURT *all sit except* COLONEL MORGAN, *who stands in his place waiting for silence. There is a sense of something impending that impresses every one but* NOLAN. NOLAN, *seeing the others sit, seats himself.*]

MORGAN [*with suppressed anger*]. Stand up, sir! [NOLAN *rises with insolent assurance.*] Prisoner, hear the sentence of the Court—The Court decides, subject to the approval of the President, that you never hear the name of the United States again. [*There is a slight pause, then* NOLAN *laughs aloud, a ringing peal but suddenly as he looks into the faces of the men around him, his laughter breaks and dies away. He loses his swagger—something like fear creeps into his expression. Outside the sound of confusion increases, there is nearer bugling, the shouting of* MEN. THE OFFICERS *turn their heads and listen. Suddenly the door up L., is flung open and* BROCK, *the scout, stands there. He is a large, powerful man, dressed in rough frontier garb. He is covered with dust and much exhausted.*]

THE OFFICERS. Brock!—Brock!—The Indians! [BROCK *salutes the* COLONEL *and stands waiting.*]

MORGAN. Well, Brock?

BROCK. The Indians are on the war path, sir.

MORGAN. What do you know?

BROCK. Last night, I came together with the other scouts, on the trail,—as planned.

MORGAN. Where?

BROCK. In the forest near Speer's Landing, Sir!

MORGAN. Yes, well?

BROCK. All night we lay in the brush and listened.

MORGAN. To what?

BROCK. A queer noise—a little steady flapping of the leaves.

MORGAN. Indians?

BROCK. Yes, sir!—All night they were slipping past us, sir!

MORGAN. You're sure?

BROCK [*nodding affirmatively*]. Once in a while there'd be the sound of a little branch flung back—but mostly only the leaves a-flappin'—

MORGAN. How long did it last?

BROCK. All night they crept around us—on both sides of us.

MORGAN. Did you see them?

BROCK. Nor hair nor hide, sir—just the creeping noise, sir—creeping—creeping!

MORGAN. How many would you say?

BROCK. Thousands—one every ten yards, sir, not just one line—but twenty lines—all through the forest, worming their way forward. Thousands.

MORGAN. Where will they meet?

BROCK. Their regular place at the river, sir—they'll join the Cherokees there.

MORGAN. When will they attack?

BROCK. To-morrow, sunrise—if we don't head them off.

MORGAN. Can we do that?

BROCK. I think so,—if we ride fast, sir!

MORGAN [*to an* ORDERLY]. My compliments to Major Dickinson and tell him to order the cavalry out,—the 7th Artillery will go with them. [*The* ORDERLY *salutes and goes, he turns to* BROCK.] You will go with them! Sorry not to let you rest, Brock, but you're the only man that knows that trail.

BROCK. I'll manage, sir! [*He salutes and goes out through the door to the parade ground.*]

MORGAN [*to an* ORDERLY]. Follow him! See he gets

food! [*The* ORDERLY *salutes and goes out. From now on to the end of the scene there is a constantly increasing noise outside of the gathering forces of the post. The scattered bugling increases in volume and draws nearer, there is sharp soldierly calling back and forth, occasionally the sound of galloping horses.* NOLAN, *lifted from his self-contemplation by the scout's talk, is like a different man—an alert eagerness comes into his bearing—he is roused, soldierly.* MORGAN *turning to the* MARSHAL.] Mr. Marshal, see that no one mentions the name of our country to the prisoner. [*The door up L., opens and an* ORDERLY *enters and salutes.*] Well?

ORDERLY. Major Scott's respects and who will command Lieutenant Nolan's battery, sir?

MORGAN. Lieutenant Dent. Send a corporal's guard for this prisoner. [*The* ORDERLY *salutes and goes out.*]

NOLAN [*advancing a pace, on fire with eagerness*]. Colonel Morgan, let me go! I know that trail! Let me go with the troops, sir.

MORGAN [*eyeing him steadily*]. You have lost your title to that honor. [*Turns to the* MARSHAL.] Mr. Marshal, take the prisoner to Orleans in an armed boat and deliver him to the naval commander there. [NOLAN *starts. The* MARSHAL *salutes.*] Mr. Marshal, make my respects to Lieutenant Mitchell at Orleans, and request him to order that no one shall mention the name of our country to the prisoner while he is on board ship. You will receive your written orders from the officer on duty here this evening. The court is adjourned without day. [*Outside the noise of the assembling cavalry has reached its height.*] Mr. Marshal, before the prisoner leaves the post, see to it that his sword is broken and all insignia of the government is removed from his uniform. [*The* JUDGE ADVOCATE *hands* NOLAN'S *sword, which has been lying on the table, to an* ORDERLY *who hands it to the* MARSHAL.]

NOLAN [*shrinking in dismay*]. Sir!—spare my home people this!

MORGAN. You have neither home—nor people! From this day forth you are a man without a country. [*He nods to the* MARSHAL *who goes up to* NOLAN *and lays a hand on his arm.* A CORPORAL'S GUARD *enters and stands at the open door, L., to accompany the prisoner*—NOLAN *throws up his head with an attempt at his usual bravado—but his look is unsteady. Out of doors the* TROOPS *are moving off in response to the bugle calls.*]

[CURTAIN]

ACT II

SCENE—*On board the frigate* Warren *anchored in the Bay of Naples. The scene represents a portion of the quarter-deck overlooking the gun deck below. The heavy deck rail of solid timber, breast high, runs along the back of the stage; beyond that nothing can be seen but the soft dull blue of sea and sky. On the right side of the stage the deck continues out of sight of the audience, except for a cabin door down right.*

Down the left side of the stage, and at right angles to the rear rail, runs a lighter rail fencing the edge of the quarter-deck where it overlooks the gun deck. Halfway down the stage this rail turns at right angles to itself and runs off-stage out L., presumably leading down the steps to the deck below.

From the heavy deck rail at the back of the stage, great cables forming the rigging of the vessel extend up and out of sight. Orderly coils of rope hang to the rail and there are a few stools or rough chairs here and there.

Occasionally from the distance come the songs of the Italian boatmen. The hour is sunset. The time is two years later.

The curtain rises upon a scene of activity characteristic of a sailing vessel.

Sailors and marines are going to and fro, engaged in various forms of work; some in the rigging, some mending sails, some scrubbing up the deck with mops made of a mass of frayed rope knotted at one end. The boatswain's mate is overseeing the work. A sentinel with a gun stands in front of a cabin door down right.]

SINGING JOE [*as curtain rises, singing*].

Call all hands to man the capstan,
See the cable run down clear;
Heave away, and with a will, boys,
For dear America we'll steer.

[*Some of the men stop their work, and look fearfully towards the guarded door, and then towards the boatswain's mate, who is busy directing some work off, L.* JOE *intent upon his work, goes on, his voice swelling in volume as he continues.*]

And we'll sing in joyful chorus
In the watches of the night;
And we'll sight the shores of America—

SECOND SAILOR [*running to foot of mast and calling up, warningly*]. Avast there, Joe!

JOE [*swelling into crescendo, hearing only his own voice*].

When the gray dawn brings the light.
Rolling home, rolling home,
Rolling home across the sea;
Rolling home to dear old America.

BOATSWAIN'S MATE [*rushing forward, brandishing a cat-o'-nine-tails, with a threatening roar*]. Avast there, you son of a dog fish! [*Men stop work and listen to what follows.*]

JOE [*unconscious of all about him*].

Rolling home, dear land, to thee.

BOATSWAIN'S MATE. Come down out of there, or, by the nine lives of a cat, I'll smash your hulk to bits!

JOE [*looking down, in surprise*]. You want me, sir?

BOATSWAIN'S MATE. You come down here,—[JOE *scrambles down*] and you'll find out whether I want you or not!

JOE [*dropping to the deck, and limping forward*]. Aye, aye, sir.

BOATSWAIN'S MATE. You limping lubber! You half-licked cub of a tar barrel! [*Laying cat-o'-nine tails about* JOE'S *legs,* JOE *limping to dodge the blows.*] What do you mean by singing that song?

JOE. Singing? Was I singing, sir?

BOATSWAIN'S MATE. "Was I singing!" Was ye breathing, sir?

JOE. I cry yer pardon, mate, I didn't know I was singing,—but I reckons I sings as I breathe, sir—without a-knowing it, sir.

BOATSWAIN'S MATE. Well, you'll put a nipper on yer hawk-bill after this, or ye'll stop yer breathing,—as well as yer singing.

JOE. An' I can't sing no more, mate? I'd sooner give up me grog than stop singing.

BOATSWAIN'S MATE. You'll give up yer grog. Hand it over.

JOE [*passing out his flask*]. An' I can sing all I want, sir?

BOATSWAIN'S MATE [*taking flask*]. You knows the orders about that there prisoner in there. [*Indicating guarded room.*] You know as well as I do that he's not to hear a word about America, or home.

JOE. Aye, aye, sir, but I— [*The truth dawning upon him.*] Was I singing about Amer—? *I was!*

BOATSWAIN'S MATE. An' if ye do it again, ye'll be put in irons. [*Starts off L.; turns again threateningly.*] And you owe thanks to my good nature that you are not reported to the officer of the deck.

JOE [*dubiously*]. Aye, aye, sir. [*The* BOATSWAIN'S MATE *goes off L., shaking the flask close to his ear, then starting to unscrew it.* JOE *looking towards others, ruefully.*] He's taken the spirits out o' me.

SECOND SAILOR [*laughing*]. Wat kind o' spirits, lad? [*The others laugh—*JOE *still rueful.*]

THIRD SAILOR. Doan ye mind, Joe, more'll come from the same old keg, an' ye can have a pull at mine. [*Offering flask.*]

JOE. No, thank ye, mate.

THIRD SAILOR. But ye'll have to put a muzzle on that thare musical foghorn o' yourn.

SECOND SAILOR. That's what I objects to—the muzzle we all got to put on our mugs to see that they don't slip the cable when that thare "Plain Buttons" is 'round. It's not a word about—[*sotto-voce*] America. It's not a word about—[*sotto-voce*] home. It's not a word about yer own family. Shiver my timbers, what is a man to talk about? Must we be dumb while *he's* aboard?

THIRD SAILOR. Who is he, *I* asks? An' what's he done? We don't know no more about him to-day than two years ago, when he wuz brought aboard at Orleans and we wuz told to clap a hatch on our scuppers—ask no questions—and sheer off any questions he might heave to.

SECOND SAILOR. It'd make any feller grumpy to have to keep such a hawser on his beak!

THIRD SAILOR [*confidentially*]. My opinion is he's done some nasty deed, and he's goin' to be passed out to the cannibals o' the Wind'ard Islands as a mess o' [*sotto-voce*] American stew. [*All save* JOE *roar in laughter at this joke.*]

JOE [*turning on them, in indignation*]. Avast there, you croakers! How many o' you as haven't other men's blood on yer claws! I doan care what he's done! He's a gentleman, and the officers treats him like a gentleman,—and who are you that you should ask questions? Belay your jawtackle. [*The others laugh goodnaturedly.*]

SECOND SAILOR. Singin' Joe's changing his name to Fightin' Joe. Hurrah for Joe! Darken my blinkers, but ye're a cocky little rooster.

JOE. Who took care o' me, and nussed me like a mother when that blood-licking Turk nigh shivered this old pin o'

mine? [*Slapping his left leg.*] Who kept that surgeon, who's no more'n a butcher, from sawin' it off. It wuz him. [*Pointing to door, which sentinel guards.*] He's got the heart of a woman, an' the soul of a Nelson, and some day ye'll find it out! This old hulk ain't worth much, but such as it is, it's his without the askin'! I'll fight for him any day,—an' I'll fight the whole white-livered crew o' ye, if ye say anythin' more agin him.

THIRD SAILOR [*laughing*]. Luff a starboard thare, mate. I didn't mean no offense.

SECOND SAILOR. Ease off to wind'ard. He's all right, but we likes to be free to talk o' home.

JOE. Well, ef hit's bad fer you, what do you think it is fer him? [*He looks off R.—sees some one coming and starts out L.*] Hey, use yer blinkers!

THIRD SAILOR. An' you better use them little flappers o' yourn. [*Indicating his ears.*] Or you'll know the affectionate touch o' th' cat-o'-nine-tails. [*Enter hastily from the R.,* LIEUT. MORRIS; *as he comes along the deck he calls to a man out of sight in the rigging above.*]

MORRIS. Avast there, lookout!

VOICE [*from above*]. Aye, aye, sir!

MORRIS. Do you hear anything?

VOICE [*from above*]. All quiet, sir! [*The bugle signal for mess comes from off-stage and the other two men follow* JOE *off down the companion ladder out L.*]

SECOND SAILOR [*as he goes*]. Hey, grog and grub, ahoy!

THIRD SAILOR. Heave to, my mates. [*From off in the distance comes the boatman's song. It dominates all other sounds for a moment, then grows fainter.*]

MORRIS [*to the lookout*]. Listen—! No sound of cannon in the distance?

VOICE [*from above—after a pause*]. Not a sound, sir. [LIEUT. DANFORTH *enters along the deck from the right.*]

DANFORTH. Sir, captain's compliments and what's wrong? He saw you leave the table, sir.

MORRIS. Come here, lad!—Listen! There, that! What's that?

DANFORTH. The singing, sir?

MORRIS [*impatiently*]. No!—Guns!—Way off!— [*The song ends.*] Now, listen!

DANFORTH. I hear nothing, sir! [LIEUT. TRUXTON *strolls on from the L.*]

MORRIS. Perhaps I imagine it!

DANFORTH. Looking for anything special, sir?

MORRIS. I am, Jack! I'm looking for that pirate craft that fired on the *Nautilus* the other night and got away.

DANFORTH. Gad, I wish we'd meet her!—I'm just spoiling for a real fight, sir!

MORRIS. If she's the craft I think she is, you'll get all you want! My compliments to the captain, and tell him what I say—and that I think we should be ready to put to sea.

DANFORTH. Yes, sir! [*Starts out R., then turns back to say:*] But the men that went ashore, sir—you wouldn't leave them?

MORRIS. Time they were back. Who went?

DANFORTH. Lieut. Phillips and five men. [MORRIS *nods and* DANFORTH *departs on his errand.*]

TRUXTON [*turning in his stroll to face* MORRIS]. What are you filling that child's mind with tales of pirate ships for, Morris? He won't sleep to-night!

MORRIS. I thought I heard cannon.

TRUXTON. Isn't that like you?—Here's the whole heavenly Bay of Naples athrob with Italian music, and the sunset—and *you* hear cannon.

MORRIS. It's my business to hear cannon.

TRUXTON. Yes—if there *are* cannon—but— [*He shrugs, —goes up to* MORRIS *and takes him by the arm.*] Come over here and listen to this fisherboy singing his heart out! Come, be romantic with me!

MORRIS. I'm officer of the day and have no time to be romantic. Where's Nolan?

TRUXTON. Haven't seen him since morning. Overheard him asking the captain if he might go ashore with Phillips.

MORRIS. He was refused.

TRUXTON [*indicating the stateroom up R.*]. He's there then.

MORRIS [*in a guarded tone—to the sentinel*]. Mr. Nolan in his cabin, sentinel?

SENTINEL. Yes, sir.

MORRIS. Poor devil, what a dog's life.

TRUXTON. I don't think he finds it so. He acts as if he were leading the life of a lord.

MORRIS. That's the pathos of it. He uses braggadocio to cover his real feelings. Have you ever caught him alone, unaware of your approach?

TRUXTON. No,—I don't think I have.

MORRIS. I did—once—about five months ago. I shall never forget it. He wore the saddest look I have ever seen on any human face.

SENTINEL [*warningly*]. Gentlemen. [*The door of* NOLAN'S *room slowly opens and* NOLAN, *pale and dejected, slowly steps forth. His bearing is that of a man overburdened with sorrow and remorse. The two officers turn.* NOLAN, *seeing them, instantly straightens up and assumes an air of gayety and nonchalance. He is dressed in a regulation army uniform, as in* ACT I, *with army buttons replaced by plain ones which explains the name "Plain Buttons" given him by the crew.*]

TRUXTON AND MORRIS. Good evening, Mr. Nolan.

NOLAN [*saluting*]. Good evening, gentlemen.

MORRIS. This is too fine a day for you to shut yourself up within the four walls of a cabin.

NOLAN [*smiling gravely*]. Work before pleasure, gentlemen. No man in the world lives so methodical a life as I. I have my reading. I never before had enough time to read. Then I keep up my note-books, and scrap books to show to the fellows of the garrison when I get—[*with brave attempt at a smile of confidence*] home. [*Pause.*

With nonchalance.] I—er—suppose we'll be turning towards home when we leave this port? [*His face cannot conceal the eager and pleading note in this question.*]

TRUXTON [*embarrassed; then also trying to be off-hand*]. Er—no-o. I believe we go on a long cruise up the Indian Ocean from here.

NOLAN [*the eager light dying out of his eyes*]. Oh. [*Pause, then with forced gayety.*] That's splendid! I've always wanted to go up there. What a lucky dog I am to get this opportunity to see the world! How the fellows at the garrison will envy me when I get back and tell them all about my adventures. Traveling gives a man such a broad outlook on life; don't you think so? [SAILORS *singing off-stage.*]

Away—haul away—
Oh, haul away together—
Away—haul away—
Oh, haul away, Ho!

TRUXTON [*pityingly*]. Yes, I believe it does.

MORRIS [*mechanically*]. Yes, oh, yes, indeed. [*Pointing out R.*] Er, isn't that a fine harbor? [*A sweep of his hand toward a view out R.*] The mountains; the green fields; and the town lying there below with its little houses tucked away, and none of the squalor. One takes away only delightful memories.

TRUXTON. You're the chap for me, Nolan! I've been wanting some one to thrill with me over this romantic scene —and Morris, here, is about as movable as the Rock of Gibraltar.

DANFORTH [*entering alertly from up R., and coming down to* MORRIS]. Here come our men, sir!

VOICE [*off-stage*]. The *Warren,* ahoy!

ANOTHER VOICE [*off-stage*]. All hands—ahoy. [*Singing stops.*] Stand by the gig, men.

SAILORS [*running across the deck from R. to L.*]. Aye, aye, sir.

NOLAN [*eagerly*]. Do you think, sir, they've got mail—or papers from home?

MORRIS. I—er—think,—it doubtful, Nolan. Few boats come here, you know.

NOLAN. But that English sloop, she might have some. [*Enter* CAPTAIN SHAW *from the R.*]

SHAW. That Phillips back?

MORRIS. Yes, sir.

TRUXTON [*to* NOLAN]. Phillips said he'd ask for any books or papers they might have to lend.

NOLAN. Ah, that's good of him. I'll go see what he has. [*Bows to the* CAPTAIN *and the others and goes down companion-ladder to the L.*]

TRUXTON. Me, too! [*Follows* NOLAN *out.*]

SHAW. Danforth!

DANFORTH. Yes, sir.

SHAW. Go see that that reading matter is looked over before it is given to Mr. Nolan.

DANFORTH [*starting*]. Yes, sir.

SHAW. If there are London papers he may have them after all allusions to America are cut out.

DANFORTH. Yes, sir.

SHAW. See that no American papers fall into his hands. Better destroy them after you men have seen them.

DANFORTH. Yes, sir. [*Salutes and goes out down the companion ladder.*]

SHAW [*turning to Morris*]. You say you heard cannon?

MORRIS. Yes, sir, twice—very distant—three cannon shots in close succession—

SHAW. Curious!—Three?

MORRIS. Measured as though it were a signal! The second time a little louder.

SHAW. Well, make ready! Order a sharp lookout above. [*Starts out up R.*]

MORRIS. One moment, Captain Shaw.—What are the instructions regarding Nolan in case of battle?

SHAW. I don't think the letter of instruction mentions such a contingency. I've got it here. [*Begins to search through papers. He takes papers from vest pocket.*] I got it out this morning when he asked for shore leave.

MORRIS. There ought to be something in it to guide us.

SHAW [*selecting a paper*]. Here it is! Ever read it?

MORRIS. No, sir.

SHAW. A curious document!—Listen! [*Reading.*]

"Washington, D. C.—Sir: You will receive from Lieut. Neale the person of Philip Nolan, late a lieutenant in the United States Army. This person, on his trial by court-martial, expressed, with an oath, the wish that he might never hear of the United States again. The Court sentenced him to have his wished fulfilled. For the present the execution of the order is intrusted by the President to this Department. You will take the prisoner on board your ship, and keep him there with such precautions as shall prevent his escape. You will provide him with such quarters, rations, and clothing as would be proper for an officer of his late rank, if he were a passenger on your vessel on the business of his Government. The gentlemen on board will make any arrangement agreeable to themselves regarding his society. He is to be exposed to no indignity of any kind, nor is he ever unnecessarily to be reminded that he is a prisoner. But, under no circumstances, is he ever to hear of his country, or to see any information regarding it; and you will especially caution all the officers under your command to take care that, in the various indulgences which may be granted, this rule, in which his punishment is involved, shall not be broken. It is the intention of the Government that he shall never again see the country which he has disowned. Before the end of your cruise you will receive orders which will give effect to this intention. Respectfully yours, E. Southard, for the Secretary of the Navy."

MORRIS. By Jove, that's a cruel sentence, sir!

SHAW. He cursed his country!—He ought to have been hanged!

MORRIS. I'd rather be hanged than live his sentence.

SHAW. It doesn't say what to do with him in case of a fight.

MORRIS. No—but—if it isn't his country—it isn't *his* fight!

SHAW. No!—He'd best stay in his cabin.

PHILLIPS [*enters from the L. up the companion ladder bearing books and papers triumphantly.* TRUXTON *follows —trying to wrench them from him as they walk.*] Papers! —Papers! What am I offered. [*He sees* CAPTAIN SHAW *and salutes.*]

TRUXTON [*pouncing on them*]. Your life if you give them up instantly.

PHILLIPS [*passing him the American newspaper*]. I gave Danforth the London *Times* for Nolan but here is the New York *Advertiser,* only seven months old.

TRUXTON [*offering the paper to* SHAW]. Will you have it, sir?

SHAW. Not just now, thank you. [*To* PHILLIPS.] Are we at war with anybody?

PHILLIPS. Only Indian skirmishes going on from time to time. [TRUXTON *goes out down L., reading the paper.*]

MORRIS. And who's our next president?

SHAW. Yes!—Did Jefferson run again?

PHILLIPS. No, he did as Mr. Washington did, refused a third term, and has retired to his country estate at Monticello.

SHAW. Who is to be his successor, Mr. Phillips?

PHILLIPS. The public sentiment seemed to favor Mr. Madison.

SHAW. Really! well, well! Have you any other news?

PHILLIPS. I have a message to you from Captain Tingey of the *Vixen.*

SHAW. Yes?— [*Looks out across the bay.*] Why,— where is the *Vixen?*—Changed her anchorage?

PHILLIPS. Gone, sir? Started home!

SHAW. Alone?—After that attack on the *Nautilus?* Dangerous work for so small a boat!

PHILLIPS. She's fast though! Captain Tingey left word with the consul who gave it to me—he presented his compliments and said that if he should meet the corsair and she should prove twice his boat's size,—he'd give us a look-in, too.

SHAW. We won't be near enough to do much.

PHILLIPS. He asked the consul to have you informed that if he should sight the pirate ship, the *Vixen* would turn and run full sail in this direction leading the corsair nearer us and giving us a signal in the meantime.

SHAW. Plucky little *Vixen!*—What signal?

PHILLIPS. Three guns! [MORRIS *and* SHAW *look at each other.*] The carronades touched off one after the other,—three guns in close succession and then three—always three—pause—three!—We can't mistake it.

MORRIS. Didn't I say it was a signal?

PHILLIPS. What?—You've heard—?

MORRIS. Three guns!—

PHILLIPS. When?

MORRIS. A few moments ago!—Very distant.

SHAW. The *Vixen* has met the corsair! [*To* MORRIS.] Get the gunners at their posts! [*From the distance but now distinctly audible comes the boom of a cannon. The men stand silent looking at each other. There follows a second boom.*]

MORRIS. Two! [*Pause—then third shot is heard.*] Three.

PHILLIPS. It's the *Vixen.*

MORRIS. And nearer!

SHAW [*calling up to the lookout in the rigging*]. Avast there, my man! Look out to sea!—Can you see the *Vixen?*

VOICE [*from above*]. Nothing to be seen out there, sir—but the fog rolling in! [*Again there comes the distant roll of cannon.*]

SHAW. One— [*Pause.*] Two! [*Pause.*] Three!

TRUXTON [*as he enters down L.*] Listen to this, Danforth.

SHAW. Gentlemen, you are next to me in command, I want a word with you before the others are told of this.

MORRIS. Yes, sir! Will you come to my cabin.—We'll be undisturbed there. [*They go out R., talking earnestly as* TRUXTON *and* DANFORTH *enter L.*]

TRUXTON [*reading*]. "Green Turtle. A fine green turtle will be dressed and served up at Coleman's Hotel, No. 10 Fair St. on Monday next."

DANFORTH. Oh, to be at Coleman's on Monday next.

TRUXTON. The mere thought makes me happy,—and gives me indigestion. Green turtle!

DANFORTH [*reading the paper over his shoulder*]. Then here's your remedy! [*Reads.*] "Mrs. Charity Long's Medical Warehouse, No. 151 Water St." Don't forget the address.

TRUXTON. Three doors west of the Fly Market. Medicines composed of roots and herbs, which have not failed one case in twenty—Alas, Jack, if I should be the 20th.

DANFORTH. Oh, come, Trux,—turn over and let's get the real news.

TRUXTON [*turning the sheet*]. Well, here— [*Reads.*] "Swift-sure Mail Stage. A new line from New York to Philadelphia. Trip made in seventeen hours." That's what I call speed.

DANFORTH. I don't see how it can be done.

TRUXTON. That's the march of civilization.

DANFORTH [*looking out L., down the companion ladder to the deck below*]. Here's Nolan—quick, put that paper away!

TRUXTON [*stuffing the paper inside his coat*]. Quick, give me something else—a book.

DANFORTH [*taking one from his pocket and tossing it to him*]. Be reading that.

TRUXTON. Is it all right—for him, too?

DANFORTH. So Phillips said!—All about magic and border chivalry a thousand years ago—

TRUXTON [*plunging headlong into the book wherever it happens to open, reads*].

"They raised brave Musgrave from the field,
And laid him on his bloody shield;
On leveled lances—four and four;
By turns, the noble burden bore.

DANFORTH [*in a cautious voice*]. Trux!

TRUXTON. Eh?

DANFORTH. Get him to read!—It pleases him no end—and it'll keep him from wanting the papers so!

TRUXTON. All right!—[*Sees that* NOLAN *is coming up the companion ladder and resumes his reading as* NOLAN *enters.* DANFORTH *smiles up at him and motions him to a seat.* NOLAN *thanks him with a look and sits.* TRUXTON *does not look up but reads on as though intensely absorbed by the story.*]

Before, at times, upon the gale,
Was heard the Minstrel's plaintive wail;
Behind, four priests, in sable stole,
Sung requiem for the warrior's soul:
Around, the horsemen slowly rode;
With trailing pikes the spearsmen trod;
And thus the gallant knight they bore,
Through Liddesdale, to Leven's shore;
Thence to Holme Coltrame's lofty nave;
And laid him in his father's grave."

[TRUXTON *pauses.*]

DANFORTH. Gad, hasn't that got a swing to it. Or would have if it were better read. Here, give it up, Trux. —[*Takes the book from him and passes it over to* NOLAN.] Here, Nolan, you're the real reader!

NOLAN. Oh, really,—now I think Mr. Truxton was reading extremely well.

TRUXTON. Oh, I can't compete with you, Nolan. I know my humble place— Do read.

NOLAN [*much pleased*]. Well, really,—I'm glad to.

TRUXTON. Then do!—We're just browsing through.

DANFORTH. It's by that new chap—what's his name—Walter Scott. Phillips said the Englishman who lent it told him it would open of itself to all the finest passages so we're just picking them out in that way.

NOLAN. I like to browse through a book— [*Begins reading beautifully.*]

"The harp's wild notes, though hushed with the song
The mimic march of death prolong;
Now seems it far, and now a'near,
Now meets, and now eludes the ear;

Now seems some mountain side to sweep,
Now faintly dies in valley deep;
Seems now as if the Minstrel's wail,
Now the sad requiem, loads the gale;
Last o'er the warrior's closing grave
Rung the full choir the choral stave.

After due pause, they bade him tell,
Why he, who touched the harp so well,
Should thus, with ill-rewarded toil,
Wander a poor and thankless soil,
When the more generous southern land
Would well requite his skillful hand.

The Aged Harper, howsoe'er
His only friend, his harp, was dear,
Liked not to hear it ranked so high
Above his flowing poesy;

Less liked he still, that scornful jeer
Misprized the land he loved so dear;
[TRUXTON *and* DANFORTH *exchange startled glances.* NOLAN *goes on.*]
High was the sound, as thus again
The Bard resumed his minstrel strain."

This is fine, isn't it? [*Continuing with a smile of pleasure and anticipation.*]

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said—
This is my own, my native land!"

[*He hesitates, shifts uncomfortably, and then plunges on.*]

"Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?"

[*He chokes, hesitates. The men start, look at each other in desperation.* NOLAN *struggles on, his voice dull with suffering—the breaks coming more frequently and with increasing anguish.*]

"If such there breathes, go—mark him well—
For him no minstrel raptures swell,
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
Despite these titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self—living—shall die."

[NOLAN *jumps up with a choking sob, swings the book into the sea, and dashes blindly to his cabin door. The men look after him in sympathy and remorse. As he gets to his door the sound of cannon booming nearer arrests them all.* SHAW *followed by* MORRIS *and* PHILLIPS *reënter from up R.*]

SHAW. Gentlemen, that is a call for help from the *Vixen.*

DANFORTH. Will we fight, sir?

SHAW. I hope we will.—Mr. Truxton, call the Bos'n.

TRUXTON. Yes, sir. [*Goes quickly out down, L.* NOLAN *stands listening, his hand on the knob of his door.*]

SHAW. Phillips, you will take charge of the gun deck below. As senior to the others I give you the post of honor, sir.

PHILLIPS [*saluting*]. I thank you, sir! [*He exits down L.*]

SHAW. Morris, you will look after the quarter deck.

MORRIS [*saluting*]. Yes, sir. [*He goes out R.*]

SHAW [*turns to* DANFORTH]. Mr. Danforth, you will assist Mr. Morris.

DANFORTH [*saluting*]. Yes, sir! [*He goes out R.*]

NOLAN [*approaching the captain with hesitation*]. Is there nothing I can do, sir? I should like to help.

SHAW. Thank you, Mr. Nolan, but this is our job.

BOATSWAIN [*coming on hurriedly at U. L.—saluting the* CAPTAIN. CAPTAIN *turns to him.*] Aye, aye, sir.

SHAW. Bos'n, pipe all hands to quarters.

BOATSWAIN. Aye, aye, sir. [*Blows a shrill whistle. Going off L.*] All hands, ahoy! [*Off stage the cry "All hands, ahoy" is carried and repeated. Instantly there is the sound of other calls—all the orderly confusion of the gathering of the ship's forces.* CAPTAIN SHAW *goes to the left side where he can command a view of both decks and speaks in quick, staccato tones, calling off orders, men calling in response.*] Anchor up, ahoy!—Man the capstan! Cheerily, my lads. Stand by the top-sail yards!—Man the clew lines!—Let go the bunt line and reef tackles. [*He goes out L. down to the lower deck still calling his orders. The boatswain follows him.*] Stand by the lee braces!—Slacken the lee! Round the weather braces. Haul the wind! Hard a helm!—Cheerily, my lads. We'll get the pirate before morning. Prize money and double grog for you all. [*Off stage on the deck below there is a cheer, and sharp calling back and forth, the voices of comrades setting out on brisk adventure. Above on the upper deck,* NOLAN *stands alone, staring before him—his face a mask of despair.*]

NOLAN [*savagely*]. "The wretch—concentered all in self—living—shall die" that's it—that's it—"Living, shall die"—"*Living, shall die*"— Oh, my God! [*He buries his face in his hands.*]

[CURTAIN]

ACT III

TIME: Dawn of the morning following.
SCENE: On board the *Warren*, at sea.

SCENE—*The same section of the deck of the* Warren *but the background is heavy fog. Later when the mist clears and the daylight grows, the open sea can be seen beyond the boat.*

When the curtain is raised, NOLAN *stands alone leaning on the rail up right and looking out to sea. There is dejection in every line of his figure.*

Enter TWO SAILORS *from the right wheeling on kegs of powder. They get the kegs upstage near the left exit and stop to rest.*

FIRST SAILOR. This is a wild goose chase, I call it.

SECOND SAILOR. Might as well be playing blind man's buff.

FIRST SAILOR. The fog's so thick it'd bend a cutlass if ye wuz to try ter slice it.

SECOND SAILOR. We'll have trouble enough when the air clears,—mark my words. I'll miss my reck'ning if we don't have some play with them shootin' irons before the day's old. I feel it a-comin'.

FIRST SAILOR. Aw, you knows mor'n th' capting.

SECOND SAILOR. I knows I never seen a night o' calm like this but it wuz follered by a brush or a storm of some kind. [JOE *enters L. with the American flag over his arm, he passes across the deck and goes out R.*]

JOE [*as he passes the sailors*]. Stop that prophesyin', old croaker, and let's take things as they comes! [*He sees* NOLAN, *stops as though he would speak to him, then goes on out.*]

FIRST SAILOR. Well, come along with th' presents fer them pirates.

SECOND SAILOR. Gimme a lift on this yer box uv jewels, an' we'll come back fer tother. [*They take one keg out leaving the other up L.*]

DANFORTH [*entering from R. and calling to lookout in the rigging*]. Avast there, my man, see anything?

VOICE [*from above*]. No, sir, not yet, but it seems to be clearing up a bit. I think there's a little wind stirrin'.

DANFORTH. Good! Any signs of the *Vixen?*

VOICE [*from above*]. No, sir,—no sight nor sound of her.

DANFORTH. Keep a sharp lookout there aloft—we may find ourselves near something when the air clears.

VOICE [*from above*]. Aye, aye, sir. [*All this time,* NOLAN *has scarcely moved. Now* DANFORTH, *seeing him, goes up and lays a kindly hand on his shoulder.*]

DANFORTH. You've been here all night, Mr. Nolan.

NOLAN [*turning.*] Have I? [*Rousing himself.*] Yes, I believe I have.

DANFORTH. You should have had a good night's sleep.

NOLAN [*in tone of despair*]. Sleep! With a fight brewing?

DANFORTH. But that's our work, sir. There's no reason why you should lose your rest.

NOLAN [*despairingly*]. Would to God I had the right to lose my rest, as you call it. [*His voice chokes. The ship's bell rings five.*]

DANFORTH. Avast there, Joe,—up with the colors!

JOE [*appearing on the right side of the deck with the flag still folded over his arm.*] Aye, aye, sir. Ready, sir! [*He disappears.* DANFORTH *and* NOLAN *stand watching as the colors are run up. The* BUGLE *sounds and both men salute the flag. From now on the light increases as the sun rises and the mist lifts.* DANFORTH *turns and goes out left.* NOLAN *paces the stage nervously, his hands in his pockets.* JOE *reënters from the R., splicing carefully two pieces of rope. Intent on his work he hums louder and louder, then gradually breaks into "Home, Sweet Home."*

NOLAN *walks more rapidly and nervously, then finally can stand it no longer and goes up to* JOE.]

NOLAN. For God's sake, Joe, stop that singing!

JOE [*stopping in surprise*]. Singin'? Was I singin'?

NOLAN. Yes. I—I like it, too, Joe, but not that song,—please.

JOE. What song was it, sir? [*Thinking.*] Why, it was only "Home, Sweet—" [*Realizing.*] Oh, I'm sorry, sir. [NOLAN *raises a hand in remonstrance and tries to assume a sprightly air.*]

NOLAN. You see it's this fog—it—makes me homesick.

JOE. Sho, sir—does it now?—Well, 'twas a poor song, sir,—and a poor thing to be singin' erbout!—A home—what's a home I axes ye?—I had one av 'em till ten and then I ran away from it!

NOLAN [*wistfully*]. And have you no home now, Joe?

JOE. I've th' sea—she's my home! and fine and spacious she is, too. I likes to think of her that way—as my mansion, sir. My kitchen's in the Atlantic; my cellar at the Cape of Good Hope; my parlor in the Pacific, my spare room in the North Sea—they're allus cold, sir—and my easy chair by the stove where I puts up my feet and smokes my pipe is over there in the Mediterranean with old Vesuve, she's th' stove! [*With great scorn.*] Home!—What does a man want with a home, sir?

NOLAN [*amused and lifted out of his depression in spite of himself*]. You're a great little fellow, Joe.

VOICE [*from above*]. Sail, ho! [*The cry is caught up and carried through the ship.* JOE *and* NOLAN *look up, and then look out to sea, and finally locate the approaching ship to the L.*]

SHAW [*entering hastily from R.*] Where away? [COLE *follows him in.*]

VOICE [*from above*]. Off the starboard bow, sir, two points.

SHAW [*to* LIEUTENANT COLE]. Mr. Cole, take the glass

and go aloft. [*Extending glasses.*] See if you can make out what she is.

COLE. Yes, sir. [*Springs into rigging, and runs aloft.*]

SHAW. Bos'n!

BOATSWAIN [*coming from L.*]. Aye, aye, sir.

SHAW. All hands, ahoy!

BOATSWAIN [*blows his whistle*]. All hands, ahoy! [*During the next few speeches the* BOATSWAIN'S *cry is taken up and carried throughout the ship.*]

SHAW [*calling to* COLE]. Ahoy there, Mr. Cole! What news?

COLE [*in rigging*]. A powerful ship, sir,—full mounted —square of sail.

SHAW. What flag?

COLE. She flies no colors.

SHAW. It's the pirate, or I miss my guess. How does she head?

COLE. This way, sir. She seems to have caught the wind. The fog is lifting off the starboard quarter. [*There is a gathering murmur of men's voices as the crew collect in a great crowd.* CAPTAIN SHAW *goes to the edge of the railing, where this deck overlooks the lower one and addresses them.*]

SHAW. My men, we have work ahead,—hard work—and bloody work. [*A murmur of excitement runs through the crowd.*] We must clear the seas of these dogs who are feeding on our merchant ships. [*Murmurs of "Aye, aye, sir" and "Kill the dogs!," etc., from the men.*] I cannot do it alone. My officers cannot do it alone. You cannot do it alone. But *together* we *can* do it—and we *will* do it! [*Cheers from the men.*] It is the duty of each and every man of you to do all in his power for his country. Can I count on you? [*Shouts of "Aye, aye, sir. Close with her. Put us aboard!"*] We *shall* close with her, and I *will* put you aboard—all in good time. [*Cheers.*] Now beat to quarters! To quarters! [*He goes quickly off R.* A DRUM

beats the call. SAILORS *and* OFFICERS *cross the deck in both directions, getting to their posts. The morning light grows brighter.*]

MASTER GUNNER [*off-stage, on the deck below*]. Boys, the ammunition.

BOATSWAIN [*blowing whistle*]. Make ready the decks. [*A group of* SAILORS *rush across the deck with buckets of sand.*]

SAILOR. Wet 'em first, sir?

BOATSWAIN. The fog's done that— Sand them.— [*Pointing to the keg of powder.*] What's that doing here?

SAILOR. I don't know, sir!

NOLAN [*to* BOATSWAIN]. It's powder for the gun deck. The man that's handling it is coming back.

BOATSWAIN [*to* SAILOR]. See that it isn't left here. 'Nough to blow the quarter deck to Kingdom come.

SAILOR. Aye, aye, sir. [*They throw sand and then go down L., to the gun deck. The keg is still left.*]

SHAW [*entering from R., crosses to railing, L., overlooking gun deck and calls down*]. All ready, Phillips?

PHILLIPS [*off-stage from below*]. All ready, sir! [NOLAN *has been walking back and forth watching jealously as each man went to his task—all pretense of content is cast aside —he is openly desperate in his desire to have part in the defense of the vessel. He goes now and stands before* CAPTAIN SHAW, *an eager suppliant.*]

NOLAN. Have you *no* work for me, sir?

SHAW [*kindly but with decision*]. Mr. Nolan, I must ask you to keep your cabin, sir.

NOLAN. Sir!—Don't send me in there!—Put me—somewhere where there's danger, sir!

SHAW. I have no authority to put you in any post of danger, sir,—any more than I would any civilian passenger. Moreover, you cannot stay here!—I must remind you that this deck is the most exposed position on board— They will aim straight through here for the mast— I must ask that you go to your cabin—at once! [NOLAN, *reading*

the decision in CAPTAIN SHAW'S *eyes, goes slowly up to his cabin door, opens it and goes inside, the door is closed.*]

SHAW [*calling up to* COLE]. Ahoy there aloft, Mr. Cole! Anything to report?

COLE. Nothing, sir. I've lost her again. Another cloud of fog has blotted her out.

SHAW. Keep a sharp lookout.

COLE. Aye, aye, sir.

SHAW [*calling to the men on the gun deck below*]. Stand ready, my hearties. She may aim to surprise us.

FIRST GUNNER [*from below*]. Let her come on!

SECOND GUNNER [*from below*]. Aye, aye, let her come!

BOATSWAIN [*hurrying on from L.*]. Silence! [*To* CAPTAIN, *saluting.*] I think I hear voices off to starb'd, sir. [CAPTAIN *holds up a warning hand, goes over toward the left and listens. Silence for a moment. Then follows a sound of muffled voices off-stage. Every man is alert.*]

SHAW [*after a slight pause of suspense, in loud, commanding voice*]. What ship is that? [*Silence. In more commanding, even threatening voice.*] What ship is that? [*Muffled sound of orders off-stage.*] Answer—or I fire! [*Almost instantly comes the report of a cannon, followed by the sound of crashing through the rigging. A* BUGLER *takes up his position beside the* CAPTAIN.]

PHILLIPS [*from deck below*]. Shall we fire, sir?

SHAW. Wait! [*Another shot crashes against the side of the ship.*]

PHILLIPS. Now, sir? They're cutting us to bits.

SHAW. Not yet. We've no shot to lose. [*Another shot tears away a boom.*]

PHILLIPS. There'll be nothing left of us, sir.

SHAW. Wait!

COLE [*from rigging*]. There she is, sir—coming straight on!

SHAW. Close with her, sailing master! Alongside! Hard a starboard! [*To men.*] Now, boys, steady! Give her a broadside! [*The* BUGLER *gives the signal for firing.*

The cannon are fired almost simultaneously. Groans are heard off-stage.]

VOICE [*from deck below, from out the smoke*]. They got us that time!

ANOTHER VOICE [*broken with pain*]. Take my place, somebody—I'm off with Davy Jones. [*Groan.*]

SAILOR [*in panic, running in from the L.*]. Sir!—Lieut. Phillips—

SHAW. Not wounded?

SAILOR. Killed, sir!

SHAW. Get Truxton there!—Phillips killed!—Poor fellow!

COLE. She'll soon be on us, sir.

SHAW. Hard to helm, sailing master. Catch her on the wind'ard! [*Turns and calls out, R.*] Stand by with the grappling irons! [*Men rush L. with heavy irons. To gunners.*] Look to your guns, look to your guns there!—Where's Truxton? [*Exits down companion ladder, L. There is another roar of cannon and more calls and groans from the deck below.* NOLAN *flings open his door and comes out.*]

NOLAN. Captain,—I— [*Sees that the deck is deserted and stands startled. Two men appear from the R. bearing* TRUXTON *wounded between them.* NOLAN *springs to their side.*] Truxton! You're wounded!

TRUXTON [*irritable but game*]. Well, what would you have a man be when he gets all mixed up with a cannon ball?

NOLAN [*to the bearers, opening his own cabin door*]. Bring him in here.

TRUXTON. No, you don't— Captain sent for me—to command th' gun deck—and—I'm going—to—do it!

NOLAN. Bring him in here. [*He exits into his cabin and the others with* TRUXTON *follow him. On the deck below there is growing confusion. The roar of the firing comes increasingly. A* SAILOR *slightly wounded comes running up the stairs and in L.*]

SAILOR. Mr. Truxton— Mr. Truxton— [*He runs out R,. still calling.*]

SECOND SAILOR [*running in from down L.*]. Mr. Truxton—the captain's calling you!

NOLAN [*entering, followed by the stretcher bearers*]. He's not so dangerously hurt as I feared. Ask the doctor to see him. Get to your posts. [*The men salute and exit R. Again there is a roar of cannon.*]

A GUNNER [*runs in from L. in a state of panic*]. We're done for, sir— There's no one to command our guns! [NOLAN *picks up a pistol off the deck where* TRUXTON *has dropped it.*]

NOLAN. Get back to your post. [*He stations himself, L., at the companion ladder and speaks to the men below.*] Back, back, all of you! To your places, men! [*Leans over the rail that guards this deck edge from the deck below.*] Men, we haven't begun to fight yet!—Take up that rammer! Quick with the ammunition! There'll be no surrender on this ship while there's a man and a gun left. Quick, the grape! Now, the powder! That's it. Now run her out.—Good! Light her up. [*He climbs up and stands, one foot on the keg of powder—the other on the railing—a clear mark to the pirate ship.*] We'll soon see who is master of the seas! [*Report of cannon; smoke; groans from off-stage. Men on board* Warren *give three cheers.*]

JOE [*running on from out L.*]. Fer th' sake of heaven, sir—don't stand up there—they'll kill ye, sir. [*The doctor enters from the R., goes into* NOLAN'S *stateroom, stays there a few moments, then comes out and exits again.* JOE, *pointing to the keg* NOLAN *is standing on.*] But that's powder, sir! They'll blow you to bits.

NOLAN. Let them blow. [*Brushing* JOE *aside, in kindly tone.*] Get out of the way, Joe.—Good shot, men. At 'em again. Courage! A glorious fight means a glorious victory!—Run in the guns! That's it! Load! Let 'em be double-shotted! That's it! Run her out! Fire! [*Report*

of cannon, followed by more groans off-stage.] That's it—Now again!

GUNNER. We'll have to wait, sir. It's hot!

NOLAN. Hot with patriotism! Good old gun, we're fighting for our country to-day! [*A shot aimed at him brings down the rigging near by.*]

JOE [*in a frenzy of anxiety*]. Come down, sir, they'll get you there.

NOLAN [*laughing*]. I'm shot-and-shell proof. [*To men.*] Now lads,—at 'em again! We'll clear the seas of these black dogs. Pour it into 'em!

MEN [*chorus of voices from below*].

Aye, aye, sir!

Feed 'em to the sharks!

NOLAN. Or send them to Jonah's private residence! [*Men laugh.*] Easy there, my man, with the fodder. You'll give him a pain if you overload his stomach. A little at a time. That's it. Now, out with him! Let him go. [*Men fire it. Report. Groans from other ship.*] How do you like that, Captain Kidd? [*To another gunner.*] Aim for the mizzen-mast, lad. Good practice, and will save the hull. More prize money that way, too.

GUNNER [*off-stage*]. Aye, aye, sir. [*Aims, fires. There is the crash of the falling mast from the other ship. Men set up a shout of joy.*]

NOLAN [*to the gunner below*]. Good! You've made a brig of her. We'll have her a sloop yet! Load again now! [CAPTAIN SHAW *comes bounding up the companion ladder.*]

SHAW. Truxton, get down— [*Sees it is* NOLAN *and stands amazed.*] Mr. Nolan, I put Truxton in command here! Where is he?

NOLAN [*indicating his cabin*]. There! Wounded!— [SHAW *goes swiftly in and in a second comes out again.* NOLAN *calls to the men.*] Now let her cool a bit!

SHAW [*coming up to him and seizing him by the arm and pulling him down beside him*]. Who left that powder here? [*Calling down to the deck below.*] Come up here!

[*A* Sailor *comes running in from L.*] Take that away! [*The* Sailor *takes the keg out L.* Shaw *turns to* Nolan.] Do you think we want *you* shot, too?

Nolan [*crestfallen, thinking he is dismissed from the position he has assumed*]. I—I beg your pardon, sir—I was just showing them how we used to do it in the artillery, sir.

Shaw. And making a mark of yourself! Get down there on the gun deck.

Nolan. You mean, I may—?—*Yes, sir!* [*He runs out L.*]

Shaw [*calling after him*]. Tell those men what to do down there.

Nolan [*calling back*]. Yes, sir! [*To the men below.*] Are you *ready,* men?

Chorus [*confident shouts from the deck below greeting him*]. Aye, aye, sir! [*The fight is now on fast and furious; powder boys running back and forth between guns and hatchway, replenishing ammunition. Amid it all is heard the wild, unintelligible cries of the pirates.*]

Cole. She's cutting across our bow, sir!

Shaw. Ready with the anchors! Stand by with the grappling irons! [*Men rush across the deck from R. to L., ready for throwing.*] Steady now! wait until she comes alongside! [*The pirate ship crashes against the* Warren. *A medley of orders are given in a foreign tongue off-stage.*] Hook her, lads. Cheerily, my men. [Shaw *speaks to group after group off-stage, L., and on the deck below.*] Down with the anchors! Lash her to the mizzen-mast! [*To gunners.*] *Now!* Rake her lads! Comb her decks!

Nolan [*off-stage*]. All together, lads. [*The cannon booms.*]

Shaw. Bugler, call the boarders! [Bugler *gives signal.* Men, *armed with pistol, cutlass and pike rush forward from out R., and stand ready, eager for the signal. To marines with muskets.*] To the tops, men! Pepper them!

MEN [*scrambling up into the rigging*]. Aye, aye, sir. [*Standing in the rigging, braced against the halyards, they pick off men on the other ship.*]

BOARDER. Put us aboard, sir.

SHAW. Steady, my lads. Wait! [*To men with grappling irons.*] Pull her in! Closer. [*To men in the rigging.*] Pick off the man at the wheel! [*Report of musket; groan from other ship.*] That's it. Let no man touch that wheel.

BOARDERS. Put us aboard, sir! Let us get at their dirty throats!

SHAW. Wait! We're swinging closer. [*Steady fire kept up throughout.*]

BOARDERS. Now, sir, we can get across!

SHAW. Boarders away! [*The* BUGLER *gives the signal. There is a rush and a roar as from wild animals as* BOARDERS *of both ships fight for supremacy; the air filled with cries.*] The hand grenades! [*The cry of hand grenades is passed along. Men rush on deck with buckets.*] To the rigging! [*They scramble up to where* COLE *is stationed.*] Mr. Cole, aim for the open hatchways.

COLE. Aye, aye, sir. [*The men lie along the rigging, passing the hand grenades along, the last man applies a slow match and passes the grenade to* COLE.]

MAN [*rushing in from L.*]. The hold is filling with water!

ANOTHER MAN [*running forward from R.*] We are on fire, sir.

SHAW. Use the water to put out the fire. That's what I call the hand of Providence. Drop it now, Cole. The open hatches.

COLE. Aye, aye, sir. [*Throws one. It misses. Throws another. It also misses. The third one explodes. Cries.*]

SHAW. Guns! Stop firing! [*At this signal* NOLAN *rushes up from the deck below.*]

NOLAN. They're driving our men back, sir! [*A crowd*

of PIRATES *surge from off-stage, L., bear down on the* BOARDERS *of the* Warren, *pushing them back.*]

NOLAN [*rushing into the midst of the fray*]. Come on, lads! All together now! Push them back! [*They make a rush together, gradually crowding the pirates back until they are out of sight off L. From a little distance off-stage can be heard* NOLAN'S *encouraging cries in the intervals.*] The dogs! Now we have them on their knees. Give them no quarter! Back, back! Good work, men! [*There is a loud victorious shout. A moment later* JOE *appears with the pirate ensign, and holds it out to the* CAPTAIN, *other sailors and marines, some wounded slightly, all begrimed and weary, follow, crowding in back of him.*]

JOE [*to the* CAPTAIN *as he offers him the ensign*]. Mr. Nolan's compliments, sir, and he sends you this. [*The crowd grows.* INGHAM, COLE *and other* OFFICERS *appear from both sides of the deck.*]

SHAW [*taking it*]. Where is Mr. Nolan?

JOE. He's back there, sir.

FIRST SAILOR. He's here, sir. [*The crowd of sailors make a lane and push* NOLAN *forward from their midst.*]

THE CROWD [*as he appears before the* CAPTAIN]. Three cheers for "Plain Buttons!" [*They are given with a will.*]

NOLAN [*moved with deep emotion*]. Thank you, lads. [*He starts for his cabin but is halted by the* CAPTAIN'S *voice.*]

SHAW. Wait, Mr. Nolan!—I have something to say to you!

NOLAN [*cringing, expecting rebuke*]. I—I know I should have waited for orders, sir!

SHAW [*cordially*]. Orders be hanged! We are all very grateful to you to-day, sir!

NOLAN [*staring at him, amazed*]. You forgive me, sir?—I—I—thought—

SHAW. Forgive you?—Why, man, you've saved the day, sir!—I shall never forget it—and no man here will ever

let you forget it. [*Cheers from the* SAILORS.] You are one of us to-day—you shall be mentioned in the despatches!

NOLAN [*turning away his head, too moved to speak; finally chokes out*]. Thank you, sir. [*Starts to move away.*]

SHAW [*unbuckling his own sword of ceremony*]. Mr. Nolan, I want you to wear this.

NOLAN [*eagerly; hesitatingly; almost afraid to take it*]. Oh, sir, I—!

SHAW. Put it on, sir,—you've earned it. [NOLAN *takes it, starts to put it on with trembling fingers, but staggers and falls back into the arms of* DANFORTH *who is nearest him.*]

JOE [*running to him*]. Sir!—You are wounded!

NOLAN. Lay me down, lads.

SHAW. A stretcher here— [*Two men come on from the R. with a stretcher.* DANFORTH *and* JOE *lay* NOLAN *gently on it.*]

SHAW [*to* NOLAN]. My dear fellow, why didn't you tell us?

NOLAN. It isn't much—but it's enough.

SHAW. Tell the doctor to come here. [*Turns to the crowd.*] Go, men! It's double grog to-night. [*The* SAILORS *turn and leave the deck very quietly. The* OFFICERS, *too, scatter till no one is left but* SHAW, MORRIS, DANFORTH *and* JOE *with* NOLAN.]

NOLAN [*looking after them*]. Good fellows, all.

SHAW [*bending over him*]. Would you like to go to your cabin?—I'll have Mr. Truxton moved.

NOLAN [*shakes his head*]. I'd rather be out here under the sky. [*The* DOCTOR *comes from L.* SHAW *gives him a look and gesture. He drops on one knee beside* NOLAN *and examines the wound in his chest, then lays a hand on his breast. After a moment he rises and faces* SHAW *silently.*]

NOLAN. I know, doctor—it's enough! [*He turns to* DANFORTH *who is supporting him, with a radiant look.*] Lad, I'm going home! [*He looks around at the men.*] I

want to say to all of you what I am sure you know without my telling—that there is not in this ship, that there is not in America, God bless her, a more loyal man than I. There cannot be a man who loves the flag as I do, or prays for it as I do—or hopes for it as I do.

SHAW [*taking* NOLAN'S *hand*]. We know that, Nolan, we *know* that!

NOLAN [*to* DANFORTH]. Lad, in my cabin—there's my flag—take it down—and give it to me here—I want to lay my hands upon it. [DANFORTH *goes into* NOLAN'S *cabin up R.* NOLAN *turns to the other men.*] Leave me alone with the boy,—I want to speak to him. [SHAW *and the others turn away as* DANFORTH *comes back, and they move quietly away to some distance.* JOE *goes down out L.* DANFORTH *brings with him a beautiful silk American flag and lays it over* NOLAN'S *knees.* NOLAN *thanks him with a look and fingers it lovingly as he talks on.*] There are fifteen stars in it, Danforth, there has never been one taken away. I thank God for that—I know by that that there has never been any success for Aaron Burr.

DANFORTH. No, never!

NOLAN. There will be others—from time to time—men who will try to wreck America but they will never do it. She is too deep in the hearts of her citizens—I never knew what she meant to me—till she was taken away. She will go up and on—a great country—up and on to her high destiny. [*His voice grows weaker.*] Come nearer, boy!—I want to speak to you— [DANFORTH *kneels beside him and lays his hand on* NOLAN'S.]

DANFORTH. Yes, Mr. Nolan.

NOLAN. Lad, I've learned to love you on this cruise, and I'm going to give my flag to you. I want it to mean something to you. You're a dear fellow, John, but sometimes I've thought you were a little restive, a little inclined to criticize the men at the helm, sometimes I've feared for your loyalty.

DANFORTH. I didn't mean to seem disloyal, sir.

NOLAN. I know you didn't, but, youngster, I want you to let my life show you what it is to be without a family, without a home, and without a country. And if you are ever tempted to say a word or to do a thing that shall put a bar between you and your family, your home and your country, pray God, in His mercy, to take you that instant home to His own heaven. Stick to your family, boy, forget you have a self, while you do everything for them. Think of your home, boy, write and send and talk about it. Let it be nearer and nearer to your thought the farther you have to travel from it, and rush back to it when you are free as though it were the only spot on earth for you. And for your country, boy [*here* NOLAN *raises himself; his face and voice take on commanding majesty*], and for this flag, never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you, or who abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass, but you pray God to bless this flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers and government and people even, there is the country herself, your country, and that you belong to her as you belong to your own mother. Stand by her, boy, as you would stand by your own mother if those devils yonder should lay hold of her to-day.

DANFORTH. By all that's holy, sir, I promise you I will. I never thought of doing anything else, sir.

NOLAN. Good boy, good boy! [*He sinks back as though exhausted. From off across the water comes the sound of a ship's band playing martial music.* NOLAN *stirs.*] What's that?

DANFORTH [*rising to his feet and looking out to sea*]. Why, it's the *Vixen!* She's found us! She sees our victory and is playing to us.

NOLAN. That's right! I will sleep now. [*He turns his face aside and closes his eyes. The sun breaks through a passing cloud and throws its shaft of light on the bril-*

liant colors of the flag. The ship's band in the distance swells louder in its triumphant music.]

[CURTAIN FALLS]

EPILOGUE

The curtain rises upon the RECRUITING OFFICER, *seated at his table; the* SLACKER *sitting on the camp-stool at R. of table, trying to hide his emotion.*

OFFICER. And that, my boy, is the story of Philip Nolan, who, in a moment of anger, cursed his country. [*The* SLACKER *stumbles to his feet, and gropes his way out of the tent fumbling for his handkerchief as he goes, turns his head away, to dash the tears from his eyes and choke down the lump in his throat. The* OFFICER *comes out, and lays his hand gently on the boy's arm.*]

SLACKER [*in a broken voice, trying to control his emotion*]. I've learned my lesson, sir. [*The* OFFICER *pats him on the shoulder as a father would.*] I guess you'll think I've the heart of a woman.

OFFICER. You've got the heart of a true American.

SLACKER [*squaring his shoulders, and trying to control his voice.*] Have you one of them enlistment blanks?

OFFICER. Waiting for you. [*Pushes blank forward. The* BOY *starts to sit down. Off-stage, as if coming from a distance, comes the strain of "Over There."*]

SLACKER. The soldiers, sir!

VENDER [*coming on-stage*]. Getta de color! Showa de color!

SLACKER. You bet I'll show the colors! [*Rushing to him.*]

VENDER. Whicha one? Dis naice. [*Starting to take one out. The music is drawing nearer all the time. The tramp of marching becomes louder and louder.*]

SLACKER [*snatching up board, and at same time looking into left of audience, as if looking down the street*]. All of them. We're all together in this! There it comes! Hurrah! [*Lifts board high above head, and waves it back and forth as music and tramp of feet draw near.*]

VENDER [*alarmed at fate of his wares as* SLACKER *waves with increasing enthusiasm*]. Oh! Oh! Signor! [*Running from R. to L. behind the* SLACKER, *following the course of his flags.*] My flagga! My flagga! Oh, Signor. [*The* SLACKER *takes his hat off to wave, seeing* VENDER'S *outstretched arm, gives him hat, continuing to wave enthusiastically. Pedestrians come on from R. and from L. looking out into audience with seeing-a-parade expression, join in cheering, and in forming an enthusiastic crowd.*]

[CURTAIN]

MEMORIAL DAY

THE BOY IN BLUE *

A ONE-ACT PLAY FOR MEMORIAL DAY

By

OLIVE M. PRICE

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CHARACTERS

DAVID PAGE, *the Boy in Blue*
CAROL SOUTH, *a daughter of Virginia*
COLONEL SOUTH, *her father*
HOWARD SOUTH, *who makes the supreme sacrifice*
PAUL LEE, *a Boy in Gray*
JEANNE TRENT, ISABEL FAIRE } CAROL'S *chums*
MAMMY, *a negro slave*—CAROL'S *old nurse*

SETTING: "Ocean Gate"—the colonial mansion and grounds of the South plantation on the Virginia coast.
TIME: A year before the close of the Civil War.

THE BOY IN BLUE

SCENE *—*A corner of the drawing-room at Ocean Gate—finished in pale rose and silver tones of gray. There are a divan of colonial design, a wall mirror of beveled glass, a rosewood table bearing two quaintly carved silver candlesticks with pink candles, and a chair or two placed at random. At the R., French doors stand open on to a portico with stately white columns—twined around with fragrant honeysuckle and wistaria vines. A white bench and several garden chairs are on the portico. Beyond, one can see the leaping waters of a fountain—and green gardens sloping down to the sea. There is a low murmuring sound—as of the distant ocean singing upon the shore.*

It is late afternoon. Mellow sunlight floods the place like liquid gold. It seems to hold a radiance—a promise. CAROL—*a flower-like girl of dark-haired beauty and grace is standing on the portico. She is wearing a rose-colored colonial frock. Her attitude is wistful—dream-like—half hopeful—half tragic. A young man appears in the doorway—he stands watching her for a moment. She is unaware of his presence. It is* DAVID *—tall and straight and strong—who wears the blue uniform of a Union soldier.*

DAVID [*tenderly*]. Carol! [*He goes to her.*]

CAROL [*in frightened surprise*]. David! Why—oh, why are you here?

* If difficulty is encountered in holding to the above outlined scene plot, quite good results can be obtained with a much simpler interior setting.

DAVID [*smiling*]. Because you need me, Carol.

CAROL [*turning away*]. I have renounced my dream of you.

DAVID [*in a low voice*]. Because you want to?

CAROL [*pleadingly*]. Please, David,—go. It is dangerous for you to be here. If my father should return—you would be shot. You know his reputation. He is the rankest of rebels. Go—quickly.

DAVID [*decidedly*]. This is my night, Carol. I am on leave. I have three accounts to settle with your father—yours—mine—and Howard's.

CAROL [*wonderingly*]. Howard's? Why, David, he was killed three months ago at Vicksburg. Oh, you must not see my father—he would strike you down if you dared to breathe Howard's name. Howard—his own son—my brother—untrue to his family—tradition—and his state.

DAVID [*gravely*]. There are some things even greater than one's family, Carol,—nobler even than tradition,—and some things that demand even deeper loyalty than one's state. It is the sacrificing of the good of one to the good of many. In times of stress, we need men who are great enough to make this sacrifice. It would have been easier—much easier for Howard to have served the South. That he fought for the North made it for him a double battle. There wasn't a finer character than Howard in the service, Carol. I know—[*gently*] we were constant comrades.

CAROL [*softly*]. He was always splendid, David. That is why we could not understand what prompted him to fight against the South—his home—and kindred.

DAVID. He was being true to the finest thing in all the world—a great ideal. Not a selfish ideal fashioned within his own heart—but the stirring principle of Lincoln and the men who are struggling—so desperately struggling—to save the Union—at any cost—and to save the South—from itself. Couldn't you understand Howard's attitude from his letter?

CAROL. We received no letter. We did not hear a word until Paul learned that he had joined the Union.

DAVID. Didn't Paul bring Howard's message to your father?

CAROL. He brought no message. He only told us Howard had proved himself a traitor to his home and state by joining forces with the Union.

DAVID [*hotly*]. I will kill Paul Lee!

CAROL [*aghast*]. David!

DAVID [*more gently*]. You do not understand. Howard and I were closer far than brothers. You cannot realize how great a comradeship can exist between two men in times like these. Why, Howard and I have faced Death together—and either one of us would have died to save the other. Gladly, Carol. We trusted Paul to bring that message back—it was the only way—such a one could not be trusted to the mails. It would have brought Howard peace in that last horrible hour—if he had just a word in answer from your father. [*Angrily.*] Oh, what a cur Paul is! What a blackguard to deny that peace to Howard—and the faith he might have given to your father.

CAROL [*paling*]. Stop! I cannot let you speak so disparagingly of Paul. [*Proudly.*] I am to accept his marriage offer to-night.

DAVID [*stepping backward as one struck by a blow*]. God! Not if I can help it! I'll settle with him first. I'll make him pay the debt he owes your father—and to me. He will find that message—or I'll shoot him like a dog! [*Turning to her suddenly.*] And you—you do not love Paul Lee. Answer me,—your heart was mine just one short month ago when we had our last tryst in Cedar Woods. [*He looks at her piercingly. She does not lift her eyes to him. There is an intense silence. She moves away from him despairingly and stands in the shadow of the vined columns of the portico—her head bowed. Tenderly.*] I am sorry for you, Carol. Do you love Paul Lee?

CAROL [*in a low voice*]. I am pledged to him.

DAVID [*hopefully*]. But you will break your pledge?

CAROL [*wearily*]. I cannot.

DAVID. Why?

CAROL [*steadily*]. It is my father's will that I shall be betrothed to him. My father loves me deeply. He was hurt immeasurably when Howard fought for the Union. Now, if I should fail,—for love of you, a Union soldier,—it would break his heart.

DAVID [*compellingly*]. You shall not be guided by his will in this. You cannot sacrifice yourself. Life lies all before you—[*with young ardor*] life, Carol, with its sunshine penetrating through the shadows, its lovely sunsets, and lovelier dawnings,—its singing rivers and silent ocean depths, its vast mountains and peaceful valleys,—its winding pathways and lofty stars. It can be so radiant—so glowing. You are worthy, Carol,—of all its shining glory. [*Convincingly.*] And you shall not give your hand—where you cannot give your heart. [*A voice is heard singing in the distance. It is* MAMMY—*crooning "Swanee River."*]

CAROL [*nervously*]. Please, David,—go. Do not be found here now. I am expecting friends at any moment. For my sake—go—and if you must, come back again at candle-light. [*Steps are heard coming toward the drawing-room.*]

DAVID [*pleadingly*]. Trust me, Carol. I love you. [*He turns quickly from her and walks away.* CAROL *sinks down wearily on the white bench near the drawing-room door. She rests her head upon her hands in troubled meditation. Enter* MAMMY,—*a typical old negro slave. She wears a colored gingham apron and a bright bandanna wound like a turban around her head. She carries a long dark box of polished cedar wood. She is still singing—"Swanee River"—softly.*]

MAMMY [*discovering* CAROL]. Yo' here, lil Missie? Wot's ailin' yo', honey? I do declar' yo're white as dat dar post.

CAROL [*with an attempt at lightness*]. Why, Mammy, I am afraid you are looking at me wrong to-day. I am quite all right.

MAMMY [*shrewdly*]. Yo' old Mammy ain't cross-eyed, honey. She ain't ben a-watchin' ober yo' since yo' ben a lil baby widout knowin' when things done gone wrong.

CAROL [*smiling*]. I am just a little tired, Mammy. It is rather warm this afternoon.

MAMMY [*scornfully*]. Yo're too healthy to be tired, chile. Den yo' ain't ben up long nuf yet. Yo' slept dis noontime. En yo' warn't playin' 'possum, either. Come, en tell yo' ole Mammy wot de trouble be. [*She sits down on the bench, the box beside her.*]

CAROL. Truly, Mammy, I cannot tell you now. I am expecting Paul and Daddy—and it's almost tea-time. I would like to have it served out here, so bring the table out, please, Mammy, and if my thoughts persist in troubling me, after they are gone I'll tell you everything. [*Lightly.*] But by that time, perhaps, they will have vanished. They often do, you know, when held up to the sunlight.

MAMMY [*solemnly*]. Yo're plum right, lil Missie. Dar's nothin' lak de sunlight fo' to cure out our lil complaints. Jus' lak I done tole Uncle Moses,—ef he would stir his props 'round in de sunlight—he wouldn't git so many kinks in his pow'ful lazy ole joints. [*Practically.*] Do yo' want dat table right away, my chile?

CAROL. There is no great hurry, Mammy. Why?

MAMMY [*smiling*]. 'Cause I done got supp'n fo' yo', Missie Carol.

CAROL [*eagerly*]. In that box, Mammy?

MAMMY. Sho', chile.

CAROL [*joyfully*]. Oh, what is it?

MAMMY [*teasingly*]. Suppin' mighty pretty, honey.

CAROL [*gleefully*]. Let's open it! [MAMMY *lifts the box as if it contained something very precious. She opens*

it, with a touch akin to reverence—and displays a bridal veil, of filmy white tulle and old Valenciennes lace.]

MAMMY [*tenderly*]. Yo' mudder's weddin' veil, honey.

CAROL [*in an awed voice as though feeling too deeply to speak*]. Oh!

MAMMY [*reflectively*]. Yo' look jus' lak her, Missie Carol.

CAROL [*softly*]. Oh, Mammy, am I as beautiful as she was? Let me have the veil, Mammy.—Oh, it seems the most exquisite thing in all the world! [*Dreamily.*] To think my mother wore it! Mammy, it seems to live and breathe—and smile—such memory smiles. Tell me, Mammy, was Mother very happy on her wedding day?

MAMMY [*with a gesture of surprise*]. Lawdy, honey chile, dat's when yo' is s'posed to be happy! Yo' mudder wus. She used t' turn t' me with eyes all bright en shinin' en say—"Oh, Mammy, I'm 'fraid Heaven's come t' earth, I am so happy!" [*Reminiscently.*] On her weddin' night when I helped her put on her bridal clothes—she looked jus' lak an angel—wid dis white veil a-flutterin' all aroun' her—en her cheeks lak de roses she carried en her eyes lak de stars!

CAROL [*wistfully*]. I wonder if I'll ever be as happy as that.

MAMMY [*consolingly*]. Sho' yo' will, honey. Yo' jus' got a lil blue debil trailin' yo' to-day.

CAROL. Perhaps. Oh, Mammy, drape the veil around me! Let me wear it, just for a moment.

MAMMY. Bless yo', honey. Come here, en I'll put it on. [*The sound of girlish laughter is heard.*]

CAROL [*hastily*]. Some one is coming, Mammy. Take the veil. I'll try it on later. [MAMMY *puts the veil back into the box and closes the lid.* ISABEL *and* JEANNE *come gayly in from the R. They are gowned in the graceful riding habits of the times.* CAROL *rises to welcome them.*]

ISABEL [*merrily*]. Hello, Carol, do forgive us for drop-

ping in like this. It is such a glorious day. We have been riding on the Bridle Path in Cedar Woods.

VIRGINIA [*laughingly*]. And passed a lonely blue coat loitering in the shade.

CAROL [*excitedly*]. A blue coat! In Cedar Woods! [*She leads the way into the drawing-room. They remove their hats and gloves as they talk.*]

ISABEL. Yes, but Jeanne is wrong. He was neither lonely nor loitering. There was fire in his eyes and he seemed to have a purpose.

JEANNE [*breathlessly*]. I wonder if he could be a spy!

CAROL [*with assumed carelessness*]. I do not think so. There is nothing just at present in this section of the state that would be of interest to a Union spy. There is too much battle raging in the West. Do you think he knew that you girls saw him?

ISABEL [*decidedly*]. He certainly did not. You know, Carol, just off the Bridle Path, there is a place where three tall green pines and stately cedars grow? You used to call it Sweetheart's Glen.

CAROL [*dreamily*]. Our trysting place!

THE GIRLS [*eagerly*]. Whose trysting place?

ISABEL. Oh, Carol, is it a secret romance?

CAROL [*teasingly*]. With the blue coat?

JEANNE [*romantically*]. He is handsome!

ISABEL [*fearfully*]. Oh, Carol, you would not dare!

CAROL [*proudly*]. I would not care to dare!

JEANNE. We had better tell your father.

CAROL [*seriously*]. No, I do not think so. It would cause endless trouble. I do not believe *that* Union soldier is a spy. There has been no real fighting here. All of it is being done with General Sherman around Atlanta. There are a thousand personal reasons why that soldier might be here. [*Lightly.*] So let's forget about him. I see Mammy has the tea table ready out on the portico. [CAROL *leads the way to the portico where* MAMMY *has arranged the table. It is inviting—set with a white damask*

cloth and gleaming silver service. There are tall glasses for iced tea and a single red rose in a narrow vase. The girls make themselves comfortable in the garden chairs—while CAROL *pours the tea—adds lemon and sugar—and serves it to them.* MAMMY *hovers in the background.*]

ISABEL. How cool and pleasant it is here. That honeysuckle is so fragrant—and everything is so peaceful and so still.

JEANNE. Yes, it doesn't seem quite right that we are here so safe and sheltered when boys in gray are fighting—bleeding—dying.

CAROL [*softly*]. Oh, if we were only men! We, too, could go out into the thick of it—and, if need be, make the glorious sacrifice. It seems the harder part to wait. At times it grows—unbearable.

ISABEL. It is the uncertainty of it all that makes us restless. If Sherman breaks through to the sea, I fear the South is lost.

JEANNE [*indignantly*]. He can't break through.

CAROL. Girls, to-morrow is May 30th. Do you remember that last year on that day we commemorated the soldier dead by strewing flowers on their graves? Daddy says he believes it will become a legal holiday. It would be a beautiful custom to establish.

ISABEL. Yes, it will be called Memorial Day. Oh, let us make it a memory day for every soldier in the service.

JEANNE. In the morning we can carry flowers to the cemetery. There are services to be held there. And after that we'll visit the widows and children of the soldier dead. We can find out what they need—and send—a memory gift.

CAROL [*softly*]. Why, that's a lovely plan. We'll ask the rest of the girls to help.

ISABEL. Now we must be going. By the time that we reach home it will be almost too late to dress for dinner.

JEANNE. Will you bring our hats and gloves, please, Mammy?

MAMMY. Sho, Missie Jeanne. [*She brings them from the drawing-room. The girls prepare to go.*]

CAROL. Do not forget, we'll meet here in the morning. Promptly, at nine o'clock.

THE GIRLS. Yes, at nine. Good-by. [*They go out together.*]

CAROL [*after a moment*]. Mammy, I will wear white to-night. Please lay out my things for me. You can— [*She is interrupted by the entrance of* COL. SOUTH *and* PAUL. COL. SOUTH *is the tall, stately type of soldier with silver-white hair and mustache.* PAUL *is young and dark. They both wear Confederate uniforms. When* COL. SOUTH'S *eyes rest on* CAROL, *his whole face seems to light up with an expression of love and admiration.* CAROL *smiles gayly.*] You back, Daddy? You are just too late for tea. [*She goes to him lovingly—then turns to* PAUL. *There is a trace of coolness in her manner.*] And Paul. You are on leave?

PAUL. Just for two days, Carol. I thought you knew.

CAROL. Mammy, please bring out the wine. The gentlemen will want it, I am sure.

COL. SOUTH [*smiling slyly*]. The old Madeira wine, Mammy. We must have the best to-night. [CAROL *looks annoyed.* MAMMY *exits.*]

CAROL [*as if to change the subject*]. What is the news from the front, Daddy?

COL. SOUTH [*gravely*]. Not very encouraging, child. Sherman entered Atlanta to-day, and his men burned every mill, factory, foundry and machine shop in the place. The city is a smoking pile of ruins. Sherman has sixty thousand men. If he marches through Georgia to the sea, we are all but lost.

PAUL. We will be rushed to Milledgeville to help to check him there.

CAROL [*anxiously*]. When? I hope not soon.

PAUL. I will go the day after to-morrow. Your father will not follow until a few weeks later.

CAROL [*with evident relief*]. Oh, Daddy, I am so glad you will not leave us—soon. [MAMMY *returns with the wine.* COL. SOUTH *pours it. He passes a glass to* PAUL.]

COL. SOUTH. Come, Paul, let us drink to-night. A toast to the sweetest little girl in Dixie—Carol South!

PAUL [*ardently*]. And to our betrothal. [*They drink.*]

CAROL [*with a pretty curtsy*]. I am honored, gentlemen.

COL. SOUTH [*proudly*]. Your marriage will unite two of the oldest families in the South. It will be a flaming glory added to our tradition. [PAUL *looks at* CAROL *adoringly. She turns away—avoids him.*]

CAROL [*lightly*]. Now, I'll leave you, gentlemen, to your conversation and your wine. I must dress for dinner.

PAUL. One moment, Carol.

CAROL [*teasingly*]. Not even a moment—now. I'll see you here—at seven. [*She slips away. They resume serious conversation.*]

COL. SOUTH [*reflectively*]. I do not like the position of our armies. The Union forces are stationed like a vise—and we are marching right into its jaws. There's Sherman in Atlanta—and I fear he will march on to the sea. He outnumbers us by thousands. And there's Grant heading from the North for Richmond—and we are between the two. And Grant and Sherman are something to be reckoned with.

PAUL [*hopelessly*]. If they close in upon us, they will have us in their trap. That was strategy when Sherman started on his march through Atlanta to the sea.

COL. SOUTH. The Confederates have done all they can to check him. They have kept moving away from him—tearing up the railroad tracks and burning all their bridges. They have tried to starve the Union men. But still they come ahead in blue relentless hordes and rebuild the ruins just as fast as we can tear them down.

PAUL [*in a low voice*]. The whole army is discouraged and depressed. If the enemy should strike hard now, we couldn't resist them.

COL. SOUTH. That's all too true. If Grant reaches Richmond, we are lost. [*Sadly.*] The old South will be gone—forever. The new era will drag its fine traditions in the dust. Old conditions will be swept away. We will have to recreate in step with modern progress.

PAUL [*gallantly*]. Come, sir, let us take heart. We have not lost the battle yet. There is still a chance—and while one chance remains—we have a right to hope.

COL. SOUTH. Yes, and yet the Union armies increase their numbers every day. The slaves are following them—joining them—our plantations are deserted. The freed men fear neither God nor devil—while Mr. Lincoln is their champion.

PAUL [*steadily*]. We can only watch, sir,—and fight.

COL. SOUTH [*valiantly*]. And, by Heaven, we'll do that! [*After a moment.*] You are an admirable soldier, Lee. I'll be proud to have you for my son.

PAUL [*plainly embarrassed*]. I wanted to speak to you, sir. I am worried about Carol. I—I wonder if she cares for me. She seems so cool—so infinitely remote.

COL. SOUTH [*with a humorous smile*]. Grow up a little, son. You don't know women yet. Girls in love sometimes are that way. Just natural-born coquettes. [*Chuckling.*] And I guess Carol has her share.

PAUL [*troubled*]. Perhaps. [*The chiming of a bell is heard.*]

COL. SOUTH. There's the bell. Dinner will be served in half an hour. Cheer up, lad. Come, I'll show you to your room. [*They go out together. After they are gone* CAROL *enters. She is entrancingly beautiful in a gown of pure white, cobwebby lace. It is frilled and fashioned with knots of satin ribbon. There is no color about her except a deep red rose in her dark hair—and the vivid crimson of her lips. Her eyes are deep and dark—and widened with excitement. She looks about her cautiously. Then she goes to the mirror and peers at herself in the glass.*]

CAROL [*to her reflection*]. You must decide to-night.

To-morrow will be too late. [*Softly.*] A boy in blue—or a boy in gray. Honor to my state—or dishonor to my heart. [MAMMY *enters carrying the cedarwood box.*]

MAMMY. Bless yo', Missie Carol, but yo' is beau'ful.

CAROL. You brought the veil, Mammy?

MAMMY. Here it am, honey.

CAROL [*eagerly*]. Oh, Mammy, try it on me now! [MAMMY *drapes the veil about her. It gives* CAROL *the radiance of a vision.*]

MAMMY [*joyously*]. Go, look at yo'self in de mirror, chile. Oh, if my ole mistis could only see yo'! But I bet she's glad in Heaven—to see her chile so beau'ful. [CAROL *gazes at herself—long and steadily. She bows her head as if in reverence. Then, suddenly, she turns to* MAMMY *sobbing.*]

CAROL [*brokenly*]. Oh, Mammy, if I could only talk with her now!

MAMMY [*comforting her*]. Po' lil Missie. Yo' allus hab yo' ole Mammy, honey. Come en dry yo' bright eyes. [*Silence. The room grows darker with the coming twilight. Presently, the strumming of a guitar is heard. Some one is playing old Southern melodies.*] De black boys am playin' down at de quarters, honey.

CAROL [*softly*]. I am going out to listen, Mammy. [*She goes out on the portico—and stands leaning dreamily against one of the white columns. It is dusk—a silent, brooding dusk—with lengthening purple shadows. Still, from the west,—a stria of flame is flung—a last glory from the dying sunset.* CAROL *seems to be cast in silhouette against it. The music of the guitars drifts across the gardens in soft, silver cadences.* MAMMY *lights the candles in the drawing-room. She comes to the door.*]

MAMMY [*tenderly*]. Wot's yo' doin', honey?

CAROL. Just dreaming, Mammy. [MAMMY *goes away. Singing is heard to the accompaniment of the guitars. Soft negro voices sing old Dixie songs,—"Darling Nellie Gray," "Dixie Land," and "My Old Kentucky Home." It is*

alternately gay and mournful. As it dies away—DAVID *enters. There is a glad light in his eyes. When he sees* CAROL *in her bridal veil, he stops suddenly, in pained surprise.*]

DAVID [*in a hurt voice*]. Carol—oh, Carol!

CAROL [*proudly—without surprise*]. Yes. [MAMMY *enters. When she sees* DAVID, *she gasps in frightened surprise. Gently.*] Come, take my veil, Mammy. [MAMMY *removes the veil from* CAROL'S *head.*] Go now, Mammy, and put it away—tenderly. [MAMMY *departs with a fearful glance at* DAVID. CAROL *turns to him. Softly, in simple explanation.*] It was my mother's wedding veil.

DAVID [*tenderly*]. You wore it beautifully, Carol.

CAROL [*turning away*]. I shall never wear it—again.

DAVID [*in a low voice*]. You have broken your pledge?

CAROL. No, I cannot. I do not have the courage.

DAVID. Courage is the greatest thing in all the world, Carol,—for a soldier—and for you. [*Music is heard again—the sound of a guitar—soft and sweet—playing, "Love's Old Sweet Song." When it trails away into silence*—CAROL *turns to him as one in a dream.*]

CAROL [*pleadingly*]. You will help me, David?

DAVID [*with fervor*]. Always, Carol.

CAROL [*troubled*]. But you—you are a Union soldier.

DAVID. The war cannot last forever. [*Silence.* CAROL *bows her head for a moment, then she stands erect—head held proudly high—eyes shining.*]

CAROL [*in a clear, steady voice*]. I love you, David Page.

DAVID [*softly*]. Oh, Carol—Carol! Little sweetheart. [*He is about to go to her, when* COL. SOUTH *and* PAUL *appear in the doorway.* COL. SOUTH *is white with anger.* PAUL *is livid with emotion. He and* DAVID *stare at one another for a long, tense moment.* PAUL'S *eyes fall under* DAVID'S *keen accusing scrutiny—but neither betrays any recognition.*]

COL. SOUTH [*angrily*]. The meaning of this, sir. Who

are you, and why this clandestine meeting with my daughter?

CAROL [*soothingly, before* DAVID *can reply*]. It is not clandestine, Daddy. This gentleman has called to have a talk with you. I have detained him.

COL. SOUTH. I have no business with a Union soldier. [*Haughtily.*] I, sir, am a rebel.

DAVID [*respectfully*]. I am well aware of that, sir. And I regret very much that my duty, though of a personal nature, will be somewhat painful to perform. May I introduce myself as David Page—for eighteen months—the closest comrade of your son.

COL. SOUTH [*impassively*]. I have no son. The poor example of the one I had was killed three months ago. I would not recognize him—either in life—or death.

CAROL [*painfully*]. Oh, Daddy—please!

COL. SOUTH [*unheeding*]. That concludes our business. I bid you, sir,—good evening.

DAVID [*dangerously cold*]. One moment, sir, if you will not hear me. Mr. Lee, whom I happen to have met before, has a message from your son,—[*Sarcastically.*] unless it suited his convenience to destroy it. [*He turns to* PAUL—*his eyes flashing.*] Paul Lee, I demand that message Howard wrote to his father—and, in my presence, begged you to bring it back to him.

PAUL [*steadily*]. This is an insult. I have no message.

DAVID [*hotly*]. You yellow dog!

COL. SOUTH [*keenly—not unkindly*]. Lee, did you ever have a message for me from Howard? [*Under the intent scrutiny,* PAUL *turns guiltily away.*]

DAVID [*pleading boyishly*]. Make him give it to you, sir. You owe it to yourself. It is important. I was there when Howard penned it. He was dying, sir. He waited tortuous hours for your answer—and when it did not come—his suffering was beyond description. [COL. SOUTH *seems to bend under* DAVID'S *young sincerity.*]

CAROL [*eagerly*]. Oh, Daddy, you loved Howard more

than life itself until he joined the service. Do not deny your heart the solace that it craves. [*Softly.*] Oh, Daddy, it is not too late—you and Howard can be reconciled in spirit even now. [*Tenderly.*] Don't you know Mother would have wished it? [*Her last words seem to pierce his heart. He bows his head*—CAROL *goes to him—with sweet devotion. Then, suddenly, he stands rigid like a soldier at attention—looks searchingly at* PAUL, *who stands nervously alert—and then he studies* DAVID.]

COL. SOUTH [*to* DAVID]. Young man, get that message. [DAVID *goes to* PAUL. *They measure one another with their eyes.*]

DAVID [*evenly*]. I will attempt no indignity if you will give me that letter now. If you do otherwise—I am not responsible for any act of mine which is not becoming to a gentleman. [PAUL *fumbles in his inner vest pocket. He produces his wallet—and takes out a ragged piece of paper —which is the letter—unsealed. He surrenders it to* DAVID. *Contemptuously.*] In spite of all traditions—there is at least one Lee who is—dishonorable. You have read this letter. [PAUL *is silent with defeated rage. He looks at* CAROL *beseechingly. She returns his gaze with flashing eyes.*]

CAROL [*tempestuously*]. Oh, Paul Lee—I hate you! [COL. SOUTH *puts his arm around her protectingly.*]

COL. SOUTH. Come, we'll settle this matter in the drawing-room. [*He leads the way and takes a chair near the drawing-room table.* CAROL *stands near him.* PAUL *sits across from them.* DAVID *stands ready to read the letter. The candle-light casts flickering shadows here and there.*] One moment, Page. Lee, have you anything to say for yourself?

PAUL [*desperately—in full confession*]. Yes,—I am very sorry, sir. I fought not to deceive you. I only have one reason to present. That is—my love for Carol. I could not bear to see her won by any one—much less—a Union soldier, although I knew she cared for him. I knew, too,

that she would not fail in her duty to you. She would be betrothed to me—rather than break your heart. It was jealousy, sir,—my days were tortured with it.

COL. SOUTH [*quietly*]. Read the letter, Page. [DAVID *reads the letter as though* HOWARD'S *spirit is speaking through his voice.*]

DAVID. Dad:—You disinherited me because I joined the Union. You think I have been a traitor to our family and tradition—and above all—to Virginia. Now that I am dying, Dad,—you must let me explain in death what you would not hear in life. This war is terrible—horrifying. It is being fought to free this land from the curse of slavery. It is a curse—we cannot keep human nature in chains and still progress. You sent me to school in Washington. For three years I have lived in the shadow of the greatest man who ever lived—Abraham Lincoln. In this awful crisis, I have watched his every movement. His greatness of heart and soul touched my innermost being—brought tears of reverence to my eyes. His words set my brain on fire. His absolute fairness—no matter what the cost—made me stand in awe. His sadness when the South rebelled against his beloved Union—drew me. I was young, Dad—I could easily worship a hero. And Lincoln seemed a god—a lonely, tender god,—treading a wayward earth. I felt that he could do no wrong. All the boys felt that way,—his principles were ours. We were fired with enthusiasm to serve him. Oh, Dad, if you knew him you would understand! So when the call came—we were glad—glad! I couldn't fight against Lincoln, or his heaven-born ideals. I felt that I was doing my greatest service for the South—by fighting against it. Fifty years will prove that, Dad. My strength is almost gone, but there is something else that I must say. I understand you wish Carol to be betrothed to young Paul Lee. My last request is that you permit Carol to make her own choice. She is your little girl, Dad,—my little sister. I know it to be true that she loves my comrade, David Page. He is worthy, Dad,—he is a prince. His character

is sterling. War cannot sever loving hearts, Dad,—do not let it cast a shadow over our Carol's glad young heart and life. Let her be as happy as my mother was with you. The doctors say my life is limited to hours. Thank God, you know nothing of my suffering. I hold no bitterness against you. There are a thousand tender memories of the best old Dad in all the world that I cherish in my heart. Yet—one word from you right now would help me meet eternity. I am waiting for it, Dad. I can face Death with a smile—if you say you understand.—Howard. [*When* DAVID *finishes reading the letter,* COL. SOUTH *is sitting bowed—a broken-hearted old man.* CAROL *is sobbing softly.* PAUL *stands white and silent. There is utter stillness. At last,* COL. SOUTH *rises—almost feebly—and faces* PAUL.]

COL. SOUTH [*tremulously*]. And you denied me this?

PAUL [*down-heartedly*]. I am sorry, sir.

COL. SOUTH [*in sudden rage*]. Go!—you young scoundrel. I will not see your face—or hear your name—again. You! Unspeakably dishonorable! [PAUL *turns to go—then makes a move toward* CAROL. *She turns away—as if his very gaze would contaminate her. Furiously.*] You are not worthy to look upon my daughter! [PAUL *slinks out of the room.* COL. SOUTH *sits down again and bows his head upon the table in extreme grief.* CAROL *kneels beside him.*]

CAROL [*softly*]. Daddy, please be comforted. To-morrow is Memorial Day—our memory day—for Howard. Memory—the living chain that links the present with the past—that heals the wounds that festered—yesterday. Cast aside all that is unlovely, Daddy. Remember only those things that are beautiful—and make each thought a flower to strew upon Howard's grave. That would be his wish—his heart's desire. [COL. SOUTH *does not raise his head. The candlelight plays upon him.* DAVID *goes to* CAROL—*assists her to rise—tenderly. At length,* COL. SOUTH *lifts up his face. It is stricken with grief and re-*

morse. He seems oblivious to their presence. He stares into the shadows. Then he cries out.]

COL. SOUTH [*tragically*]. My son! My son! [CAROL *and* DAVID *turn away—as if his grief is too sacred to be witnessed. They go out on the portico—arm in arm. It is moon-shadowed—shimmering with silver. Music of the guitars drifts across the garden,—it seems akin to their dreaming. Romance—enchantment—linger in the moonlight. . . . The candles burn low in the drawing-room. . . . Memories linger there.*]

[CURTAIN]

THE HIGH HEART *

A DRAMA IN ONE ACT

By

ADELAIDE C. ROWELL

"The High Heart" features a dramatic incident in the life of Sam Davis, a Confederate Scout, who was captured near Pulaski, Tennessee, and valuable papers found upon his person. The Union General, G. M. Dodge, was so taken with the boy that he offered him life and liberty if he would give the name of the traitor who had furnished the information, but this Davis refused to do, and was hanged as a spy in November, 1863. His case is unique in the annals of war in that his captors did all in their power to save his life, while Davis died protesting that he would not betray the confidence of his informant—who was a Union man. Davis was born at Smyrna, Tennessee, and was just twenty-one years old at the time of his death.

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CHARACTERS

Sam Davis, *a Confederate Scout*
The General, *commanding Federal Army Corps*
Major Cranston, *Engineer on General's Staff*
Agnes Cranston, *his daughter*
Lieut. Richards, *General's Aide*
Mrs. Peyton, *a Southern lady*
Gus, *a colored servant*
Two Federal soldiers

THE HIGH HEART

It is a night in late November, 1863, in the spacious living-room of an old Southern mansion in middle Tennessee. In the center of the room is a mahogany table, a ponderous Bible on one corner, and across from it a more frivolous-looking volume—poetry, perhaps. At the back are French doors opening onto a veranda. At the right there is an entrance into the dining-room, and between this and the French doors, a small mahogany serving table; against the right wall is a tall cabinet desk; and down the right there is an entrance into the hall. A quaint old piano with candlesticks on either side of the music rack is at the left. There is also at the left a broad fireplace, and over the mantelpiece, between two tall candlesticks, is suspended a handsome mirror. A large easy chair with broad wings is drawn up before the fireplace, and a stool is close at hand, down left of the fireplace. At the right is another easy chair, a bench stands before the piano, and a straight, mahogany chair is drawn up to the table. A fire burns briskly in the fireplace, the candles are all lighted, and an air of quiet beauty pervades the place, yet touched with a sense of foreboding ill. This feeling is heightened as several moments pass with no word spoken by either of the two men who are in the room. Major Cranston *stands by the fireplace, his eyes fastened absently upon the blaze. He is a tall man, and when he turns, you see he is handsome, with the broad forehead and long, slim jaw of a man whose genius is stronger than his character. The* General *is a stockily built man with fast graying hair, blue eyes, keen*

and direct, and a manner abrupt but kindly. With hands clasped behind him, he walks deliberately over to the French doors, peers out for a moment, turns and walks to the center, then suddenly pausing opposite CRANSTON, *fixes him with his keen eyes, and his words come clear and abrupt.*

GENERAL. Cranston, there's a leak somewhere.

CRANSTON [*he faces about and nods moodily*]. No doubt of it, General.

GENERAL. Bragg's getting accurate information about us every day. By Gad, those scouts of his are men!

CRANSTON. Mostly boys, Baker says.

GENERAL. Then why doesn't Baker use *boys?*

CRANSTON. He nearly caught one the other night, but the fellow beat the horses of our men over their eyes and got away.

GENERAL [*sitting at the table*]. Plucky little devil! But it's got to stop, Cranston. I am convinced the information is coming from some officer at Headquarters. [*A burst of laughter from the veranda causes him to peer around his chair through the French doors, and smile genially.*] Richards has fallen again.

CRANSTON [*with a note of irritation*]. Oh . . . Richards! He loves every girl he sees.

GENERAL. I can't blame him this time. That's a quaint little maid of yours, Cranston.

CRANSTON [*quietly*]. Yes—and good. [*Then with an attempt to restrain his uneasiness.*] About this other—do you mean you think one of your staff has turned traitor?

GENERAL [*bluntly*]. No. If I thought that I'd suspect you first, Cranston, for it is one of the Engineers who is furnishing these plans.

CRANSTON. You may be right.

GENERAL. I know I am. He is one of the big fellows, too.

CRANSTON [*smiling a little*]. A—major, perhaps?

GENERAL. No, Cranston, the dirty work has not been done by one of my staff. It's one of Grant's men, I could swear to that.

CRANSTON [*with perceptible relief*]. That lifts a great weight from my shoulders.

GENERAL. Been worried, eh? [*Grimly.*] Never mind. In another week we'll know who the fellow is, and we'll not waste any time in hanging him.

CRANSTON. That will clear the air. This is unbearable.

GENERAL. Damned uncomfortable. [*Voices are heard in the hall. The two men instantly become alert and cautious.*]

CRANSTON. Mrs. Peyton!

GENERAL [*rising*]. Thought she was away for the night!

CRANSTON. I thought so too.

GENERAL. That woman has ears like a lynx.

CRANSTON [*nervously*]. You don't suspect her, do you? You advised me to leave Agnes here in her care.

GENERAL [*chuckling*]. Agnes couldn't be in better hands. She's a fine woman—and an even better Rebel. [*A negro's voice is heard inquiring: "Wheah at, Miss Myra?", a woman's voice answering: "In the drawing-room, Gus. Come with me." It is the sweet, well modulated voice of a cultured woman, and serves well to introduce the small, dignified lady who now appears in the doorway. She is perhaps fifty, her features regular and refined, her hair parted at the middle and done simply at the neck, her dark eyes fearless and serene. Her dress is of soft gray silk with ruching at the neck and wrists. She is followed by an old negro servant bearing a tray with hot coffee. At the lady's entrance the* GENERAL *greets her with jovial gallantry.*]

GENERAL. Ah—Mrs. Peyton!

MRS. PEYTON [*indicating the small table*]. On this table, Gus. [*Then with a gracious inclination to the two men.*] Good evening, General, and to you, Major Cranston.

CRANSTON [*bowing*]. Good evening to you, Mrs. Peyton.

GENERAL [*his eyes twinkling*]. Well now, this is pleas-

ant. Cranston thought you would be away until to-morrow.

MRS. PEYTON [*arranging the cups*]. I changed my mind.

GENERAL. A woman's prerogative. But I was upset. I thought the fair enemy had pulled up stakes and fled to some other point of vantage.

MRS. PEYTON [*pouring the coffee*]. Never let a thing like that trouble you, sir. A Southerner never pulls up stakes and runs away.

GENERAL [*chuckling*]. Ah, then, yours was only a military feint?

MRS. PEYTON. Possibly. [*To* GUS *who is glaring solemnly at the* GENERAL.] Serve the General his coffee, Gus.

GUS [*obeying reluctantly*]. Good Lawd, Miss Myra! You gwine t' give dis good coffee t' dat Union man?

MRS. PEYTON. That will do, Gus. It is his coffee.

GUS [*gloomily*]. Fust coffee in de house fo' months.

MRS. PEYTON. You may go, Gus. [*He shuffles out, grumbling as he goes.*]

GUS. Don't want dey ole coffee . . . if ole white mans stay up No'th wheah dey b'long be plenty coffee an' eve'-thing.

GENERAL. He doesn't seem to care for me.

MRS. PEYTON [*with fine sarcasm*]. No . . . he doesn't seem to realize all that you and the great North are trying to do for him, Major Cranston. [*Handing* CRANSTON *a cup.*]

GENERAL. Cranston, speak a word in my defense. Can't you see the enemy is too strong for me and I need reenforcements?

CRANSTON. No man alive could help you now, General.

GENERAL. I'm afraid you are right. Well then, I shall have to fight the lady with her own weapons. [*He goes to the French doors, opens them and calls out.*] Agnes! Oh, Agnes, dear.

GIRL'S VOICE. Yes, General?

GENERAL. Come in, please. I need you. [CRANSTON *has moved down, and the* GENERAL *now follows and speaks*

a quiet word to him. MRS. PEYTON *has finished rearranging the tray, when the French doors are thrown open and* AGNES CRANSTON *enters followed closely by* LIEUT. RICHARDS. *He is an upstanding young Federal officer, his eyes now alight with an admiration that is surely akin to love for the young lady by his side.* MISS CRANSTON *is a pretty young girl of the semi-fair type: gray eyes, sensitive alike to humor and tragedy; a sweet mouth, a fine chin, and golden-brown hair that waves prettily. She is dressed in a gown of soft cherry-colored silk that seems to lend a glow not only to the whole room, but to the young man's mounting spirits. They have been out in the crisp November air, and a soft white woolen shawl is thrown over her shoulders which* RICHARDS *removes quite gallantly.* AGNES *turns at once to the* GENERAL *with a questioning smile.*]

AGNES. You wanted me, General?

GENERAL. Yes, Agnes. I am in a bad way and need your help.

AGNES [*smiling up into his face*]. And what can I do, sir?

GENERAL [*nodding toward* MRS. PEYTON]. It's just this way, Agnes. This lady's wit is too nimble for mine. Now you are a good little Yankee, won't you measure swords with her for the honor of the cause? [*She looks from the* GENERAL *to* MRS. PEYTON, *a touch of embarrassment in her winsome smile.*]

AGNES. Oh—I couldn't!

GENERAL. Turned traitor! What do you think of her now, Richards?

RICHARDS [*gallantly*]. She would blush if I told you that, sir.

GENERAL. Now, Richards! [*To* AGNES.] So you'll not defeat the fair enemy for me? [AGNES *goes to* MRS. PEYTON *and slips a hand affectionately through the Southern woman's arm.*]

AGNES. I couldn't do that, sir—and I am sure I wouldn't want to.

MRS. PEYTON. Agnes and I have signed a truce.

AGNES. Forever!

GENERAL. Gone over to the enemy—right under your nose, Cranston.

CRANSTON [*with an amused shrug*]. When I told you Agnes was coming down to see me you were the one who persuaded Mrs. Peyton to let her stay here.

MRS. PEYTON. I thank you for that, General.

GENERAL. There now, Madam, don't rub it in. But Agnes! I thought we could trust her to the last ditch. Keep a sharp eye on her, Richards.

RICHARDS. I'm afraid it's too late, sir.

CRANSTON. What do you mean, Richards?

RICHARDS. You should hear the tale she has been telling me.

GENERAL. Why, Agnes. Is this the demure little girl I used to hold upon my knees?

AGNES [*she laughs prettily, her face flushed and her eyes alight*]. No indeed, sir, I'll never be the same. I have had an adventure since then.

CRANSTON [*drawing near her*]. You said nothing of this before, dear. Why didn't you tell me?

AGNES [*quaintly*]. I was afraid you might capture him.

CRANSTON. Capture him? Who?

AGNES [*laying a hand upon his arm*]. Father, he was the nicest looking boy . . . even if he was a Rebel.

GENERAL. But, child, what were you doing with him?

AGNES. He saved me—

CRANSTON. Saved you? From what?

GENERAL. When did all this happen, Agnes?

AGNES. Yesterday. It was Father's birthday and I had baked him a cake. I couldn't wait to take it to him, so I had Gus saddle my horse, and I set out at once for camp. Mrs. Peyton wanted Gus to go with me, but as the camp is only a mile away I didn't take him.

CRANSTON. You do as Mrs. Peyton thinks best the next time, dear.

GENERAL [*abruptly*]. Go on, Agnes.

AGNES. I didn't realize how slippery it was under foot until I came to the road on the hillside about halfway to camp. It was there that my horse kept slipping and sliding, and when we came to that scary place with the ravine on one side, he reared suddenly, his hind feet slipped out from under him—and I knew we were both gone.

CRANSTON. Good Lord, child!

GENERAL [*dryly*]. She's still here, Cranston.

AGNES. But let me tell you! The next thing I knew I opened my eyes and looked right into the handsomest face . . . [*With a soft laugh.*] I thought I was in Heaven!

RICHARDS. Oh, come now, Miss Cranston!

AGNES. Really he was handsome, Father, and his voice was nice, too.

CRANSTON. Were you hurt? I wonder you weren't killed.

AGNES. No—just stunned. He thought I was badly hurt, too, and he looked so relieved when he saw I was all right. He asked me how I felt, and helped me to sit up, and it was then that I noticed I was at the bottom of the ravine—and that he was wearing a gray uniform.

CRANSTON. A spy, no doubt.

AGNES. Oh, no! He was wearing a regular uniform—and spies never do that, do they, General?

GENERAL. Bragg's scouts always wear the gray.

AGNES. Oh, but he wasn't a spy—I feel sure of it. He had been home to see his mother. He told me all about his family, and he seemed so proud of them all. He built a fire so I could get warm, and took off his overcoat and made me sit on it.

CRANSTON. And how did you get home?

AGNES. He slipped over toward Mrs. Peyton's and found my horse on the way there, and brought it back to me.

GENERAL. He had plenty of nerve. Don't see how he missed running into some of our men.

AGNES. He seemed to be clever about that. And he had the nicest manner, and dark hair and eyes—and he wasn't afraid of anything.

CRANSTON. And what became of my birthday cake?

AGNES [*a little embarrassed*]. I gave it to him. [*A burst of laughter greets this remark.*]

CRANSTON. What! *My* cake?

AGNES. But, Father, he saved my life.

GENERAL [*laughing*]. My little Agnes fallen from grace.

CRANSTON. Did you come home alone?

AGNES. No . . . he came with me. Led the horse until we were in sight of the house. Then he left me and had only gone a few yards when two of our soldiers jumped out from nowhere at him. I was so afraid they would capture him,—but I am sure they didn't. He beat their horses across the eyes with his hat and disappeared. General, they didn't capture him, did they?

GENERAL. So that was the fellow!

CRANSTON. One of Bragg's scouts, no doubt of it.

AGNES. Oh, no! He was just a boy—just twenty-one—he told me.

RICHARDS. Black hair . . . Handsome— I'll bet it was Sam Davis!

AGNES. Sam! That was his name!

RICHARDS. I thought so!

AGNES [*eagerly*]. And he escaped?

CRANSTON. Oh, yes—he got away.

AGNES. I'm so glad!

CRANSTON. But, Agnes, he is a Confederate scout—a spy.

AGNES [*looking up into his face*]. But, Father, he risked capture to help me when I needed help.

RICHARDS. Lucky dog!

GENERAL. She's right, Cranston. [*Chuckling as he lifts up her chin with his forefinger.*] To think that my little Agnes would take up with a Rebel scout.

MRS. PEYTON [*proudly*]. There is no finer boy in the Confederate Army.

GENERAL. Trust Agnes to pick the best. [*Looking at his watch.*] Ten o'clock! Time has slipped up on me. Order the horses, Richards. [RICHARDS *salutes and starts away, pausing to bow to* AGNES.]

RICHARDS. Good night, Miss Cranston. Perhaps some day I shall be as lucky as young Davis.

AGNES [*archly*]. Surely. Perhaps you'll find a Southern girl who needs your help. [*He marches off with a hurt expression, and the* GENERAL *smiles broadly.*]

GENERAL. You tease! Well, good night, Mrs. Peyton. The coffee was fine. Good night, Agnes.

AGNES. Good night, General. [*The* GENERAL *bows to* MRS. PEYTON, *who acknowledges the courtesy with much dignity. He leaves and she stands by the French doors looking out into the night. Meanwhile* AGNES *is in her father's arms, and now together they walk toward the door at the right, his arm still about her. They pause a few feet from the door, and both seem wistful at the parting.*]

AGNES. Good night, Father, dear.

CRANSTON. Good night, dear . . . and do be careful.

AGNES. I will—please don't worry. [*He looks down at her, troubled and disturbed.*]

CRANSTON. I—I can't help worrying . . . [*Tenderly.*] Good night, dear.

AGNES [*softly*]. Good night. [*He kisses her and then goes,* AGNES *watching him with a wistful, puzzled look.* MRS. PEYTON *now turns and looks at the girl with sympathetic understanding.* AGNES *goes thoughtfully back to the chair near the fire.*]

AGNES. Father . . . is different. [*She seats herself and gazes wistfully into the fire.* MRS. PEYTON *comes and lays a gentle hand upon her hair.*]

MRS. PEYTON [*with motherly gentleness*]. It is the war, dear . . . the war has changed us all. You are coming to bed now?

AGNES [*smiling up at her*]. Not just yet, Mrs. Peyton. If you don't mind I shall sit by the fire awhile. [*Naïvely.*] There is so much to think about.

MRS. PEYTON [*with a faint smile*]. Very well, I would not stay too long.

AGNES. I'll not. Good night, Mrs. Peyton.

MRS. PEYTON. Good night, dear. [*She goes out and* AGNES *loses herself in the big chair before the fire. One can hardly tell she is there, and the room is very silent.* CRANSTON *reappears in the doorway, and looks about him cautiously. He is so silent, and* AGNES *so well hidden in the big winged chair that neither is aware of the presence of the other. He steals noiselessly over to the desk, and it is then that* AGNES *looks up and sees her father's reflection in the mirror over the mantel. She leans forward cautiously, her eyes fixed on the mirror, and watches while he takes some papers from the lining of his coat, slips them into one of the drawers and locks it. She is at first puzzled, and then startled, and when he turns to go she slips back into the chair and feigns sleep.* CRANSTON *is almost out of the room when he sees her, and stops in alarm. He creeps over to her chair, watches her a moment, and then wakens her with a nervous hand upon her shoulder. She opens her eyes and is genuinely startled by the tense look she sees upon his face.*]

AGNES. Father!

CRANSTON. Why aren't you in bed?

AGNES. I wanted to sit by the fire . . . I thought you left with the General.

CRANSTON. I did. I forgot something and came back for it. Go to bed now, dear. [*Kissing her.*] Good night.

AGNES. Good night, Father. [*He starts to leave but in the doorway she stops him, looking up at him very earnest, very sweet and a little uncertain.*] Father, if you ever want to trust any one you can trust me.

CRANSTON [*startled*]. What do you mean?

AGNES. Just that.

CRANSTON [*catching her to him with a laugh*]. You go to bed, little lady. You are talking nonsense. [*They leave, he motioning her to be silent and she nodding in girlish animation. There is a minute of silence, and then the French doors are opened noiselessly from without, a young man thrusts his head and shoulders inside, scans the room, and seemingly satisfied, makes a stealthy entrance.. For a moment he makes a swift survey of the room. He is a boy of twenty-one, slender and rangy, slightly above medium height, and clad in the gray of a Confederate scout. He goes at once to the fire, and when he kneels beside the blaze we see his face is refined, his features regular, his hair dark and his eyes keen and unafraid. He seems very boyish, with all the fire and idealism of youth; one who would go through life laughing and unafraid, high of heart, and strong in the fear of God. A step in the hall is heard, and he crouches in the shadow of the winged chair near the fire.* AGNES *enters humming softly. She goes over to the desk, and as she stands there, her back to him, he is the victim of conflicting emotions. As a gentleman he ought to rise and make his presence known; a scout, he should remain unseen; and, a young man, he wants to talk to* AGNES. *The first and last win, and rising silently he stands by the fire in plain view. It is then that* AGNES *feels a foreign presence in the room and looks around fearfully. At sight of the boy she is so frightened she does not recognize him. He springs forward, speaking to her, boyishly eager, in his pleasant Southern drawl.*]

SAM. Don't be frightened—please! It's all right . . . You remember me, don't you?

AGNES [*backed up against the desk, her arms upon it as though to protect it from him, she faces him with flashing eyes*]. *You!* What are you doing here?

SAM. I'm sorry but I thought you were all in bed.

AGNES. Then why did you come?

SAM [*unperturbed*]. To see Miss Myra. She's a friend of my mother.

AGNES [*relaxing a little*]. Mrs. Peyton?

SAM. Yes. I have a message for her from Mother. Most forgot it and had to come back.

AGNES [*trying to remain severe yet drawing a few steps nearer to him*]. You'd better get back to your army or you'll be captured. [*His smile is frankly admiring.*]

SAM. Some things are worth taking chances on.

AGNES [*worried yet pleased*]. You—you really weren't so foolish as to come back here to see me?

SAM. I was foolish enough, but some of your friends detained me.

AGNES [*startled*]. You mean they captured you?

SAM [*nodding*]. Yes—for a couple of hours.

AGNES. But how did you get away?

SAM. Oh, I managed—luck, I reckon. [*Loyalty to her country and her father grow weak before her woman's concern for his safety.*]

AGNES. I wish you would go. They are trailing you everywhere. [*Her eyes meeting his.*] Father says you are a scout.

SAM [*smiling*]. Oh, he knows about me?

AGNES [*coloring*]. I told him a little. He says you are Sam Davis, one of Bragg's scouts.

SAM. Your father knows a heap, doesn't he?

AGNES. Don't joke. A scout is a spy, and if they catch you they'll hang you.

SAM [*leaning forward eagerly*]. Would you care?

AGNES [*firmly*]. Are you Sam Davis?

SAM [*persuasively*]. What difference does it make who I am or who you are? You will always be true to the North, and I may die fighting for this South of mine. But right this minute we are both young. Let's forget everything else—for five minutes let's just be young. [*She looks up at him half persuaded.*]

AGNES. But the danger? What if they find you here?

SAM. Forget that too. Forget everything but the things we care most about, and let's just talk about them.

[AGNES' *eyes are soft with the light of a new adventure.*]

AGNES. Just five minutes then.

SAM [*happily*]. Good! Come sit in this chair by the fire—please! [*He places the chair to suit him and she seats herself.*] There now, I shall remember this as long as I live.

AGNES [*softly*]. So shall I.

SAM [*boyishly*]. We have a lot in common, haven't we? We've had an adventure together.

AGNES [*forgetting herself*]. You can't think how strange it was to come back to life and find you leaning over me.

SAM. You'll never know how glad I was when you opened your eyes. I thought you were dead.

AGNES. Why did you care? You didn't know me.

SAM. I don't know *why,* but it meant a lot to me the minute I saw you . . . you looked so little and pure and beautiful as you lay there.

AGNES. You mustn't talk that way.

SAM [*masterfully*]. But this is our five minutes to be young, and do you think I am going to waste it by not telling you I loved you the minute I saw you?

AGNES. But—Sam . . .

SAM. But—Agnes . . . Do you really mind?

AGNES [*dropping her eyes*]. Don't ask me.

SAM. I won't after this five minutes, but remember I am living a whole lifetime right now.

AGNES. Don't talk as though you might die any minute.

SAM. Would you care?

AGNES. I—perhaps.

SAM. What did you think when you first opened your eyes and saw me?

AGNES [*laughing*]. I thought I was in Heaven.

SAM [*chuckling*]. First time I was ever taken for an angel. [*Surveying her gravely.*] The next time I go home I shall tell my mother all about you.

AGNES. Don't—it would make her unhappy.

SAM. Oh, no, not my mother.

AGNES. But you have been so close to her.

SAM [*with unashamed tenderness*]. Yes . . . she has told me so often.

AGNES [*with a woman's compassion*]. How could she let you go?

SAM. That's Mother. She hid her tears, sent me away with a brave, smiling face, and bade me keep a high heart no matter what might happen.

AGNES [*wistfully*]. You are fortunate—my mother died when I was five.

SAM. I'm sorry— [*With engaging tenderness.*] But my mother will love you no matter what side of the Mason and Dixon line you were born on.

AGNES [*a little sadly*]. I wonder . . .

SAM. I know! [*Drawing closer in his eagerness.*] And when I tell her what kind of cake you can make—

AGNES [*quickly*]. Our five minutes are gone.

SAM [*springing to his feet*]. Not yet—please!

AGNES. You know they are. Have you had anything to eat to-day?

SAM. Have I? The best cake—

AGNES. Is that all?

SAM. Yes—I reckon so.

AGNES. Then you sit there by the fire while I go get you something. And after you have eaten you are going to leave here and go back to your regiment.

SAM [*saluting her*]. Any other orders, General? [*He takes her hand and helps her to arise, but when he bends over to kiss it she draws it away.*]

AGNES. The five minutes are over. [*For a minute they stand looking at each other, and the look in his eye is alight with admiration for her. He salutes again, smiling.*]

SAM. Yes, General. [*He bows gallantly, and she sweeps him a merry courtesy, then leaves. He stands looking after her, and then gradually the expression on his face changes from boyish happiness to a grim alertness. Slipping his*

hand into his coat he pulls out a small piece of paper and hastily scans it. Then crossing quietly over to the desk, he compares it with the directions written on the paper. A step is heard. SAM *thrusts the paper hastily back into his pocket, and returns to the fireplace. But it is* MRS. PEYTON *who enters and she does not see* SAM *at first.*]

MRS. PEYTON. Agnes, dear, it is growing late— [*She stops at sight of the boy startled and alarmed.*] Sam Davis! What are you doing here?

SAM [*motioning her to be quiet*]. Don't make a noise—please!

MRS. PEYTON [*sharply*]. Why are you here?

SAM. Don't ask me—please.

MRS. PEYTON. You must leave at once. This is a hotbed of Union soldiers—there is even an officer's daughter staying in the house.

SAM [*smiling at her*]. Oh, I'm not afraid of her.

MRS. PEYTON [*studying his face keenly*]. Sam, were you gallant yesterday afternoon to a very pretty young lady?

SAM [*lightly*]. I try to be that every afternoon—and morning too.

MRS. PEYTON. Answer me, Sam. [*He takes her by the shoulders, his manner affectionate, deferential but commanding, and he speaks in quick, pleading tones.*]

SAM. Miss Myra, you must go upstairs at once. You mustn't be seen here with me.

MRS. PEYTON [*standing her ground*]. Why?

SAM. I can't tell you, but do as I say—please!

MRS. PEYTON. Answer me this—was it duty or a girl that brought you here?

SAM [*whimsically, as he leads her to the door, down right*]. As a scout I can answer no questions.

MRS. PEYTON [*turning on him in the doorway*]. Now, Sam Davis—

SAM [*insistently*]. My time is precious, Miss Myra! Please go!

MRS. PEYTON. Very well, but I am still skeptical. [*She*

leaves and SAM *again approaches the desk. He listens to see if any one is coming, then sets to work swiftly. Taking a key from his pocket, he opens the drawer in which* CRANSTON *has hidden his papers, and is searching for them when* AGNES *appears unexpectedly in the doorway, up right. She is carrying a tray with cake and sandwiches. Her face is smiling and happy when she first appears, but the expression quickly changes to anger and hatred when she sees him take the papers from the desk and lock it again. Before she can speak he sees her, and standing erect, he meets her eyes gravely and without apology.*]

AGNES [*setting tray on small table, and going toward* SAM]. You sneak! You coward! Give me those papers!

SAM. I am sorry but I can't do that.

AGNES [*sneering*]. So this is the way you Rebels fight! Through the women! *Oh!* You are beneath contempt! To think that I ever spoke or thought kindly of you!

SAM [*proudly*]. In what way have I dishonored you?

AGNES. By ever speaking to me! Give me those papers —you *spy!*

SAM. Why are you so concerned over these papers? What do you know of their value?

AGNES. I know you are a Rebel spy and have no business with them.

SAM. That is Mrs. Peyton's private desk, and Mrs. Peyton is a true Southern woman.

AGNES [*excitedly*]. But they don't belong to her!

SAM. How do you know?

AGNES [*wildly*]. I do know! They belong to my father and you can't have them!

SAM [*startled*]. Your father? Who is he?

AGNES [*proudly*]. Major Cranston of the Engineers. [*A look of horror and pity comes over the boy's face.*]

SAM. God help us!

AGNES. Why do you say that? Don't stand there staring—give them to me!

SAM. I'm sorry—but I can't help it. [*Putting the papers into his coat.*] I'm—sorry.

AGNES [*imploring him*]. But my father—it will ruin him . . . They may think he is a traitor. . . . It would kill him. . . . [*His eyes are dark with pain and compassion, but he does not waver in his loyalty to duty.*]

SAM. I am just a soldier. I can only do my duty.

AGNES. You are cruel—and a spy.

SAM. If you were my sister and he my own father I would do just the same.

AGNES [*in pleading tones*]. No, you wouldn't—you would be kind. Think what you are doing! If you are caught they will think he gave them to you—or worse, that it was I who gave them to you.

SAM. Don't! I can't help myself! . . . I must go.

AGNES. No—*no!* [*He starts to go but she throws herself upon him wildly*]. You shall not go! I'll have those papers if you kill me for it! Oh, you coward! . . . You spy! [*With swift, gentle movements he looses her hold upon him, and pushes her into the chair by the table. She buries her head on her hands and sobs while he looks on in helpless distress.*]

SAM. Don't—please! . . . Oh, I'm sorry . . . [*For another moment he remains looking at her pityingly, and then standing erect, a grim look on his face, he slips quietly from the room. The sobs cease, and when the girl raises her head her features are drawn and sharpened by hatred and a desire for revenge.*]

AGNES. Oh, if Father were only here! Some one must come to help me! [*She stands a moment in thought, and then her face lightens with a sudden resolve.*] I know! [*She goes quickly to the desk, takes out a pistol, runs through the French doors out onto the veranda, and fires twice.*]

VOICE [*from without*]. What's the matter?

AGNES. Is that Lieutenant Richards?

VOICE. Yes, Miss Cranston.

AGNES. Come here! Hurry, please! [*She reënters, and is nervously inspecting the desk, when* RICHARDS *hurries in looking very much alarmed.*]

RICHARDS. What has happened? You look all upset.

AGNES [*feverishly*]. I have . . . a spy has been here.

RICHARDS. In this house?

AGNES. Yes!

RICHARDS [*excited*]. Did you see him? Good Lord, did he try to frighten you? What did he look like?

AGNES. Yes, I saw him—he just got away. I fired thinking Father might hear.

RICHARDS. I thought your father was here.

AGNES [*surprised*]. Why no, he left with you.

RICHARDS. But he came back and we haven't seen him since.

AGNES. How strange!

RICHARDS. I was looking for him—must have missed him on the road. Which way did that fellow take?

AGNES. He went out of that door. Through the orchard, I imagine.

RICHARDS. Then I'll have a good chance at him. Hope I get him. May clear up some of this trouble.

AGNES [*quickly*]. What trouble?

RICHARDS. Some one at Headquarters turned traitor. If I can catch this fellow— [*He is rushing off when she calls to him nervously.*]

AGNES. Lieutenant Richards, what do you mean? What do you think?

RICHARDS. Can't stop now, Miss Cranston. Mustn't waste any time. [*He is gone and a sudden fear comes over Agnes.*]

AGNES [*tensely*]. A traitor—in *our* army? [*She stands looking at the desk in a kind of dumb horror as though it were the real traitor, when steps are heard in the hall, and* MAJOR CRANSTON *enters. He is pale with suppressed ex-*

citement. AGNES *greets him with a mixture of relief and a nameless fear.*]

AGNES. Oh, I am so glad you have come, Father!

CRANSTON. Was it you who fired those shots?

AGNES. Yes, sir.

CRANSTON. What was the matter?

AGNES. A spy, Father!

CRANSTON [*alert*]. A spy? Where did you see him?

AGNES. In this house—in this very room.

CRANSTON. Ah . . . what was he doing—in this room?

AGNES [*in a burst of confidence*]. Father, he was the boy who rescued me.

CRANSTON. Oh . . .

AGNES. He came here, and when he told me it was to see Mrs. Peyton I believed him. I was kind to him, Father, because he had been kind to me. I went to get him some food, and when I came back into the room unexpectedly—[*She pauses, her eyes now upon her father with a queer, fearful look.*]

CRANSTON [*impatiently*]. Well?

AGNES [*slowly*]. He had stolen the papers from the desk.

CRANSTON [*with seeming unconcern*]. What papers?

AGNES. The papers you hid there.

CRANSTON [*startled*]. What do you mean?

AGNES. I saw you, Father—you thought I was asleep. [*He studies her closely, the nameless fear now in his eyes.*]

CRANSTON. Why didn't you tell me?

AGNES. I—I wanted to share your secret with you. [*He sighs and turns away.*] Do you mind, Father?

CRANSTON. I'd rather you had not known.

AGNES. You can trust me—I'll never tell.

CRANSTON [*gravely*]. I believe you.

AGNES [*brightly*]. Anyway, you'll get the papers back.

CRANSTON [*not looking at her*]. Do you think so?

AGNES. I am sure you will. Lieutenant Richards is on his trail.

CRANSTON [*harshly*]. Richards! What does he know about it?

AGNES. He has just left. He heard me fire and came to see what was the matter.

CRANSTON. I—I thought he had gone back to camp.

AGNES. He did go, but thought something had happened to you and came back.

CRANSTON. My God!

AGNES. Father! What is the matter? Have I done anything wrong?

CRANSTON. What did you tell him?

AGNES [*frightened*]. Tell him?

CRANSTON. About the—the spy?

AGNES. I told him one had been here.

CRANSTON [*wildly*]. But the papers—the papers, you little fool—did you tell him— [*She stares at him in growing horror of something she senses but will not believe.*]

AGNES [*in a low voice*]. No—I did not tell him . . . that.

CRANSTON. Thank God! [*He sinks weakly into a chair, and buries his head in his hands.* AGNES *looks at him, then at the desk, and back again at her father. The sight of him fills her with shrinking abhorrence, but she cannot believe what her fears tell her must be true.*]

AGNES. Father! [*He does not answer and she takes a step toward him, her manner quiet and determined.*] Father, listen. . . . Lieutenant Richards says there is a traitor in our army. [*He rises and paces up and down, avoiding her eyes.*]

CRANSTON. Of course . . . there is in every army.

AGNES. He said some one was giving out information—

CRANSTON [*irritably*]. Well?

AGNES [*after a moment, in a low voice*]. Father—how could you? [*He faces her with violent denial, but she meets his look with pity and abhorrence in her eyes.*]

CRANSTON. What do you mean? How dare you accuse me of such a thing?

AGNES [*quietly*]. Sell your honor—for thirty pieces of silver.

CRANSTON. Be quiet, damn you!

AGNES [*relentlessly*]. What good will it do you when the spy is captured and tells who it was that furnished him the papers?

CRANSTON. I didn't—I— They'll never get him. . . . For God's sake, don't look at me like that!

AGNES [*she covers her face with her hands and weeps silently*]. How could you . . . how could you? . . . [*He turns away with a stricken look on his face, and again begins pacing up and down, his head sinking ever lower on his breast as the consciousness of his shame grows upon him.*]

CRANSTON. Don't, Agnes—don't! I can't stand it. I can't stand any more. God, how I have suffered! I wanted vengeance . . . and I have paid and paid and paid for it.

AGNES [*wearily*]. Vengeance—on whom?

CRANSTON [*grimly*]. A man named Burton. He is Major General Burton now. . . . [*He speaks in a jerky, detached manner.*] I made an improvement on our rifles—no use telling you, you wouldn't understand. I told Burton about it and he saw it was a good thing. Said leave it to him, and he stole my idea. He is making millions out of it, and I'm squeezed out . . . cheated of my rights. I am just a Major, and he's a Major General—and a damned cur.

AGNES. Why didn't you go to Washington and demand your rights?

CRANSTON. I did, but he had everything his own way. They wouldn't listen to me. They treated me politely as though I were crazy, and got rid of me in short order.

AGNES. Oh, I am sorry! [*He crosses over to the fireplace and stands with his back to the fire, haggard, wretched and bitter.*]

CRANSTON. I hate them—I hate them. . . . I had a chance to get back at Burton. He was sent to command a

strategic point in Grant's line of maneuvers here in Tennessee, and I had a chance to ruin him. If nothing happens he'll go to smash on the rocks, and they will laugh at him for the fool he is.

AGNES [*eyes ablaze with reproach*]. And because one person has wronged you, you would sacrifice your honor and perhaps hundreds of lives? Father, how could you?

CRANSTON [*broken*]. I know how you must despise me. . . . I thought it would be worth anything to ruin him, but the torture I have suffered makes me feel it is myself I have struck and not him. If I could undo it—if only I had killed him instead of this. . . . Anything but this!

AGNES. And if he is captured—that boy?

CRANSTON [*miserably*]. He'll tell to save his own skin and they'll hang me for a traitor. It doesn't matter for me. I deserve the worst . . . but you, Agnes! What a terrible thing I have done to you! [*The woman in her is touched. She goes to him and he takes her in his arms.*]

AGNES. That is the least of it, Father. We'll face it together.

CRANSTON. No, no! I'll shield you somehow. [*Grasping at a last hope.*] Maybe he'll get through the lines. He is clever.

AGNES [*drawing away from him*]. And carry all that information to the enemy?

CRANSTON [*wearily*]. No, you are right. Oh, I guess it's all up. He'll give me away, and then—

AGNES [*her eyes tragic with regret*]. Oh, no, *he'll* never tell—not Sam Davis! I called him a cheat and a spy. I begged him for the papers and then fought him, but I could not move him. Sam Davis will never tell. . . .

CRANSTON [*eagerly*]. If he doesn't we'll be saved! I'll begin all over again—I'll wipe out this blot!

AGNES. And what about Sam Davis?

CRANSTON. He is clever. He'll escape.

AGNES. And if he doesn't? [*He turns on her angrily.*]

CRANSTON. Be quiet! I have done this thing and now

I'll see it through in my own way. [*Then broken and miserable.*] This is horrible! To be hanged would be a relief. But I'll wipe out this blot—I'll rise above all this. I'll—what is that? [*Voices are heard.*]

AGNES. Some one is coming! [*She goes to French doors and looks out.*] The General!

CRANSTON [*excited*]. The General! What now? He mustn't see us like this . . . [*Steeling himself for the ordeal.*] Brace up, child! Don't look like that, for Heaven's sake! You'll give the whole thing away! [*She turns away from him in great bitterness of soul, he watching her, a prey to fear and remorse. The* GENERAL *is heard saying, "Tell* RICHARDS *to bring him in here." A look flashes between father and daughter. He goes to her.*]

AGNES [*a sob in her voice*]. They have caught him! [*The* GENERAL *enters through the French doors.*]

GENERAL. You here, Cranston? I thought those shots would bring you.

CRANSTON. Oh, yes.

GENERAL [*nodding to* AGNES]. Well, we got our man.

AGNES [*with a brave attempt to appear calm*]. You—did?

GENERAL. Yes. He is young Sam Davis. Bragg is losing one of his best scouts. That was a smart bit of work on your part, Agnes. You should be proud of her, Cranston.

CRANSTON [*with an effort*]. I am.

GENERAL. You're looking seedy, Cranston. Why don't you ask for leave of absence?

CRANSTON. I think I shall.

GENERAL. We have all been upset about this leak, but now I believe the matter will be cleared up. A little clever handling of this boy and I think we shall soon find out who the traitor is.

AGNES. Did—did Lieutenant Richards capture him?

GENERAL. Yes, thanks to you, Agnes. If this turns out as I think it will, you will receive high praise from Grant.

You have done the Union a good turn to-night. [*Looking at her closely.*] Poor little girl! You look pale. Never mind, we'll send you both back home. [*Voices are heard.*] Here they come. [*He goes to table and sits down.* LIEUTENANT RICHARDS *enters, followed by* SAM DAVIS, *who is guarded on either side by a Union soldier. The last three halt just inside the room, but* RICHARDS, *who appears pleased and excited with his night's work, proceeds at once to the* GENERAL *and salutes. While this is going on* SAM *looks across at* AGNES *for one brief moment with a clear, direct glance that makes her catch at her heart, and turn away into the shadows.*]

GENERAL. Well, Lieutenant?

RICHARDS. We have captured a Rebel spy, sir.

GENERAL. You have searched him?

RICHARDS. Thoroughly, sir. We found these on him. [*He hands the papers* DAVIS *had taken from the desk to the* GENERAL.]

GENERAL [*taking the papers*]. A light here, Lieutenant. [RICHARDS *takes a candelabrum from the piano, places it on the table beside the* GENERAL. *The* GENERAL *reads, his face becoming graver each moment. The silence is tense, every one keyed to the breaking point but* SAM, *who awaits his fate with grave composure.*]

GENERAL [*looking up and beckoning to* SAM]. Come here, boy. [SAM *comes forward, directly across from the* GENERAL, *and meets the latter's keen glance with quiet fearlessness. In spite of circumstances, they like each other at once.*]

GENERAL. What is your name?

SAM. Sam Davis, sir.

GENERAL. One of Bragg's scouts?

SAM. Yes, sir.

GENERAL [*reluctantly*]. Davis, I have a grave charge to make against you. Do you know the nature of these papers?

SAM. I cannot commit myself, sir.

GENERAL [*his keen eyes on the boy*]. They are plans—

plans of the Union fortifications on Grant's front. This information is so accurate that only some one in a position to obtain special knowledge of these facts could have drawn such plans. Come, tell me his name.

SAM. I can't do that, General.

GENERAL. But you know who he is?

SAM. I didn't say.

GENERAL. Cranston, come here. [CRANSTON'S *face is pale, but otherwise he is composed as he approaches the* GENERAL.] What do you think of these?

CRANSTON [*examining papers*]. They are exact—as far as I know. [*He does not look at* SAM, *who is watching him with a gleam of contempt in his eye.*]

GENERAL. One of the engineers has done this.

CRANSTON. Undoubtedly.

GENERAL. Now, Davis, if you'll tell who this fellow is I'll give you your liberty the minute you speak his name, and send you with an escort to the Confederate lines. [SAM *is silent.*] Speak up, boy—who is he?

SAM. I have nothing to say, sir.

GENERAL. Don't be foolish, boy. This man you are shielding is not worthy of your sacrifice.

SAM. No—but there are other things worthy of it. [CRANSTON *steps back into the shadows, behind the* GENERAL'S *chair.*]

GENERAL [*persuasively*]. It would be a pity for a fine young fellow like you to give up his life for a traitor who would sell his honor for money. You are now just on the threshold of life—there's love and all the good things of life waiting for you if you'll tell me this man's name.

SAM. I can't betray him, sir.

GENERAL. Then you force me to call a court-martial, and with all this evidence they'll have no alternative but to condemn you to be hanged as a spy.

SAM. I know the danger of my situation, General, and I am willing to take the consequences. [*The* GENERAL *eyes the boy in hopeless impotence.*]

GENERAL. This is a senseless waste of young life. Cranston, you speak to him.

CRANSTON [*startled*]. I . . . [*then meeting the young man's level glance with forced calm*] I, too, think you are making a useless sacrifice.

SAM. Perhaps—but it is an honorable one. [CRANSTON *turns away as* MRS. PEYTON *enters the room. She looks around upon the scene in bewilderment and alarm, and then goes directly to* SAM.]

MRS. PEYTON. Sam! What has happened?

SAM [*reassuringly*]. Nothing, Miss Myra. I'm just a prisoner.

GENERAL. Mrs. Peyton, have you had a hand in this affair?

MRS. PEYTON [*spiritedly*]. In what affair?

GENERAL. This boy was seen in your house to-night, and soon after leaving there he was captured with treasonous papers hidden upon his person.

MRS. PEYTON [*distressed*]. Sam, is this true?

SAM. Yes, Miss Myra. [*To the* GENERAL.] But she had nothing to do with this.

GENERAL. The circumstances are suspicious.

MRS. PEYTON [*haughtily*]. I regret that your suspicions are groundless, for I would do anything to help the Southern cause. It is a pity I did not have a hand in this, for if I had Sam Davis might be safe within the Confederate lines this minute.

GENERAL. Humph! I don't doubt it.

MRS. PEYTON. What are you going to do with him?

GENERAL. Free him if he'll tell me who gave him the papers, and if not I'll have to—do my duty. [*She looks at the boy tenderly yet proudly.*]

MRS. PEYTON. Poor Sam! [*She lays her hands upon his shoulders, and he puts his arm around her.*]

SAM. That's all right, Miss Myra. . . . You'll tell Mother, and all of them?

MRS. PEYTON. Yes, Sam—I shall tell them.

GENERAL. And you are letting him go without a word? [*She stands to the right of* SAM, *now facing the* GENERAL.]

MRS. PEYTON. It is the only honorable thing he could do.

GENERAL [*irritably*]. You are sentimental, unreasoning fools, both of you! Oh, well, I have given you your chance and I can do no more.

SAM. You have been generous, sir, but I can't betray the trust imposed in me.

GENERAL [*brusquely for he is touched*]. Then there is nothing to do but call a court-martial. Richards!

RICHARDS [*coming forward*]. Yes, sir.

GENERAL. Take the prisoner— [AGNES *runs impulsively to the* GENERAL'S *side.*]

AGNES. *No*—not yet! Wait—please wait!

GENERAL. It's no use, Agnes. [*But the girl goes straight to the prisoner, and looks up at him, a kind of noble determination uplifting the humility and despair of her soul. He has accepted the judgment of death manfully, but this is almost more than he can bear. His eyes are gentle with pity for her, and for a moment he seems upset and uncertain of himself.*]

AGNES [*in a low, pleading voice*]. You mustn't do this! You shall not! The General is right—this is all wrong!

SAM. Don't—please!

AGNES. No one is worthy of this . . . it is dreadful. Think of your mother . . . is it fair to her? Is it right?

SAM [*miserably*]. You make it very hard.

AGNES. I want to make it hard—so hard it is impossible. What right have you to spare this man when your mother needs you? Think of her.

SAM [*gravely, himself again*]. I am thinking of her.

AGNES. No, you are not! I tell you, you are not! You are sacrificing her too for a foolish, useless pride. You are cruel to her. What would she say?

SAM [*tenderly*]. My mother? . . . She would say: "Don't think of me, son. Keep a high heart and be true to yourself."

MRS. PEYTON. Yes, Sam—your mother would.

AGNES [*pitifully*]. If only I knew what to do! [*He gives her a keen, quick look, and though he still speaks gently there is a command in his voice.*]

SAM. You can do nothing.

AGNES [*meeting his eyes bravely*]. I *can*—

GENERAL. What can you do, Agnes?

SAM [*firmly*]. Nothing. [*And then with a return to his boyish manner.*] Yes, there is one thing.

AGNES [*pathetically eager*]. Oh, tell me?

SAM. Sometimes—please remember the day I found you at the foot of the ravine.

AGNES. I'll not forget . . . [*Pitifully.*] Is that all you will let me do for you?

SAM [*after a moment's silence*]. No . . . I am facing death and I'll have to meet it alone. I have always been a kind of home boy, and I think a heap of my mother and all my family. I miss them all to-night, and I—I wonder if you'd mind letting me kiss you good-by? . . . A kind of good-by for you—and everybody, you know? [*The room is very silent.* AGNES *raises her eyes to him with an exalted look, and nods slightly. They seem to have forgotten the others are there.*]

SAM. Thank you. [*He stoops to kiss her reverently, but is suddenly carried away by the stress of the moment and takes her in his arms. She does not resist, and overcome by her emotions, leans her head against him and weeps. He tries to comfort her.*]

SAM. Don't cry so . . . I ought not to have asked you. [*He reluctantly loosens his clasp on her, but she clings there, at last looking up at him through her tears.*]

AGNES. Oh, don't say that! I couldn't have stood it if you hadn't.

SAM [*his face lighting happily*]. That makes me mighty happy.

AGNES. You are the truest, noblest man I ever knew.

SAM. Oh, no—but I'm glad you think so. [*Boyishly.*]

I'm not lonesome or anything now. . . . I'm comforted. When I walk "through the valley of the shadow" I'll be thinking about this—and about you. I'll not forget you over there either. [*The* GENERAL *watches them, bewildered and touched.*]

GENERAL. Once more, Davis. Your horse, your side-arms, and an escort to the Confederate lines if you will tell me who gave you those papers.

SAM [*with quiet dignity*]. Do you suppose I would betray a friend? No, sir! I'd die a thousand deaths first. I will not betray the confidence of my informant.

GENERAL. Take him away, Richards.

RICHARDS. Yes, sir. [*But he is distressed when he approaches the prisoner.*] General's orders, Davis.

SAM. All right, Lieutenant. [*Softly to the girl in his arms.*] Good-by, Agnes.

AGNES. I can't let you go this way!

SAM. It's all right, Agnes. . . . Good-by! [*He hands the weeping girl over to* MRS. PEYTON, *who gathers her into her arms.*]

SAM. I am ready, Lieutenant. [*The two orderlies step up beside him, all three face about and march away, but at the door* SAM *pauses for one last look at* AGNES, *his eyes gravely wistful.*]

[CURTAIN]

INDEPENDENCE DAY

THE GROWTH OF A NATION *

By

FLORENCE M. ELDRIDGE

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CHARACTERS

GENETASKA, *an Indian peacemaker*
SPIRIT OF A NATIONAL IDEAL
FOUNDERS OF THE REPUBLIC
  PILGRIMS
  DUTCH
  SCOTCH
  FRENCH, AND FOLK FROM THE PALATINE
OUR FIRST ADOPTED CITIZENS
  GERMANS
  SCANDINAVIANS
  DANES
OUR PRESENT ADOPTED CITIZENS
  SLAVS—THE "POLES"
  LATIN RACE—ITALIANS
  JEWS
  A JAPANESE FAMILY
  CHILD LABORERS
  CHILDREN OF WEALTH
  AN INDUSTRIAL GIRL
  DAY LABORERS
  A CAPITALIST
  A NEGRO BOY
SPIRIT OF UNDERSTANDING
SPIRIT OF GOODWILL
SPIRIT OF JUSTICE
LOVE

THE GROWTH OF A NATION

SUMMARY

PROLOGUE: The Prophecy

Wherein the Spirit of a National Ideal prophesies to Genetaska, an Indian peacemaker, that on the American continent will gradually evolve a great nation, a nation great through its ideals of brotherhood and service.

TABLEAUX: Seekers of the Promised Land

I. Founders of the Republic
   - Pilgrims
   - Dutch
   - Scotch
   - Quakers
   - French, and Folk from the Palatine

II. Our First Adopted Citizens
   - Germans
   - Scandinavians
   - Danes

III. Our Present Adopted Citizens
   - Slavs—the "Poles"
   - Latin Race—Italians
   - Jews

IV. Understanding, Lighting the Way

Spirit of a National Ideal sorrowfully broods over the prejudices and class feeling among the people of America. Then she calls Understanding and her colleagues, Justice and Goodwill, to lead the people through the years, that in America a national ideal of brotherhood and service shall evolve and be.

PROLOGUE

The scene opens with an Indian maid, GENETASKA, *the peacemaker, singing her hymn of praise to the sun. (Music: "The Sun Worshipers," by Sullivan, in* 110 Community Songs.) *She is standing near a fire at center-back of the stage, around which three Indians are seated.* GENETASKA *sings as she comes down to left-front. At the close of the song, a white-draped figure,* SPIRIT OF A NATIONAL IDEAL, *comes from the left and touches her on the shoulder. The Indian maid turns to see who is there, and the* SPIRIT *speaks.*

SPIRIT. I am the Spirit of a National Ideal; an ideal of equality, fraternity, and service. I am the spirit of a nation that is to come. Long have I roamed, seeking, ever seeking, a land where I could abide. But when I tarried among the simple and the poor, their great chiefs and their sachems drove me on; for know this, Genetaska: the great and powerful will not listen, for they fear my voice.

Then I crossed the great water to the Red Man's land, America. By the light of your council fires you and the warrior chiefs have seen the flutterings of my garments. You have heeded my voice, and through your confederacy are making a great nation for the Red Man. But I bring you prophecy of a greater nation, a nation where the Red Man and the White Man shall live as brothers. In the future years, seeking again my voice, the White Man, from across the Great Waters, will land upon these shores. Others will come, until after many moons a new nation will be born. And henceforth in this land the followers of my voice will find a haven where they can build their homes. Welcome them to these shores, Genetaska; make them your white brothers. [*As the* SPIRIT *ceases speaking, the Indian raises her arms in solemn salutation, bowing*

assent. As the curtain closes, "America the Beautiful" is played softly.]

[CURTAIN]

TABLEAUX

I

THE FOUNDERS OF THE REPUBLIC

1620-1800

The founders of the republic are five groupings of early colonists. As each group enters, folk or other appropriate songs are played. Each group assumes a pose illustrative of its early activities and holds it until all five groups are on the stage. (A dancing teacher should collaborate and arrange the tableaux so that the positions shall be natural and the grouping unified and harmonious at the end of the episode.) GENETASKA *and* SPIRIT OF A NATIONAL IDEAL *are watching the coming of the folk, the Indian maid raising her arm in greeting as each group of newcomers enters.* SPIRIT OF A NATIONAL IDEAL *keeps back of* GENETASKA. *Before the curtains open,* READER, *in dark draperies, or college gown, comes before the curtain and reads.*

READER.

The Present is the Past.
Out from life's ages dim
Come visions of the common life of long ago,
And flitting dreams of freedom's fluttering robes.
These vague dreams quicken life.
Restless men walk the earth,
Seeking anew that lost ideal,
Until they land upon a wild strange shore.
And here unfolds a series of events

That brings a nation into being.
[READER *goes to right and the curtain opens.*]

SCENE I

GENETASKA *is shading her eyes. She turns to* SPIRIT OF A NATIONAL IDEAL *in exultation.*

GENETASKA. 'Tis true! My white brothers come. [*Turning in the direction of the approaching group.*] See! They are landing on the shore. Who are these brothers, Spirit? [*The* SPIRIT *smiles understandingly, but motions the maid to watch and welcome the group.* GENETASKA *raises her arm in salutation as the group enters. They plant the English flag and take a pose of worship. Four* PILGRIMS *make up the company. One carries a large Bible, and one a flag. Two of them are men and two are women. The four go toward the front, a little to the left of center, and form a tableau. As they enter, the chorus should sing one or two stanzas of "The Breaking Waves Dashed High." The group holds the tableau throughout the rest of the scene.*]

SCENE II

When the chorus finishes the song, GENETASKA, *who has been gazing wonderingly off left, touches the* SPIRIT *on the shoulder and points in the direction in which she has been gazing. Then she raises her arm in salutation to the group about to enter, lowering it when the first of the group appears. The* SPIRIT *speaks to her.*

SPIRIT. These are your warrior chiefs, and in exchange for furs of fox and bear they bring you gleaming, glittering, colorful beads. [*The group, two* HOLLANDERS *and one* INDIAN CHIEF, *enter and cross behind the Pilgrim group to left background, and form a tableau. Music from*

either Dutch or Indian folk music should be played during the entrance.]

Scene III

When the Dutch group are in tableau, the strains of "The Campbells Are Coming" are heard, and three Scots *enter, two with axes and one with a staff. They walk as conquerors and assume a pose of conquest while they finish singing the song. No doubt the Scotch immigrants did not wear the typical Highland costumes when they landed in America, but if bright plaids, or even the regular Scotch Highlander costumes are obtainable, they will add much color and attractiveness to the tableau. In tableau, the man with the staff should seem to lead, and the others should follow, clearing the land. At the close of the song,* Genetaska *turns to the* Spirit.

Genetaska. This is a sturdy race. Listening to your voice, they will cross the high mountains, conquer the wilderness and build their frontier homes far in the west.

Scene IV

Seeing the Quaker *group who are about to enter,* Genetaska *turns to the* Spirit *and speaks.*

Genetaska. And still more white brothers come.

Spirit [*nodding in assent*]. These will be your brothers in all truth. These Quaker chiefs will sit as friends around your council fires and smoke with you the pipe of peace. [*The group, an* Indian Chief *and a* Quaker, *returning* Genetaska's *salute, enter, and take a position at right center. The* Indian, *in tableau is offering a pipe to the* Quaker, *who stands looking at the pipe with his hand raised to accept it. Indian folk music, which may be se-*

lected from Vol. II of Folk Songs of Many Peoples, *is played during the scene.*]

Scene V

Spirit [*pointing off-stage*]. See, others come. They too have heard my voice.

Genetaska [*as group enters*]. My friend and brother, William Penn, has spread abroad fair tales of his new colony! From the Netherlands and old France men leave their homes to seek these shores and raise great smiling fields of corn. [*Raising her arm in salute.*] 'Tis good. [*She watches the group as they come front, right, in pantomime action, as if clearing the land. Music should be played softly. The group now hold this relationship:*

Back

Scotch — Quakers

Right — *Left*

Genetaska

French — Pilgrims — Spirit

Dutch

Front

[*At the close of the music, the* Spirit *turns to the audience and says:*]

And so 'twas given birth.
[*She turns then to the groups in the tableau and addresses them.*]
While yet in infancy,
O children strong,
Cast off the monarch's yoke;
Found a republic!
Lay the foundations of a nation
That is to be!

[*The* SPIRIT *raises her hands to bless the group and the curtain falls as the chorus sings the third stanza of "America the Beautiful."*]

II

OUR FIRST ADOPTED CITIZENS

1850-1890

READER *comes before the curtain and reads from a scroll:*

The nineteenth century dawned,
And ushered in an hour of strife.
As nimbus clouds amass,
The germs of freedom grew;
Its lightning zigzagged across the world;
And rumbles of revolt
Filled all the earth.

[READER *goes to right, ready to read the description of the coming scenes, and the curtain opens upon Scene I. In the background, watching for the next followers of her voice, stands* SPIRIT OF A NATIONAL IDEAL.]

READER. The German people, oppressed and often exiled, were among the first to seek a haven in the new republic. Crossing the eastern mountain ranges, they sought the villages of the Middle West, where soon they built up small and prosperous farms.

SCENE I

Enter three GERMANS, *while the chorus sings "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God." They cross to center-back and take a position somewhat as follows: The man in the center of the group has a hoe upon which he is leaning*

dejectedly; the woman in front is pulling at his sleeve encouraging him to go forward with her, while the woman on his right, with one hand on his shoulder, is also urging him to go forward and see what lies ahead. (The pose should be slightly in profile.)

Scene II

Reader. Farther west the peoples of the Scandinavian race plowed the plains and planted them with wheat. [*Enter two* Scandinavians *while the chorus sings a harvest song.* (*See Vol. II of* Folk Songs of Many Peoples.) *From the shoulders of the men are slung sowers' bags; the men cross in front of the German group and take a position on their left, in a tableau of sowing. The man on the left has his hand partially in his bag to get another handful of wheat; his partner, a little back, is sowing the grain.*]

Scene III

Reader. The Danes have also sought this land. Huge dairy farms, with improved herds, bear testimony to their hard work and worth. [*Enter three* Danes, *one man and two women. The chorus sings a Danish folk song. They cross to right and take a pose suggestive of a milking scene. The man is slightly bent, as if to lift a pail from the ground; the girls, to his right, are pouring from a pail into an imaginary jar. About the only way to secure a successful pose is to try several positions, to see which one conveys the most meaning and at the same time is unified with the other units of the picture. All three groups hold their poses, while the chorus sings the second stanza of "America the Beautiful," beginning, "Oh, beautiful for pilgrim feet." The curtain closes after the first three or four lines.*]

III

OUR PRESENT ADOPTED CITIZENS

READER.

It is the present,
And to the promised land
Come Celts, the Slavs, and people
Of the swarthy Latin race.
They build new homes,
But not in green and smiling fields.
Their lives are lived
Amid the city's grime;
And from the labor of their hands
The rich store up vast wealth.

[READER *goes again to right, in front of the curtain, which opens to disclose* SPIRIT OF A NATIONAL IDEAL *in the background.*]

SCENE I

READER. Gay and light-hearted, the Italians come, seeking a new and larger life. Although their livelihood is earned by hard work in small and dingy stores or in large and noisy factories, they cling tenaciously to their heritage of music and of art. [*Enter four* ITALIANS. *The first carries a musical instrument, an accordion if possible, and the three others carry trays of fruit on their shoulders. If they can sing in quartet, they sing "Santa Lucia" as they go to the center of the stage. The three fruit-bearers are slightly behind the leader while the group finishes the song. If they cannot sing in quartet it will be better to have the chorus give this music. The Italians hold the position when the song is finished.*]

READER. From southwestern Europe come the people

from the Slavic race—the Russians, Serbs, and Poles. They mine our coal, lay miles of railroad beds, or, in the furnace heat, work on the molten steel. [*Enter two* POLES, *the chorus singing, "Poland's Glory Will Not Vanish," as they cross back of the Italians, to left. The first man carries a spade, and the second a bar of steel. The man with the spade takes a pose as if digging; his partner waits to lay the bar of steel.*]

SCENE II

READER. For many years the persecuted Jews have sought our shores, where they have built themselves into the country's economic life; and as our scholars, authors, dramatists, have brought an offering to the nation's art. [*Enter three* JEWS, *two of them carrying books. The hidden choir sings the last stanza of "When Wilt Thou Save the People?" from* 110 Community Songs. *They take a position at right. The man in the center is the teacher, and in pose points out a passage in the book carried by the third man. All three hold the position as the chorus sings the last stanza of "America the Beautiful."*]

[CURTAIN]

IV

THE POSSIBLE FUTURE

"And Understanding Shall Light the Way"

SCENE I

Enter SPIRIT OF A NATIONAL IDEAL *with a triumphant bearing, her face illumined with happiness. She speaks to the audience.* READER *is standing right front, just back of the footlights.*

SPIRIT.

At last my dream has been fulfilled,
And in America's wide shores
The peoples of all lands and races live.
They came here seeking freedom for their hands,
For minds and hearts unbound by man-made law.
They came to find a home, and wide, clear skies,
And enter into this vast family.
I shall abide with them forever.

[READER *steps slightly forward to draw attention to herself and speaks.*]

READER.

Indeed, O Spirit, men are living here
And working side by side to win their bread;
But not yet is your dream a living thing,
For there is hate and ignorant selfishness,
And prejudice that makes men proudly blind.
Here, where you would have brotherhood prevail,
The races live in bitter scorn and fear.
Some little children scarcely know the sun
Because of long work-hours in poverty.
There's class division, and dire want, and greed.
And you must see them all that you may know.

[*Enter, left, a* JAPANESE *group, man, woman, and a child or two, carrying baskets of vegetables and hoes and rakes. A little market cart loaded with truck produce would be very appropriate. They group themselves at right front, with the children nearest the audience.*]

READER.

This Oriental, from his island home
In teeming, little, sea-hemmed-in Japan,
Came to our shores,
His own land, crowded to its shores
With people struggling for their sustenance,
Availed no place to live in happiness.

To us he came and settled on the land
And made a prosperous home in the far west.
But now, because his race is not as ours,
And through his thrifty, sacrificing toil
He earns success,
He is despised and feared and ostracized.

[*Enter, right, three small, pale* CHILD LABORERS, *carrying dinner pails. Their clothing is very poor and ragged and their faces are dirty. They walk hesitantly and self-consciously across the stage to left-front, slightly toward the center. During the following moments the* SPIRIT *becomes progressively less happy, but she does not speak until the last entrant's reception startles her into action.*

READER.

These little children are from cotton mills
Where through long hours they work for a pittance,
While other children have so many toys and clothes,
They cannot but feel these working boys and girls
Are of some bad-dream world they do not know.

[*When* READER *says, "while other children," a well dressed little boy and girl enter from the other side and approach the poor children curiously, but will not go very near them. They stare at each other wonderingly—the poor children showing bitter envy, while the rich boy and girl feel ill-concealed distaste. Enter a well dressed* BUSINESS MAN, *a "captain of industry," while from the other side come two* DAY LABORERS *and a poorly dressed* WORKING GIRL. *The girl sinks wearily down on the bench at the back with some of the older settlers, who regard her with suspicion. The capitalist and the laborer stare at each other distrustfully, pass each other in crossing to opposite sides of the stage, pause, look back at each other malignantly and stand at opposite ends of the bench, a bit forward, glaring.*]

READER.

Perhaps more truly than in any realm
These groups who make and sell our nation's wealth
In offices, in mills, in mines, and stores,
Are brothers, working toward a common end.
If one should fail in his appointed task,
The other one would suffer—yet you see
That fear and hatred keep them far apart,
That neither knows the other longs for friendliness.

[*Some of the older settlers and the working girl have sat down upon the bench, and at this point a* NEGRO BOY (*or* GIRL) *enters and sits down with them. They get up at once and move hastily away from the newcomer. The* SPIRIT *starts forward in dismay and cries.*]

SPIRIT. Oh, my children!

READER.

I do not wonder that you start and cry
To see such want of brother love displayed;
To know that they have not as yet perceived
All men are of one blood, one family,
With common joys and sorrows and defeats.

[*The* SPIRIT *turns to the group in appeal.*]

SPIRIT.

People! You are all my wayward little children.
Come, welcome these oppressed to your vast lands;
Release these children; workmen, join your hands;
And all of you find room and love, and take
The contribution this man longs to give.

[*Referring to the* NEGRO. *The* SPIRIT *turns to each group as she delivers this entreaty; but the older settlers draw closer together and away from the newcomers; the capitalist regards the laborers scornfully, while the laborer looks with hate at the capitalist; the little children, huddled together near the floor, gaze dismally around, but find no champion. A dramatic pause ensues, during*

which there is complete silence. The SPIRIT *seems defeated, for her head sinks upon her bosom and her whole attitude indicates despair. After a bit she again draws herself up for a final appeal.*]

SPIRIT.

America, will you, too, drive me on?
Have you forgotten the ideals that quickened people's hearts
When first they sought these shores?
Have you forgotten the different races that fought as one
And founded this republic?
America, I look across your land,
Ordained to brotherhood and service,
And I see childhood debased.
On every side, I hear intolerance' voice
Mouthing insidious lies on creed,
On thought, on race.
Class division and racial pride
Are building deadly walls
Of hate and strife, unless I still intolerance' voice.
What can I do? for Justice and Goodwill
Are not enough!
[*She pauses, as if in puzzled concern.*]
Can Understanding vivify the dream?
She must, else time will wrap it round in gray forgetfulness.
[*Calling.*]
Ho, Understanding, come!
[*From back of the audience, down the center aisle, comes* SPIRIT OF UNDERSTANDING *carrying an unlighted lamp. She is attended by* JUSTICE *and* GOODWILL, *who are recognized by the symbols they carry—*JUSTICE, *blindfolded, carrying the symbolic scales,* GOODWILL *bearing a green branch. They come down the center aisle in this formation:*]

1 Understanding, in white, holding aloft a lamp.

2 Goodwill, in rich blue.

3 Justice, in red.

[*The music is from the Tannhäuser chorus. The processional goes to center-front and, crossing alternately by groups right and left, goes to either side and up onto the stage.* UNDERSTANDING *then speaks to the* SPIRIT.]

UNDERSTANDING.

Long have I felt the need and waited to be called.
Again would I light my lamp.
Come, Love, and bring your never-failing torch.

[LOVE, *in pale crocus-yellow, enters carrying a rosy but brightly burning torch. From this the lamp is lighted, and* UNDERSTANDING *holds it aloft while she speaks.*]

UNDERSTANDING.

Wherever groups shall come together,
These rays shall pierce class hate and racial pride,
And light the way to brotherhood and service.

SPIRIT. Go forth and shed the light. [LOVE *and* UNDERSTANDING *turn to leave the stage and are joined by the figures of* GOODWILL *and* JUSTICE. *At the top of the steps* UNDERSTANDING *raises her lamp slightly higher and speaks to the audience.*]

UNDERSTANDING.

It is the Present.
We have come to you,
And brought our light of understanding.
We would be your guests,
Lighting your hours of study and talk.
Lighting your hours of play and dreams.
If we are welcome here
Arise and softly sing "America the Beautiful"—
Your prayer for national greatness—
Greatness, not through armies, commerce, wealth,
But through your ideals of brotherhood and service.

[*While the song is being sung, the processional divides and goes to right and left, down steps that lead to the audience* (UNDERSTANDING *followed by* JUSTICE, *leading off right,* LOVE, *followed by* GOODWILL, *leading off left*), *and meet in the center aisle. The people who have built America fall into line, following the four leaders.*]

[CURTAIN]

THE FESTIVAL OF YANKEE DOODLE *

By

SUE ANN WILSON

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CHARACTERS

PRINCIPALS

YANKEE DOODLE
SAFE } *festival directors*
SANE }
SAFETY FIRST
LAW
ORDER
FLAPPER
FLIPPER
CENSOR
ACCIDENT

GROUPS

LIBERTY BELLS } *leaders*
SKY ROCKETS }
FIRE CRACKERS, *song leaders*
CITIZENS
RELIGION
EDUCATION
SCIENCE
ART
FARM
HOME (*family*)
INDUSTRY
COMMERCE
BLUE LAWS
FOLLIES
PLAY
FUTURE CITIZENS
BOMBS

THE FIREWORKS

(NOTE: The Fireworks are in reality the program and may be printed exactly as follows.)

I. THE FUSE

Safe and Sane set off the Fireworks for Yankee Doodle and a glorious Fourth.

(NOTE: Show Yankee Doodle that you are wearing his feather and help him have the time of his life.)

II. FIRE CRACKERS

ROLL CALL

FIRST BUNCH—The Liberty Bells are rung and the Sky Rockets and Fire Crackers go off.

SECOND BUNCH—The Citizens assemble and greet Yankee Doodle. All give him a rousing welcome:

They say Yankee Doodle
He ain't got no style;
He has style all the while,
He has style all the while.
They say Yankee Doodle
He ain't got no style;
He has style all the while,
All the while, all the while!

THIRD BUNCH—Those who have planned and worked for the country show Yankee Doodle the result of their labors.

Oh, beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain—
America! America!
God shed his grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea.

Oh, beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears—
America! America!
God shed his grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea.*

III. TORPEDOES

MAKING THE FOURTH SAFE FOR YANKEE DOODLE

First Racket—Safety First gives a warning that members of the Black Hand are present with concealed explosives.

Second Racket—The Police Force is sent for and puts the offenders through the Third Degree.

Third Racket—Initiation into the citizenship of "Jolly Good Fellows."

Fourth Racket—The Follies start a Revolutionary Party and are promptly raided and censored by the Blue Laws.

Fifth Racket—Accident happens and Safe and Sane take charge of his reconstruction.

* "America the Beautiful," by Katharine Lee Bates.

IV. SET PIECES

CONSTRUCTING THE COMMUNITY WHEEL

First Consecration—With singing, Home is enshrined as the Hub.

Second Consecration—Citizens dance in comradeship before they take their places as Radiating Spokes.

Third Consecration—Industry, Farm and Commerce blend their efforts to form the Motive Power.

Fourth Consecration—

All is
"Controlled and tempered in its onward course
By the Divine that, circling, does impart
Religion, Education, Science, Art."

Fifth Consecration—All consecrate themselves to the Community and sing:

"My country, 'tis of Thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side,
Let freedom ring."

V. SKY ROCKETS

CARNIVAL

First Explosion—Play takes possession of the Festival.

BOMBARDMENT

Bombs of Greed, Intolerance, Untruth and Misunderstanding are hurled into the Community.

Second Explosion—The future Citizens rise to the emergency.

Oh, Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee.
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When Liberty's form stands in view;
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the Red, White and Blue.

Chorus

Three cheers for the red, white, and blue,
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the Red, White and Blue.

CALL TO PATRIOTISM

"I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the country for which it stands, one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

O say! can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.

O say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

THIRD EXPLOSION—The Revel.

[RECESSIONAL]

THE FESTIVAL OF YANKEE DOODLE

A large open field or a hall will best lend itself for the presentation of the festival. Arrangements should be made to seat the audience on at least three sides. The fourth side may be used by the audience or banked in by participants. Places should be reserved in front of the audience for the costumed groups. In the center of the field, with steps leading up to it, is a raised dais and on this, if possible, is a raised pedestal about 4 x 4 feet. Most of the action takes place around the dais. There should be four entrances at the corners of the field in order to give variety to the various entrances and exits.

When the admission fee is paid, the spectators are presented with a red, white and blue Yankee Doodle feather instead of a ticket, which they are compelled to wear by good-natured ushers (or Sky Rocket Girls) *before they are allowed to enter the field. This emblem gives a touch of uniformity which draws the audience into the spirit of the occasion and starts them off in festival mood.*

Before the festival starts, the school children who portray the Future Citizens *enter and take their places at one end of the field ready to participate later in the performance. This entrance should be made as quietly as possible so as not to attract attention. The boys are dressed in white blouses and the girls in white dresses and all wear red, white and blue sashes across their chests and Yankee Doodle feathers attached to head bands.*

If it is possible to obtain a person to play the part of

YANKEE DOODLE *who is witty and can improvise suggestions and remarks as the action develops, a great deal of impromptu fun can be created. A person with a good voice, who is well known and popular in the community, is ideal.*

I. THE FUSE

The band strikes up "Yankee Doodle" and a man dressed in fantastic costume enters on a donkey and ambles across the festival field. As he nears the dais, two people, SAFE *and* SANE, *also in fantastic costume, who have entered from the opposite side, rush forward and stop him.*

SAFE. Stop! Don't you know this is the Fourth of July?

YANKEE DOODLE. Well, I ought to. Let's see, I am ..... years old to-day. (Subtract 1776 from the current year.) This is my birthday.

SANE. ..... years old! Who are you?

YANKEE DOODLE. I'm Yankee Doodle, the fellow who started all the rumpus.

SAFE [*apologetic but excited*]. Oh, Yankee Doodle, we didn't recognize you. We have been so busy taking the fire out of fire crackers.

YANKEE DOODLE. May I be so bold as to ask who are you and who gave you permission to interfere with my celebrations?

SANE. This is Safe [*indicating the partner*] and I am Sane and we have been appointed to take charge of your birthday celebration.

SAFE. Now that you are here, I think you ought to stay and celebrate with us.

SANE. But you will have to dispose of that donkey. It has kicks in its heels and they might go off.

YANKEE DOODLE [*dismounting*]. Some one is always taking the joy out of life. When I was young we enjoyed a little noise—let people know we were alive. You should have heard the racket when I rang the Liberty Bell.

SAFE. We will show you our Liberty Bells and the racket we recommend and will let you decide whether or not you like it. There is just one thing to remember—we are all here for a good time.

SANE [*indicating the audience*]. Here are a lot of your friends all wearing your feather. [*Turning and addressing the audience.*] Folks, shall we show Yankee Doodle a good time? [*Cries of "Yes, yes," "You bet," and so on, from the audience.*]

SAFE. Let's ring the Liberty Bells and touch off the Sky Rockets and Fire Crackers.

II. FIRE CRACKERS

ROLL CALL

FIRST BUNCH

With a shout the LIBERTY BELLS, *followed by the* SKY ROCKETS, *come dancing in from entrances No. 1 and No. 2. These are the* MARSHALS, *the trained leaders of the performance, who help to direct the groups on the field. They execute a rollicking dance to the tune of "The Jumping Jack," dancing down the sides of the field. At the same time the* FIRE CRACKERS, *who are the song leaders, enter (No. 1 and No. 2). The latter perform a military drill during the dance, at the end of which they march to their places at regular intervals around the field and facing the audience, ready to lead the singing. The* LIBERTY BELLS *and* SKY ROCKETS, *at the end of the dance, go to previously assigned entrances ready to lead the Grand March which follows.*

During the dance YANKEE DOODLE *begins to get excited*

and by the end is dancing and waving to the MARSHALS.

YANKEE DOODLE. If the rest is like this, I'm converted.
SAFE. Here come a lot of your old friends.

SECOND BUNCH

The orchestra strikes up "The Stars and Stripes Forever" and there enter (entrances No. 3 and No. 4) groups of people, dressed in Colonial, Quaker, Dutch, French, Scotch or other national costumes, led by the SKY ROCKETS, *who march with the groups, and directed by the* LIBERTY BELLS *on the field. (It is recommended that groups of foreign-born in their national costumes be recruited for these* CITIZENS.)

Under the direction of the RECREATIONAL LEADER, *the* CITIZENS *perform a Grand March with much shouting and fun.* YANKEE DOODLE *can call out greetings to the groups or individuals as they pass the dais. At the end they are led to their places around the field in front of the audience, where they are seated ready for later participation.*

SAFE. Let's all give a song to greet Yankee Doodle. "They say Yankee Doodle he ain't got no style." I'll say he has. What do you say? [*All, including the audience, led by the* FIRE CRACKERS *start singing "Style all the While." As they finish* YANKEE DOODLE *speaks.*]

YANKEE DOODLE. Thanks, comrades! I gave you the best land there is ..... years ago. What have you done for it?

SAFE. We will show you.

THIRD BUNCH

There is a roll of drums, and groups representing RELIGION, EDUCATION, ARTS, *and* SCIENCE *enter, led by some*

LIBERTY BELLS. *The procession marches past the dais and to the seats reserved for them, all singing "America the Beautiful." Following these symbolic groups are four others representing* HOME, FARM, COMMERCE, *and* INDUSTRY, *who take their places in front of the first four groups.*

The first four groups are dressed in symbolic costumes in pastel shades, the second four in symbolic or realistic costumes, as desired. The groups should be costumed in mass colors complimentary to each other and arranged to carry out a definite color scheme. Care should be taken in seating these groups. If banked on one side, which is most practical, the color scheme should be so arranged as to form a pleasing background to the action of the festival. Each group should carry individual or group emblems of the subject it represents. If a very elaborate production is desired these groups may be presented on floats in symbolic or occupational tableaux. These, however, are expensive and difficult to execute.

III. TORPEDOES

MAKING THE FOURTH SAFE FOR YANKEE DOODLE

FIRST RACKET

SAFE. Friends, we invited you all here for a good time but did not know that we were to be honored by this gentleman. [*Addressing* YANKEE DOODLE.] Sir, will you please introduce yourself? [YANKEE DOODLE *responds by singing "Yankee Doodle Doo" and all, led by the* FIRE CRACKERS, *join in the chorus. Just as he finishes, a person fantastically dressed runs in and calls "Stop." His headdress is made of a large device on which is printed "Stop" and in each hand he carries a similar device on which are the words "Look" and "Listen."*]

YANKEE DOODLE. Well, who are you and why are you stopping the fun?

SAFETY FIRST. I am Safety First.

YANKEE DOODLE. I am glad to meet you, Safety First. Let me introduce you to Safe and Sane. You three ought to be good friends. Come, let's all join in the celebration.

SAFETY FIRST [*excitedly holding up a hand*]. Stop! Look! Listen! [*Mysteriously.*] I have received an inside tip that there are people present with concealed weapons and bombs, and that they will break up the party if you do not capture them. Safety First!

YANKEE DOODLE. Gracious, we can't have that. Who and where are they? [SAFETY FIRST *calls off the names of some of the prominent citizens seated in the audience. The* SKY ROCKETS *and* LIBERTY BELLS *are sent to find them and lead them to the dais, during cheers and songs of the crowd, such as, "Look at ——, say, don't he look swell," and so on. Each one either carries a queer bundle or has some package protruding from a pocket, which have been placed in their hands and pockets by the* MARSHALS *who led them on the field. One leads on a goat. When they are all lined up near the dais* YANKEE DOODLE *calls out.*]

SECOND RACKET

YANKEE DOODLE. Send for the Police Force. [*At this command* SAFE *blows a police whistle, and immediately two men, one very tall and thin, the other short and very fat, enter riding a bicycle (a tandem bicycle if possible) and ringing a tiny bicycle bell. They are dressed fantastically to represent* LAW AND ORDER. *When they reach the dais they dismount, come to attention very formally and salute* YANKEE DOODLE.]

LAW AND ORDER [*in unison*]. Did you send for us?

YANKEE DOODLE. I sent for the Police Force. Who are you?

LAW AND ORDER [*in unison*]. We are Law [*the fat one bows formally*] and Order [*the thin one bows*].

YANKEE DOODLE [*skeptically but awed*]. Glad to meet you. We have a special case for you. We understand that these men are carrying concealed weapons. Will you please search them and see what you can do to make respectable citizens of them?

LAW. We will put them through the third degree. [*They begin to examine the men with mock severity and take the bundles away from them. These are found to contain pet hobbies, jokes, and so on, which are labeled and held up so all may see. They are greeted with shouts and groans from* MARSHAL, FIRE CRACKERS *and* AUDIENCE. NOTE: *The hobbies and jokes may be large sheets of paper lettered with names or signs which tell what the individual is interested in or noted for. It is wise to place the preparation of this in the hands of a small, influential committee who know the personal or civic eccentricities of those who are to be called. They also secure a promise from them that they will be present at the performance and willing to take an impromptu part. All the plans are, however, kept absolutely secret. Care must be taken that the jokes are neither too personal nor unkind, so as not to hurt nor anger those chosen. Some one sees the goat.*]

SAFE. Mr. —— has his goat with him.

ORDER. Take it outside and tie it.

THIRD RACKET

LAW *and* ORDER *now proceed to put the offenders through a foolish game (such as "Simon Says"; "Beast, Bird, Fish"; "I See a Ghost"—see "Ice Breakers," by Edna Geister). At the end of the game* SAFETY FIRST *presents each with a Yankee Doodle feather, saying that they have qualified and are now members of the order of "Jolly Good Fellows." The* LIBERTY BELLS

and Sky Rockets *lead them informally back to their places while the audience, led by the* Fire Crackers, *sings "For They Are Jolly Good Fellows."*

Fourth Racket

When the Jolly Good Fellows *have returned to their places the band strikes up a popular "jazz" tune and a group representing the* Follies *enter, leading a boy and girl (the* Flipper *and* Flapper*) of the teen age, in chains. The* Follies *may be represented by one or two large-sized children's autos propelled by youths in typical motor garb; several couples in exaggerated modern styles dancing the newest social dancing steps; some in extremely "loud" bathing suits; a girl dressed to represent a large powder puff; another, a mirror; one as a movie-machine; several as cigarettes, and so on. The* Flapper *and* Flipper*, in exaggerated summer sports costumes, are evidently enjoying the diversions. All are having a hilarious time.*

Yankee Doodle [*clapping his hands over his ears*]. What an infernal racket! [*The music stops and the various* Follies *try to teach the* Flapper *and* Flipper *to dance, drive, swim, and so on.*]

Yankee Doodle. What is this? A new system of gymnastics?

Safety First. Looks like a modern revolution.

Yankee Doodle. Well, I think it looks as if we should have to do something to make the country safe for the young. Safe and Sane, can't you reason with them?

Safety First. Don't bother, here come the Censor and all his Blue Laws. [*A group dressed in long blue slips with large books for heads enter, led by a man dressed in the fashion of the oft-cartooned missionary. He has an enormous magnifying glass in his hand with which he seems to be hunting for footprints in detective manner. At*

last he picks up the trail of the Follies, *who, when they see him advance, try to escape. After a short pursuit they are overtaken, surrounded by the* Blue Laws *and captured. Each is submitted to a close scrutiny under the magnifying glass. In severe mock-trial manner each is criticized and condemned and put in the custody of a* Blue Law. *The chains are removed from* Flapper *and* Flipper *and put on the* Follies. Censor *now takes the two crestfallen young people by the hands and starts to lead them off, triumphantly followed by the* Blue Laws, *each leading a captive.* Safety First *is evidently quite elated and takes pride in "Major-Domo-ing" the procession.*]

Sane [*suddenly getting excited and rushing up to* Yankee Doodle]. Hey! Stop!! [*The procession stops.*] Yankee Doodle, you can't take all the fun out of the life of youth and expect it to be interested in dusty books. Look at Flapper and Flipper, how unhappy they are. Let's be sane about this.

Yankee Doodle. That is right. This will never do. Censor, you have finished your job; now it's up to us.

Safe. Invite them to your party and show them a regular good time.

Yankee Doodle. Right-o. Bring them here. [Safe *and* Sane *quickly go and get* Flapper *and* Flipper *and lead them to the dais. Their spirits quickly revive with the change of plans. To the "Cripple's March" or a funeral march the procession exits. The* Liberty Bells *and* Sky Rockets *follow, mockingly, and* Yankee Doodle *and* Flapper *and* Flipper *wave a happy farewell.*]

Fifth Racket

During the previous excitement a small red person has made its entrance and when the field is clear there is a sudden flare of flame.

Yankee Doodle. This certainly beats the Battle of Bunker Hill! Now what has happened? Safe!

SAFE [*running up to the small individual*]. Accident!

YANKEE DOODLE. Accident?

SANE [*joining* SAFE]. He didn't know it was loaded.

SAFETY FIRST [*excitedly jumping up and down*]. I told you so.

YANKEE DOODLE. Don't say, "I told you so"! *Do* something.

SAFETY FIRST. Educate him! Educate him!

YANKEE DOODLE [*groans*]. How, now that he's happened?

SANE. There is some of him left for another time. We'll show him who his neighbors are.

SAFE. And how to have a good time with them without playing with fire.

YANKEE DOODLE. Fine, bring him up here. I am sure he is acquainted with Flapper and Flipper. But can't we have that party before anything else happens?

IV. SET PIECES

CONSTRUCTING THE COMMUNITY WHEEL

FIRST CONSECRATION

ACCIDENT *joins* FLAPPER *and* FLIPPER *at the dais and* YANKEE DOODLE *takes his place on the pedestal. The* SKY ROCKETS *go to their assigned groups ready to assist them with the activities which follow. The* LIBERTY BELLS *take their places on the field.* SAFE, *who has mounted the dais, addresses* YANKEE DOODLE *and the audience.*

SAFE.

Attend, and you the wheel shall see
Constructed here, of your community.
First—Home, the guardian of our common life,
Safe refuge from the world of strife,
To form the hub we see enshrined.

Then radiating spokes, combined
From folk of many nations into citizens
Of one. Industry, Farm or Commerce subtly blends
An unseen motive power into a mighty force,
Controlled and tempered in its onward course
By the Divine, that, circling, does impart
Religion, Education, Science, Art.
And now and then is Play enrolled
A joyous friend of young and old.
So stay, and in imagination see
The pictured wheel of your community.

[*As* SAFE *finishes, the* HOME GROUP *starts singing "Home, Sweet Home" and as it does the Group advances slowly and in stately fashion and takes its place on the dais in tableau, grouping around* YANKEE DOODLE. *This group may be dressed in orange-brown tones and composed of such units as a young father and mother and baby; an old man leaning on the arm of a young girl; a youth with a scythe; boys with sheaves of wheat; girls with baskets of fruit or water jugs; an older woman with a distaff; gray-haired woman and children, and so on. From such a group a very pleasing tableau may be formed. During this incident and those which follow,* ACCIDENT, FLAPPER, *and* FLIPPER *may be seated inconspicuously on the edge of the dais.* SAFE *and* SANE *are on the field to direct the activities.*]

SECOND CONSECRATION

When HOME *is in place the orchestra strikes up a folk dance tune and the* CITIZENS *tumble on to the field from all sides and form into sets, and then dance an American folk dance—the Virginia Reel. At the end they march to the dais in radiating lines and each set forms a spoke of the wheel.*

It is wise to have a Liberty Bell *responsible for each set.*

Third Consecration—A

The Commerce Group, *dressed like crusaders, now noisily take possession of the field and play a game of competition. Straddle Ball relay will be found to be suitable for this. If there are enough participants in this group, two games may be played at the same time, one on each side of the dais. As much excitement and competition as possible should be aroused. This may be accomplished by having the* Sky Rockets *cheer and root for the different teams. At the end of the game, after the victors have been acclaimed,* Commerce *takes its place within the sectors of the wheel between the spokes.*

Third Consecration—B

As soon as the field is cleared, the band strikes up a dance tune and the Farm Group *continues the action and executes a Milk Maid's Dance or Barn Dance. To harmonize, the general color scheme of this group may be yellow-brown and olive. Brown overalls and farmers' hats will give the effect for the boys and dresses of yellow with garden hats for the girls.*

At the end of the dance they go to their places within the spokes.

Third Consecration—C

When the Farm Group *is in place the* Industry Group, *dressed in gray-blue smocks over overalls, advance and form into lines for the Tug-of-War, symbolizing not only the competition and struggle of forces in our industrial life but the necessity of pulling together in*

true team work to achieve successful results. (Local fire companies are usually willing to take part in this group and it is therefore easy to have enough for two preliminary tugs and then have the two victorious teams pull against each other. Much excitement will result, for the audience will have its favorites.)

When this is over the captain of the victorious team is borne aloft on the shoulders of his comrades and the other teams form for a snake dance, in college-boy fashion acclaiming the victors. They all dance to their places within the wheel amid shouts and snatches of songs.

Fourth Consecration

The wheel is complete with the exception of the "rim," and this is formed by the groups representing Religion, Education, Art *and* Science, *who now advance and, with a plastic dance to the "Humoresque," circle round the center grouping. This dance may be very effective if executed by young girls in draped "Greek" costumes of pastel shades.*

Fifth Consecration

When all are in place, the wheel formation is held and all, including the audience led by the Fire Crackers, *join in singing "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."*

V. SKY ROCKETS

carnival

First Explosion

As the last strains of the anthem die away, a Play Group, *dressed in parti-colored jester costumes of yellow and*

black, burst in from two entrances and form into a circle. If there are enough, two circles may be formed, otherwise one large circle. They dance a rollicking folk dance, such as the "Carrousel," with much abandon.

BOMBARDMENT

At the height of the fun there is a sudden explosion, followed by others, and from different entrances queer black figures run in and attack the WHEEL. *These represent the* BOMBS *of* GREED, INTOLERANCE, UNTRUTH, *and* MISUNDERSTANDING *which have been hurled to disrupt the* COMMUNITY. PLAY *is terrified and retreats to the protection of* RELIGION, EDUCATION, ART, *and* SCIENCE, *who try to combat the onslaught, but during the dance of chaos they are forced to shrink back and huddle with the others around the dais. The dance (of Indian war-dance type) grows wilder, and groans and cries for help burst from the* COMMUNITY.

Unobserved, a group has taken the place of YANKEE DOODLE *on the central pedestal. This group represents a father with covered eyes standing helpless beside a mother who holds aloft her baby. (This is the father, mother and child of the* HOME GROUP.) *The dance suddenly ceases and in the silence the cry of the child is heard.*

SECOND EXPLOSION

The cry is immediately answered by a clear bugle call sounding the "Charge" and beside the bugler, who is standing with the children, the FUTURE CITIZENS, *a large American flag is unfurled. The* FUTURE CITIZENS *rise and advance in a procession, singing "Columbia the Gem of the Ocean," preceded by the flag, which is carried to the center of the group on the pedestal and, held by* YANKEE DOODLE, *waves triumphantly over all. The* BOMBS, *defeated, are driven off,*

slinking before the steady tread of the advancing children. The FUTURE CITIZENS *form a large circle around the field, facing the dais. At the advance of the flag those who form the* COMMUNITY WHEEL *revive and turn their faces toward the center where the flag waves.*

As the children reach their places in circle formation and the song ends, all on the field, led by YANKEE DOODLE, *come to attention and pledge allegiance to the flag:*

"I pledge allegiance to my flag, and to the country for which it stands, one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

Immediately all join in singing the "Star Spangled Banner." At the end of the anthem, led by the Colors and followed by YANKEE DOODLE, SAFE *and* SANE *and the* GROUPS *in order, marshaled by the* LIBERTY BELLS, *the procession marches off, singing, and the festival is over.*

PRODUCING SUGGESTIONS

COSTUMES

YANKEE DOODLE: Typical "Uncle Sam" costume. A very tall high hat adorned with a large red, white and blue Yankee Doodle feather.

SAFE AND SANE: Represent large life-size stars, one gold, the other silver. The top point and two "leg" points form the body part of the costume extending from the neck (the head rising above the point) to the ankles (the feet protruding from the lower points). Cut out of oilcloth or heavy unbleached muslin the shape of a large star. The two side points form the sleeves and should be cut separate and attached. Use radiator gilt or silver to paint the material. A large star, about a foot and a half high, forms the headdress. Cut this out of the same material as the costume and stitch

around all points, leaving an opening between the two lower points. This fits over the head like a cap and may be fastened to a tight headband to hold it in place. If thin material is used, the points will have to be wired. Paint to match the costume and wear shoes and stockings to match.

Safety First: A long straight white oilcloth slip forms the "dress." This is painted with black diagonal stripes, representing gates at railroad crossings. If worn over a white shirt or waist it will not need sleeves. The signs for the headdress and hands are made of palm leaf (circular) fans covered with white oilcloth, and painted on both sides with the words "Stop," "Look," "Listen" respectively. "Look" and "Listen" are carried in the hands; "Stop" is fastened to a head band.

Order: Order is represented by a policeman's nightstick. The costume is cut out of oilcloth or heavy unbleached muslin the size of the man who is to wear it. Cut two pieces, the large round part at the top, the small straight "handle" part at the feet. Stitch all around leaving an opening at the bottom for the feet. The costume is worn over the head and a small opening cut for the face. Cut slits for the arms and sew in tight brown paper-muslin sleeves. If the costume is not made of brown material, paint to represent wood. Order should carry a policeman's stick.

Law: A college gown may be borrowed or made out of black paper-muslin, to suggest a barrister's robe. A white wig can be made of cotton. Make a skull-cap from the leg of an old stocking. Cut the cotton batting long enough to reach from the top of the head to the shoulder. Sew firmly to the skull-cap, making a decided part in the middle. Turn up the ends at the neck so that they look like the roll of a barrister's wig, and baste. An enormous book is suspended by a tape around the neck and worn open or

the front of the body. This may be made of two pieces of cardboard about 3 x 1½ feet, fastened together for the back, and with sheets of wrapping paper pasted in for leaves. LAW refers to this book when points arise for his decision.

FLAPPER AND FLIPPER: Summer sports clothes according to the prevailing mode. Exaggerate in every possible way. For instance, if bobbed hair, earrings, short skirts, and so on, are the fashion, have the FLAPPER wear an enormous bobbed wig, very long earrings, very short skirt and sporty shoes and stockings. In like manner dress the FLIPPER in extremes. Details will depend on what is popular at the moment.

CENSOR: The effect of a cartooned missionary may be obtained by dressing the CENSOR all in black and having him wear a long frock coat, trousers short, black spats, tall "stove-pipe" hat (easily made of cardboard and painted), black gloves, large bow tie with long stiff ends and wing collar. A straight, long-haired wig made of crêpe hair and very bushy eyebrows will add to the general effect.

ACCIDENT: Make a short dark-blue jacket of paper-cambric like an Uncle Sam's coat with the tails cut off. It is easy to obtain a pattern of this. Make trousers of red paper-cambric. If made large at the waist, fitting and buttons may be eliminated by turning down a casing and running in an elastic. An old white shirt turned in around the neck will do for the waist. Tear off the legs of the trousers and sleeves of the coat at uneven and tattered lengths. Smudge coat and trousers with black. Also smudge face and hands. Make a large hexagonal pinwheel of laths, with spokes radiating from the center, and paint yellow. To the front and back of each spoke fasten a large flat red fire-cracker cut out of card-board. Use white tape for the fuse. This is fastened to the back of ACCIDENT by tapes which tie around the arms.

LIBERTY BELLS: Cut out a bell pattern, the top of which is as broad as a person's shoulders and length equal to that from the neck to below the knees. From this pattern cut out of oilcloth two pieces and sew up the sides, leaving openings for the arms at the rounded part of the top of the "bell." Cut a V-neck just large enough to allow the costume to be slipped over the head. Wire the lower edge with heavy wire. Make a "liberty" cap of oilcloth and bronze hat and dress with radiator bronze. Do not put sleeves in the costume. Bronze shoes and stockings may be worn though black will answer, as they give the appearance of the clapper, only be sure to have all the Bells wear the same color and type of shoes and stockings.

SKY ROCKETS: Over yellow paper-muslin bloomers wear a skirt of mosquito netting. This skirt is made of white mosquito netting in different lengths, the longest, knee-length. Gild the material with radiator gilt and cut into three-inch-wide strips. Over this wear another "skirt" made of strips of colored material or of oilcloth painted red, green, blue, and so on. Make a "jumper" waist of oilcloth, V-neck to slip over the head, and cut in points at the bottom. Cut front and back together, using fold of material for shoulder seam. Stitch up under arms, leaving opening for arms. The "jumper" should extend from shoulder to hips and be worn over the top of the skirt. Gild this and sprinkle with artificial snow before it dries. The headdress is made of a band of gilt oilcloth to which are sewed perpendicular pieces of hat wire of varying lengths. Have some at least a foot and a half tall. These are painted to match the colors of the top skirt and at the end of each is pasted a gold star. The latter may be bought by the box at a stationers.

FIRE CRACKERS: Cut a circle about two feet in diameter from white oilcloth. Cut a small circle in the center the size of the neck. Slit from small circle to edge (do

not cut through edge) to allow circle to be put on over head. To the edge sew a slip of "turkey red" long enough to reach from shoulders to ankles. Wire the edge with milliner's wire, which comes made of steel and has a little casing in which the ends fit so as to hold it in a circle. Make a large fire-cracker hat about a foot and a half high of white cardboard. Paint the sides bright red, leaving the top white. To the center of the top fasten a plaited strip of yellow crêpe paper to represent the fuse. If a band of "turkey red" is folded and sewed around the edge of the "stove pipe" that fits over the head it will make it much easier to keep the hat on.

It will take two widths of the "turkey red" to make the slip. In sewing this up, leave slits for the arms. These slits should come at the sides just below the wired edge of white oilcloth.

CITIZENS: If foreign-born groups take the parts of the CITIZENS have them wear their national costumes. Should it be necessary to costume some of the groups, use the typical Quaker, Colonial, Dutch, and so on, costumes.

RELIGION, EDUCATION, SCIENCE and ART: Make the costumes for these groups alike using different colors for them, that is: Religion, violet; Science, orange-yellow; Education, blue-green; Art, red-orange. Make the costumes of cheap white cheesecloth and dye them. A slip of two or two and a half widths should be made of the cheesecloth. Sew the widths together and leave slits for the arms. Gather on the shoulder seams, leaving a round opening for the gown to be slipped on over the head. The slip should hang straight to between knee and ankle. Over this drape mosquito netting dyed to harmonize with the dress. These overdrapes are oblong pieces, one for the front and one for the back. Tack along the neck and together on the shoulders on the long side of the material. The center of

the drape corresponds to the center of the neck. The points hang down on each side. The dress is banded at the neck with tape, gilded, and diagonal bands across the chest and back are fastened under the arms. Head fillets of tape gilded. The effect is a draped Greek gown.

FARM: The general color scheme of this group should be yellow-brown if the color scheme for the previous groups is carried out. For the girls make empire dresses of yellow paper-muslin, short waist, little puff sleeves, round neck with white pleated ruffle. Decorate the dress with brown leaves and flowers cut out of Dennison's flowered crêpe paper and pasted on. Wear white stockings and low black shoes. Big Five and Ten Cent Store garden hats decorated with flowers and tied down with ribbons to look like sun-bonnets add to the effect.

The men should wear brown overalls over white shirts which are turned down at the neck. They should also wear straw farmer hats. White tennis shoes will give a finish to the costume.

HOME: Tones of orange-brown varied with some costumes in the flat colors of orange, brown, and green should be used for the general color effect. Dress the girls in long gowns with girdles and long angel sleeves somewhat after the medieval fashions. Over the heads drape veils. These dresses may be made of unbleached muslin or cheesecloth dyed and the veils of mosquito netting dyed. Some of the children and young people should wear straight smocks of canton flannel or unbleached muslin dyed. Wreaths of leaves or flowers dress the heads. The men should also wear smocks over knee-length breeches and the legs should be bound with strips of material to match the costume. All wear sandals.

INDUSTRY: Blue overalls over white shirts, or, better yet, French peasant smocks worn over blue overalls. The

smocks may be made of gray-blue paper-muslin or unbleached muslin, dyed. Little peaked peasant hats should also be worn.

COMMERCE: This group will be effectively dressed as crusaders. The costumes consist mainly of coat and trousers made from a pajama pattern of burlap silvered with radiator silver. Shoes made like sleeping slippers of burlap and silvered are bound on by strips of turkey red which are wound up the legs. White gauntlet "cleaning" gloves may be purchased and silvered. The helmets are made out of the crowns of old derbies silvered. Around the head-band is sewed a piece of gray paper-muslin long enough to reach the neck and cut out in front, an elliptical opening, just large enough to show the face. Over the costume is worn a white surplice of cheesecloth, on the front of which is stitched a Maltese cross of turkey red.

BLUE LAWS: Make long slips of blue paper-muslin. Make large books of cardboard to be worn over the heads. Wear so that the covers run from front to back and the back of the book covers the face. Make slits for the wearer to see through. Gild the "edges" and paint "Blue Laws" on the sides. Wear a white ruff of mosquito netting around the neck.

FOLLIES: Auto racing togs will do for the AUTOISTS, extreme modern clothes for the DANCERS, bright bathing suits for the BATHERS. The POWDER-PUFF may be made on the style of a ballet dancer with tight-fitting waist and full tarlatan skirts, the top skirt of pink or blue. Puffs of white cotton can be fastened to the edges of the under skirts to look like down. To represent the MIRROR or vanity—a girl in extreme evening clothes with a very large mirror, which may be constructed from cardboard and silver paper, used for self-admiration and "prinking," will answer the purpose. A black paper-muslin slip with a head-dress made from a cardboard box to look like a MOVING-

PICTURE MACHINE and painted black will suggest the idea. There should be a handle attached to the side of the head-dress which the person may turn as if taking pictures. CIGARETTES may be made of white oilcloth,—straight slips, with red stove-pipe hats constructed somewhat like the Fire Crackers only not so large and the whole hat painted red. Other characters may be added to this group and costumed after original designs.

PLAY: A parti-colored jester costume made of black and orange paper-muslin makes this group effective. The waist may be made from a pajama coat pattern, making one side of both front and back orange, and one black, and the sleeves correspondingly different. Cut the lower edge in big points. Make bloomers having each leg different in color and also alternate to the colors of the jacket. A jester hat should be made which fits tightly around the face and is finished around the neck with a deep pointed collar fastened to the hat. Wear low black shoes and orange stockings. Sew bells on all the points.

FUTURE CITIZENS: To costume this group simply and inexpensively, the easiest way will be to have the girls all wear white and the boys white waists and dark trousers. Make sashes of Dennison's red, white, and blue paper, which comes in rolls. These sashes are worn across the chest from the shoulder to under the left arm. To a headband is attached a Yankee Doodle feather which each child wears.

BOMBS: Dress some in costumes made of black paper-muslin which gives the appearance of being round when done. Leave openings for the arms and legs. A full slip gathered at the neck and bottom and stuffed out with newspapers gives the effect. Make a tight skull-cap of red crêpe paper or paper-muslin with a long "tail" attached to the center to represent the fuse. Blacken face and hands.

Dress some in torn strips of red and yellow fastened to a foundation. Have long strips attached to the arms and shorter ones all the way down the legs. This may be made from red and yellow paper-muslin but better tones will be obtained from cheesecloth dyed. Dye cotton waste used to clean machinery a bright red and sew to a skull-cap. This should make an enormous porcupine-looking wig. The effect of these costumes against the black ones will be that of fire.

PROPERTIES

Yankee Doodle Feathers
Donkey
Large Cross (decorate with flowers)
Large Book
Lamp of Education
Scrolls
Paint Palettes
Old-fashioned Musical Instruments
Masks (Comedy and Tragedy)
Flower Wreaths
Scientific Instruments
    Telescope
    Compass
    Globe
Scythe
Sheaves of Grain
Market Baskets
Vegetables
Trays of Fruit
Flowers
Vases (water jars)
Picks
Shovels
Dinner Pails
Swords
"Look" } Signs
"Listen" }
Bundles (lettering)

Goat
Two Police Whistles
Tandem Bicycle
Police Night Stick
Child's Auto
Mirror
Magnifying Glass
Chains
Two Basket Balls
Ropes (for tug-of-war)
American Flag
Confetti
Streamers

MUSIC PLOT

I Overture—"Yankee Doodle"
Cue—*And touch off the Sky Rockets and Fire Crackers.*

II "Jumping-Jacks Jubilee"
(By A. B. Wood; published by Leo Feist, Inc., New York, N. Y.)
Cue—*Here come a lot of your old friends.*

III "The Stars and Stripes Forever"
(By Sousa)
Cue—*I'll say he has. What do you say?*

IV "Style All the While"
Cue—*We will show you.*

V "America the Beautiful"
(No. 5 in Twice 55 Community Songs)
Cue—*Sir, will you please introduce yourself?*

VI "Yankee Doodle Doo"
(No. 60 in Twice 55 Community Songs)
Cue—*Leading the Jolly Good Fellows back to their seats.*

VII "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow"
(No. 61 in Twice 55 Community Songs)
Cue—*End of "Jolly Good Fellow"*

VIII Popular "jazz" tune
Cue—*Right-o, Bring them here.*

IX "Cripple's March" (or any funeral march)
Cue—*The pictured wheel of your community.*

X "Home, Sweet Home"
(No. 23 in Twice 55 Community Songs)
Cue—*Home, in tableau group on dais.*

XI "Turkey in the Straw"
(No. 58 in Twice 55 Community Songs—"Old Zip Coon")

Cue—*End of game by Commerce and taking of their place in wheel.*

XII "Morning, Cy"
(By Bert Peters; published by Victor Kremer Co., Chicago)
Cue—*End of Tug-of-War and Industry in place.*

XIII "Humoresque"
(By Anton Dvorák—Op. 101, No. 7—Pub. Oliver Ditson Co., New York, N. Y.)
Cue—*End of dance of Religion, Education, and so on.*

XIV "America"
(No. 1 in Twice 55 Community Songs)
Cue—*Entrance of Play.*

XV "Carrousel"
(Folk dance—Swedish)
Cue—*End of dance.*

XVI Drums
Peer Gynt Suite, "In the Hall of the Mountain King"
(By Grieg, Pub. Oliver Ditson Co., New York, N. Y.)
Cue—*Cry of child.*

XVII Bugle call, "Charge"
"Columbia the Gem of the Ocean"
(No. 4 in Twice 55 Community Songs)
Cue—*With liberty and justice for all.*

XVIII "The Star Spangled Banner"
(No. 3 in Twice 55 Community Songs)

THOMAS JEFFERSON DAY

ABOVE ALL ELSE, LIBERTY *

A PLAY OF WASHINGTON'S TIME IN COLONIAL VIRGINIA

By

GEORGIA STENGER

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CHARACTERS

Patrick Henry, *member of the House of Burgesses, Virginia*
Rosina Shelton, *his sister-in-law*
Virginia Lee, *sister of* Richard Henry Lee *of the House of Burgesses*
Rebecca Burwell, Virginia's *intimate friend*
Mrs. Burwell, Rebecca's *mother*
Thomas Jefferson, *member of the House of Burgesses*
John Graham, *doorkeeper of the House*
Lord Dunmore, *His Majesty's Governor of the Colony of Virginia*
Lady Dunmore, *his wife*
{ Dr. John Connolly, *secret agent of* Lord Dunmore
{ The Princess Clarice, *refugee and exile from France*
Clochette, *maid at* Henry's *Williamsburg rooms, and spy for* Lord Dunmore
Herald
Messenger
Two Buglers and a Fiddler, *who supply music for the ballroom scene*
Ladies, *colonial and English sympathizers*
Gentlemen *of both colonial and royal sympathy*

Act I. Anteroom of the colonial House of Burgesses, in the Capitol at Williamsburg, Virginia.
Act II. The sitting-room of Henry's rooms at Williamsburg.
Act III. The anteroom to the ballroom at the Capitol.

ABOVE ALL ELSE, LIBERTY

ACT I

SCENE—*Anteroom or lobby outside the House of Burgesses, at Williamsburg, May, 1774.*

A door at the left leads into the House of Burgesses, now in session. Curtains cover this door, so that, in opening it to admit members, the interior is not visible. A door at the right leads out of the anteroom. At the rise of the curtain, JOHN GRAHAM, *an old man, bent and feeble, is discovered seated in an armchair by the closed door of the assembly room.*

Enter a GENTLEMAN, *right, without hat or gloves. He stops, centerstage, to adjust his neck and sleeve ruffles. He passes over and* GRAHAM *rises, bows, and opens the door. The* GENTLEMAN *passes through. A murmur is heard, as if from the room beyond.*

Pause (five seconds)

GRAHAM *sits, twirls his thumbs, and nods.*

Enter two GENTLEMEN, *right. They talk in pantomime, very seriously, and walk very slowly across the stage, gesturing with their hands, one accenting his words by striking his fist upon his palm.*

GRAHAM *rises, bows, and holds the door open. The* GENTLEMEN *go into the assembly room.*

Pause (five seconds)

GRAHAM *sits, twirls his thumbs more and more slowly, and nods again.*

Enter THOMAS JEFFERSON, *a young man of about thirty, handsome, debonair. He is dressed soberly, but in full colonial style. He finds* GRAHAM *asleep, slaps him on*

the back, laughs, nods, and laughs again. GRAHAM *rises in confusion, bows, and both cross stage to the door.* JEFFERSON *enters the assembly room.*

VOICES [*offstage*]. Question! Question! [GRAHAM *holds the door open, and listens.*]

VOICE. No! No!

VOICE. Mr. Speaker, I rise to—

VOICE. Order! [*The gavel is heard brought down with force.* GRAHAM *looks around, puts his hand to his ear, stoops and pushes the curtain aside, allowing sounds from offstage to come clearly to audience.*]

HENRY [*offstage*]. The passage of this infamous Stamp Act leaves no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free, if we wish to preserve inviolate these inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending; if we mean not basely to abandon the struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, we must fight. An appeal to arms and the God of Hosts is all that is left us. [*Confused murmurs of hisses and cheers are heard. The gavel sounds sharply.* GRAHAM *raises his hands in distress.*]

VOICE. Mr. Speaker, I rise— [*Gavel sounds.*]

ANOTHER VOICE. Mr. Henry has the floor.

HENRY [*offstage*]. I move that the following resolutions be placed before a committee appointed for the purpose: WHEREAS the honorable House of Commons in England— [*Enter two* GENTLEMEN, *right.* GRAHAM *drops the curtain and stands at the door waiting for them. They converse, backs to the audience, a few seconds in pantomime.*]

HENRY [*in clear tones*]. Resolved: that the taxation of the people themselves or by persons chosen to represent them, who only can know what taxes the people are able to bear, and the easiest way of raising them, and are equally affected by such taxes themselves, is the distin-

guishing characteristic of British freedom, and by which the ancient constitution cannot exist . . . [*The* GENTLEMEN *pause, listen, show interest, then consternation. They hurry to the door and pass in.* GRAHAM *shakes his head and stands five seconds at the door.*]

HENRY [*louder voice*]. Resolved, therefore, that the General Assembly of this colony have the only and sole exclusive right and power to lay taxes and impositions upon the inhabitants of this colony . . . [GRAHAM *shuts the door, draws the curtains carefully, then crosses to center-stage and raises his hands and eyes upward. Noise and confusion are heard offstage.* GRAHAM *tiptoes over and again opens the door.*]

VOICES [*in great confusion*]. The King, the King, God save the King!

HENRY. Mr. President, this is no time for ceremonies. The question before the house is one of awful moment to this country. For my own part I consider it as nothing less than a question of freedom or slavery, and in proportion to the magnitude of the subject ought to be the freedom of the debate. It is only in this way that we can hope to arrive at truth, and fulfill the great responsibility which we hold to God and our country. Should I keep back my opinions at such a time, through fear of giving offense, I should consider myself as guilty of treason towards my country, and of an act of disloyalty towards the majesty of Heaven, which I revere above all earthly kings. Mr. President, I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging the future but by the past . . . [*Voices and confusion. The gavel is heard again and again.*]

VOICE. Let Virginia wait a little. Let her wait for some signal of purpose from her sister colonies.

HENRY. Ask yourselves how this reception of our petitions comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss . . . [*Short pause.*] Tarquin and

Cæsar had each his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third . . . [*Cries and confusion. The gavel is beaten very rapidly.*]

VOICE. Treason! Treason! [*Sounds of chairs pushed about.*]

HENRY [*in loud sonorous tones*]. May profit by their example! If this be treason, MAKE THE MOST OF IT! [*Great confusion of voices. The gavel is heard.*]

VOICES. Order! Order! [*Pause.*]

VOICE. The clerk will call the roll! [GRAHAM *closes the door softly and arranges the curtains, as if in deep thought. He sits down and shakes his head slowly. Enter, right,* JEFFERSON'S *sweetheart,* REBECCA BURWELL, *and* VIRGINIA LEE. *They are young, pretty, and portray the coyness and innocence associated with the colonial damsel. They are in street dress and straw bonnets and carry closed sunshades.*]

REBECCA [*tapping* VIRGINIA *lightly on the arm*]. You naughty, naughty Virginia,—you are a mere child. You do not know what it is to be in love. [*They pause in centerstage.*]

VIRGINIA. You are right there, Rebecca. No need to be jealous of me and poison my glove or my drink. Tommy Jefferson is a blithesome young man, however.

REBECCA [*going over to* GRAHAM, *who sits stolidly in his chair*]. Take this note to Mr. Jefferson, please.

GRAHAM [*rising*]. It is impossible, Miss. It is impossible. The House is in session.

REBECCA [*surprised*]. But I want to speak with Mr. Jefferson.

GRAHAM. It cannot be done, Miss.

REBECCA [*after whispering to* VIRGINIA]. Is it against the rules?

GRAHAM. No, Miss, I think not, but it is impossible. The House is in session.

REBECCA [*whispering to* VIRGINIA]. He said that before.

VIRGINIA [*picking* REBECCA *by the sleeve*]. Perhaps we ought to wait, Becky.

REBECCA. Wait! It is his place to wait on me. I will not. He should have word right now that I would save most of the dances at the Apollo to-night for him. And that means something, I tell you. [*Turning to* GRAHAM.] I am sure if you would just call him to the door, and whisper that Miss Burwell wants to speak with him, he'll leave anything to come—and would not tell on you. [*She offers coin.* GRAHAM *shakes his head very decidedly, turns to his chair and sits down stolidly, looking straight ahead.*]

VIRGINIA. Don't, Rebecca. Come on, let us go and meet the stage. Mother has promised me a new petticoat by the first stage of the week.

REBECCA [*regarding* GRAHAM *a little curiously, opening her reticule and putting in the coin*]. It seems to me that our colonists are getting very independent. I hate to give up seeing him, Virginia. You don't know how to govern a sweetheart. He may choose some one else and then I'll be a wallflower all the evening through.

VIRGINIA [*pulling her toward the door, right*]. Oh, Becky, Tom Jefferson isn't the only young man in these parts. [*They go out, laughing. Door, left, leading into the assembly room, opens. Enter* JEFFERSON. *He pauses to talk to* GRAHAM, *who rises to his feet. Enter from the door, left, two* GENTLEMEN, *very excitedly.*]

FIRST GENTLEMAN [*brushing rudely against* JEFFERSON]. I would have given five hundred guineas for a single vote.

SECOND GENTLEMAN. These young bloods will bring our colony to the point of war. It is nothing less than treason. Remember the Gaspé affair. Something must be done to curb this rising spirit of rebellion. [*The* GENTLEMEN *go out. Enter* HENRY *with one or two men. The men pass over to left and go out, leaving* HENRY at *right, with* JEFFERSON.]

JEFFERSON. Carried, Patrick, carried by a single vote.

HENRY [*shaking hands*]. One vote or a hundred, just so it carried!

JEFFERSON. Stick to it, old fellow. You are right in every word you thundered. You spoke as Homer wrote! Zounds! that was a bloody debate! Well, here's my hand and here's my heart! [*Suiting the action to the word.*] I see a Declaration of Rights of the Virginia Colony reaching His Majesty's eye before the year is out.

HENRY. Tom, good comrade of my school days, I see further. I see a Declaration of Independence of our United Colonies of America. British oppression has effaced the boundaries of the colonies. The distinctions between Virginians, Pennsylvanians, New Yorkers and New Englanders are no more. I am not a Virginian, but an American.

[CURTAIN]

INTERLUDE

As the curtain rises, the HERALD *steps forward from centerback, attended by two* BUGLERS, *one on either side.*

The HERALD *is dressed court fashion, with knee breeches, long waistcoat and flared coat of pink or gray sateen, more or less trimmed. He wears silk hose and black shoes with silver buckles. He carries a roll about half a yard long when opened out.*

The BUGLERS *are dressed in knee breeches of tan sateen and tabards, or sleeveless jackets, of the same material over white blouses. They wear brown hose and black low quarters. They carry long silver horns.*

As the group reach centerstage front, the BUGLERS *face right and left, put the horns to their lips and blow a fanfare.*

The BUGLERS *stand with hands at their sides, as the* HERALD *steps forward one pace and unrolls his message, holding the roll at the top and bottom.*

HERALD. Hear ye! Hear ye! "Know all men of the city of Williamsburg, in the royal Colony of Virginia, that our most noble and august body, the House of Burgesses, will hold a ball this very evening, at the Capitol, in honor of our puissant Governor, Lord Dunmore, under charter of His Majesty King George the Third of Great Britain, and in honor of his wife the Right Honorable, the Countess of Dunmore, with the goodly company of Lord Fincastle, the Honorable Alex and John Murray, the Ladies Catherine, Augusta and Susan Murray, along with our illustrious visitor, the Princess D'Aulnay, late of the Court of Louis XVI, and now of England. The arrival of this lordly assemblage from New York gives inexpressible happiness to the House of Burgesses and the people of Williamsburg, loyal city to His Majesty, and a general illumination will be made for the happy occasion of welcoming the family of our well-loved Governor to Virginia." [*The* HERALD *steps back one pace. The* BUGLERS *again face right and left and blow a fanfare. The group step back two paces.*]

[CURTAIN]

ACT II

SCENE—*Sitting-room at* MR. HENRY'S *house in Williamsburg. The room is furnished with chairs, footstools and a colonial table, on which is a large vase. A door opens out of the room at right. A recessed window, at left, is obscured by hanging lace curtains.*

ROSINA SHELTON, *sister-in-law of* PATRICK HENRY, *is seated at an embroidery frame, right centerfront, as the curtain rises. On a low stool, left of center and upstage, is* VIRGINIA LEE, *daughter of the noted Thomas Lee of the House of Burgesses. She wears a figured gown with white fichu folded over her bosom. She is almost*

enveloped in a dress of light and rich material and of evening shade, which she holds and sews.

VIRGINIA. Oh-h-h. [*She shakes her finger and puts it in her mouth.*] Plague spot that needle! [*Looking at her finger and frowning.*]

ROSINA [*in matured voice*]. Virginia, why do you not let Clochette put those roses on for you? You know you can't sew.

VIRGINIA. That is just what mother says and I intend to show all of you that I can do more than rule other folk and play the spinet and dress. I like to do this anyway. And I know just exactly where I want this lace to go and how these bonny roses will look. Let me see! [*Still sucking her finger.*] Ah, Rosina, isn't it lucky I should be here at Mr. Henry's at the very time such a grand ball is to be given to Lady Dunmore?

ROSINA [*pausing in her work and gazing ecstatically at the ceiling*]. It is indeed, Virginia. To see such a fine cavalier and aristocrat as Lord Dunmore, our royal Governor, and to brush against such a charming lady as Lady Dunmore—our clothes will look better for the company we will keep.

VIRGINIA [*positively*]. I am sure that is the last reason I'm glad I'm here. Surely there is no grander man anywhere than my dear father and my noble brother, and as for Mr. Henry—he could be a Sir or a Lord Patrick if he wanted to be anything but a good Virginian. And there is Mr. Jefferson [*She muses, needle in air, then speaks very slowly.*]— Rosina, do you think he is courting Rebecca Burwell? He dances with her at nearly every ball. [*Continues sewing.*] And there is Colonel Washington—

ROSINA. Come, come, Virginia, we must not discuss Tory and rebel. And you are a little rebel, you know.

VIRGINIA [*turning her dress about with great fuss*]. Yes, I nearly put my little boot into it when I quoted at dinner what Mr. Jefferson said of Mr. Henry's speech on the Stamp Act. How his eyes sparkled! [*She looks up*

and opens her eyes wide.] How he shouted down the tyranny! How he looked straight at the speaker's eye and shook his finger! [*Shaking her finger and starting up.*] How he fired up as he shouted—

ROSINA [*interrupting and looking around uneasily*]. Hush-h-h-h. Virginia, my dear child! Stop thinking of that. Try to imagine what you would be doing right now had you got started home yesterday. You'd have been twenty miles from here, knocked round in a coach, plowing through mud up to the hubs, and your back nearly broken.

VIRGINIA [*sitting down, laughing*]. Or sitting up behind father on an old cob, grabbing at my portmanteau as it slips, while the postboy goes to the nearest house to get a rope or an extra horse. That's the procession when we start home. I intend to stay here until I go back by boat, even if I have to pole an old scow myself.

ROSINA [*laughs*]. My dear, you know you would never do such an immodest thing as that!

VIRGINIA [*threading her needle thoughtfully*]. Tell me, Rosina, do you think that Mr. Jefferson is sparking Rebecca?

ROSINA. Of course not, you silly maid.

VIRGINIA. It looks like it to me. I'd like to stay in Williamsburg just long enough to see how much of it is brag on her side and hold fast on his.

ROSINA. You are welcome as the flowers in May, Virginia, to stay with us as long as that important event, but Patrick declares he is going back to Scotchtown, since Lord Dunmore was so angry yesterday as to dissolve the House of Burgesses. I am glad sister Sarah knows nothing of Patrick's outbreak of treason.

VIRGINIA. Treason, Rosina, treason? Well, all I can say is "if that be treason, make the most of it." Heigho! Oh, how my back aches! [*She rises, puts her dress up against her and dances sedately across the room and back.*] Now, do you think the beaux of Williamsburg will be very much taken with my roses?

ROSINA [*getting up and arranging the dress*]. They will be more taken with the roses of your cheeks. [*She kisses* VIRGINIA.]

VIRGINIA. Isn't it wonderful to be getting ready for my first grand, grand ball? I hope Mr. Jefferson will ask me for a dance—a reel, say. They do say that he is a poor dancer, but oh, dear! what a fine gentleman he is! Oh, I am so glad that I am getting ready for Lady Dunmore's ball instead of being home with mother and doing my stint at spinning! [*She makes a deep curtsey, then another and another, practicing.*]

ROSINA [*nodding her head*]. Yes, I can hear Mrs. Lee this minute.

VIRGINIA [*putting her hand on her hip, mimicking*]. "Now, Jinnie, you must get down to work. Your marriage portion will be a slender one, I fear. In *my* time girls spent six and eight hours a day and kept three and four sempstresses busy." And then she reads a list she has that I must have ready before I can say "Yes" to my Prince Charming when he comes along.

ROSINA. I can imagine the list.

VIRGINIA [*letting the dress fall and counting on her fingers*]. Thirty-five homespun sheets, nine fine sheets, twelve tow-sheets—now isn't that a year's work by itself? Then thirteen bolster cases, nine breakfast cloths, seventeen tablecloths, twelve damask napkins, twenty-seven homespun napkins, thirty-one pillow cases. Oh, I've heard them over and over, and I am always puzzled about the extra pillow case. I believe I'll elope when I marry. [*Looking coyly at* ROSINA.]

ROSINA. You'll be a good girl and spin, spin, spin, while you are young.

VIRGINIA. So, therefore, sixthly, as our rector says, I'm glad not to be at home forty miles away over the mountains, but here with dear Rosina [*hugging* ROSINA] in a big city, getting ready for Lady Dunmore's ball. [*She sits down. A moment's pause.*] Who is this gracious *émigrée*

Princess who comes from France with the Dunmore party? She must be very grand. I hope she is not too stuck up to speak to a little colonial girl.

ROSINA. She comes this evening in coach and six—just in time for the ball. She has been fêted everywhere, they say, and is quite the sensation of the colony. She can squeeze in only one night here from Richmond and then off to Charleston. That is what the paper said.

VIRGINIA [*looking up eagerly*]. Oh, has the paper come out this week? Where is it? [*She jumps up and down, clapping her hands.*]

ROSINA. I saw it in Patrick's study. Ring for Clochette, Virginia. [VIRGINIA *runs to the bell-rope by the door.* ROSINA *sighs.*]

VIRGINIA [*coming back and standing by* ROSINA]. What makes you sigh so?

ROSINA. Patrick is very much concerned over happenings in Boston last month, just told by a messenger who got into town to-day. Things look terribly bad up there.

VIRGINIA [*gazing out over the audience*]. Bad? What do you mean? Fight?

ROSINA. The Massachusetts colonists are so obstinate and so unreasonable—daring to oppose what His Gracious Majesty knows is best for his people's good over here. [*Enter* CLOCHETTE. *She is dressed in a printed cretonne or chintz dress made with panniers, Dolly Varden style. She wears a little cap and fancy apron. She curtseys in front of* ROSINA'S *chair.*]

ROSINA [*turning to* CLOCHETTE]. Tap at Mr. Henry's door, Clochette, and say that the ladies would like to see the *Virginia Gazette* for a few minutes. [CLOCHETTE *curtseys and goes out.*]

VIRGINIA [*tapping her teeth with her thimble*]. Don't say "His Gracious" anything to me, Rosina. I think like Mr. Henry that the King had better be careful. I know that father and brother Richard think the same. If we wish to be free, we've just got to fight, I suppose. Mr.

Henry is the very Voice of the Times—God bless him! [CLOCHETTE *enters and gives the paper to* ROSINA.]

CLOCHETTE. Mr. Henry's compliments and he says he will wait on the ladies in a few minutes.

ROSINA [*rising with the paper, a small sheet, single fold, in her hand*]. Get to work, Clochette, curling my wig for to-night. Your work was wretchedly done yesterday. And put another hoop in my farthingale—it doesn't stick out at all well. [CLOCHETTE *goes to box or closet, takes out the wig, then carries all to the embrasured window, concealing herself by pulling the curtains across.*]

VIRGINIA. Oh, do hurry, Rosina! Let us see, quick. [*She crowds over* ROSINA'S *shoulder as both stand center front.*] There, there it is!

ROSINA. Oh, look, Virginia . . . just has been presented at court . . . hum-m-m . . . that will be a lesson to America . . .

VIRGINIA. Oh, there it is, never mind the court—read our news. [*She brings forward her stool, dumping her dress on the floor, and* ROSINA *sits down.* VIRGINIA *keeps her eyes on the paper.*]

ROSINA [*reading*]. "Lady Dunmore is here. She is a very elegant woman. Her daughters are fine sprightly girls. The Williamsburg society will find them additions to our class. This evening a brilliant assemblage will bow low to her ladyship, the Countess of Dunmore, in the Capitol, as guests of our House of Burgesses. Lady Dunmore's guest, the Princess Clarice, who, it is whispered, is to be banished awhile from the regal court of Versailles, and is now *en tour* through our American cities, will grace the occasion for a few hours before resuming her coach for Charleston. The ball will be opened by one of the Burgesses accoutred in the ancient habit of our country, the Indian." [VIRGINIA *giggles and raises her hands in feigned admiration.*]

VIRGINIA. Wants to impress the Princess, I guess. Imagine!—in war paint and feathers!

ROSINA [*resuming her reading, unperturbed*]. "Williamsburg, as Capital of Virginia, is happy in having so festive an opportunity to vouch for the loyalty of this colony to His Gracious Majesty, George III." [*Enter* PATRICK HENRY. *He closes the door and advances. As he does, the curtains at the window part, showing* CLOCHETTE *peeping through; then the curtains are closed.* VIRGINIA *jumps up, runs to meet* HENRY, *and takes his arm.*]

VIRGINIA. And does my friend Mr. Henry know there is to be a grand affair to-night?

HENRY [*bitterly*]. Yes. Yesterday his lordship dissolves the House of Burgesses and to-night that House of Burgesses gives a ball to celebrate the arrival of his lordship's countess and her friend, a Princess. Again must we kowtow to pomp and glory, gold lace and tyranny.

VIRGINIA. You can go in honors, too.

HENRY. Me? I go as an American gentleman, no honors pinned on my breast. What honors I have must come from within out. No, my pretty maid, I shall have to be there in duty bound, but it will be a short stay. I leave Williamsburg to-night.

ROSINA [*laying the paper down and joining the other two*]. Why this haste, brother Patrick?

HENRY. Our royal tyrant shut the doors of our freedom to-day. I have urgent business, therefore, in Philadelphia. [VIRGINIA *makes a gesture of dismay.*]

ROSINA. That is only a bluff, Patrick. Lord Dunmore does it to prove the loyalty of the colony rather than in spite. Now, don't be rash. Think it over.

HENRY [*putting* VIRGINIA'S *hand in his arm again, and patting it*]. I must away to-night.

VIRGINIA [*roguishly*]. Oh, I see. You expect to be smitten with the Princess' charms, and will follow her coach to Charleston.

HENRY [*pinching her cheek*]. Worse than that. I take valuable matter—here it is. [*He takes a folded paper from his coat pocket, and holds it out.*] This must reach Phila-

delphia as quick as messenger can take it. But I can't trust a messenger, so I am going myself. [*The curtains at the window open, and* CLOCHETTE *watches the group while they look at the paper.*]

VIRGINIA [*proudly*]. I wish I were a man and I'd take it for you. I'd even give up the ball, if it is that important. Is it about the Stamp Act?

HENRY [*tapping his hand with the folded paper*]. It is more than that; it is opposition with a capital O.—It means annihilation to the whole measure and all that may come after it. Your brother Richard goes with me, and when we start it on its journey, it is not to stop until it reaches the King of England, and is read to all who have ears to hear in Parliament at London.

VIRGINIA. Oh, may I look at it—just one little, little peep? [*She takes it.*] Oh, what funny paper it is written on. [*She opens and spreads out the paper.*]

HENRY. It is the colored cover page torn out of an old law book. I had stopped to water my horse at a little stream as I came over from Hanover County, and the words came to me as by an inspiration—the key to the whole riddle of taxation. I had no paper, so I tore this page out of the book that was stowed away in my saddlebag. I wrote it as I jogged along.

VIRGINIA [*turning the paper around and around so that the audience gets full view of it*]. I'd surely know that again [*laughing*], even if I saw it at Lady Dunmore's ball. [*She kisses it impulsively.*] There, take that with a Virginia girl's compliments.

ROSINA [*a little stiffly*]. Why not go by water, Patrick? There are several men-of-war in the James River.

HENRY. Yes, and in the York, too, but those armed schooners are lying close because of Lord Dunmore's orders. They would hardly hasten to take a bold Virginian to a patriotic Continental Congress of liberty-loving delegates. [*As* ROSINA *moves toward* HENRY *the curtains close,*

hiding CLOCHETTE. VIRGINIA *stands, musing, the paper in her hand.*]

ROSINA. You have had bad news, Patrick?

HENRY. Yes. Connolly, Dunmore's secret agent, a man of considerable intelligence but devoid of principle, a man of violence, a maker of trouble, is said to be hanging about Williamsburg. It is only rumor, but Jeff and I feel sure that something is being hatched up. We will copy off these Resolutions—you see they are the identical ones read before the House yesterday—in fact, make two copies, one to Philadelphia and the other to New York. It will take us five to eight days for the journey, so we must be off by midnight. Rosina, can I leave them in some secure place here until I can get excused from the reception? I cannot trust them in my study—spies are everywhere, but they would hardly look for them in a lady's boudoir. [*He takes the paper from* VIRGINIA, *and folds it thoughtfully.*]

VIRGINIA [*curtseying, then running to door, right*]. Oh, I must not look. I'll go join Mr. Jefferson and make him pledge me a gavotte. As for you, Mr. Henry [*curtseying again*], you must put on your sword and take me for your Queen of the Minuet. I want to outrival the fair French Princess in your graces. [*Shaking her forefinger.*] If you so much as make eyes at her, or ask for a lock of her false wig, I shall tell your good dame at home. [VIRGINIA *runs off.* ROSINA *goes to a chest and brings back a silver box.*]

ROSINA [*offering it*]. Put it in here, brother Patrick.

HENRY. How like a woman! You should know a jewelry box is the first place for a spy or a thief to look. [*Both laugh.* ROSINA *puts the box back. She thinks a second.* HENRY *takes the vase from the table.*]

HENRY. There, that is more like it. [*Putting the paper within, and replacing the vase.*] After we pay our respects to-night, we will copy two clear drafts. Jefferson will see that every word is legally expressed, and no flaw to be found.

ROSINA. It is absolutely safe here, Patrick. The servants are to be implicitly trusted, they are marvelously loyal. But, to make more secure, when Virginia and I are dressed this night I will bring the key to you. Clochette goes with us to arrange our costumes there. But, Patrick, I wish you would turn the other way and go back home and stay. The times are in a ferment, and your spirit of resistance is so strong. Your duty is with your sick wife.

HENRY [*musing*]. Yes, but it lies, too, with my country. No taxation without representation.

ROSINA. Leave that to time.

HENRY [*smiling*]. "Time and tide wait for no man," Rosina.

ROSINA. But you are so quick-tempered, Patrick, and—

HENRY [*moving toward the window*]. I wonder how the weather looks for a night journey.

VIRGINIA [*opening the door and tinkling a bell*]. I have come to announce that tea is served, and—what do you think?—Mr. Jefferson will take tea with us. And that is not all— [HENRY *turns, looks at the girl in a fatherly way, crosses, tucks her hand in his arm, offers the other to* ROSINA, *and the three go out.* CLOCHETTE *peeps out, opens the curtains, then carefully tiptoes to the door, which she opens, looking out for a second. Then she closes the door and hastens toward the vase as the curtain falls.*]

[CURTAIN]

PRELUDE TO ACT III

SCENE—*Anteroom of the ballroom in the Capitol at Williamsburg. The occasion is the ball given by the House of Burgesses in honor of the arrival of the family of the Governor,* LORD DUNMORE, *with their guests. The room is furnished with divans. A glimpse of the ballroom is seen through doors at the back of the room.*

The curtain rises discovering three women, near the steps leading to a dais and hence to the ballroom. These are LADY DUNMORE, *dressed finely, a sweet woman, aristocratic and dignified; the* PRINCESS CLARICE, *who is* DR. CONNOLLY *in disguise, and therefore of large frame, square shoulders and extremely uneasy in his dress of black satin with yellow roses, and tall false wig; and* CLOCHETTE, *who is covered from head to foot in a black circular with hood hiding her face.*

The audience is given the impression that money has just passed from the hand of the PRINCESS *to that of* CLOCHETTE. *The maid takes a paper from under her hood and gives it in return, then hurries off hastily, right-stage, looking guiltily about.*

LADY DUNMORE, *leaning forward, puts her finger to her lips and points to the dais, listens, then holds her hand up in warning. She takes the paper (letting the audience see that it is the paper of* HENRY'S *Resolutions) from the* PRINCESS *and tilting back Her Highness' wig, inserts it, looking about fearfully as she does so, then smiles to the couple who appear on the platform of the steps as if just coming from the ballroom in search of the honored guests.*

LADY DUNMORE *nods merrily, extends her hand to the* PRINCESS, *and they both pass towards the steps with a smile.*

[CURTAIN FOR ONE MINUTE]

ACT III

SCENE—*The same. As the curtain rises, couples are seen passing to and from the ballroom.*

Occasionally music is heard in rather subdued tones as if somewhat removed.

Enter, left, at front, ROSINA *and* VIRGINIA. *They are dressed in ball costume, without wraps.*

VIRGINIA [*stopping, centerfront, nervously*]. Rosina, I knew we would be the very last ones, and I did so want to see the crowd come in.

ROSINA. Come here, Virginia. [*Music.* ROSINA *listens at the steps.* VIRGINIA *peeps over her shoulder through the curtains at dais. Clasps her hands.*] There is the music and I hear the voices. Where do you suppose that vexatious Clochette disappeared, just at the very time we needed her most? I feel only half-dressed. When I find her, I shall surely have her locked up for a day or two on bread and water—she must know her place.

VIRGINIA [*shrugging her bare shoulders and arranging stray hairs on* ROSINA'S *wig*]. Now, now, say no more, Rosina, you look beautiful. She may have been hunting us for an hour or so. You need another patch on your chin, Rosina, that one is peeling off. [*She takes a little box from the bosom of her low-cut dress, picks out a tiny bit of court plaster and tries to fasten it on* ROSINA'S *chin, first making* ROSINA *moisten it with her tongue.*] Oh, the old thing won't stick—they try to send us colonies such poor stuff. [*She laughs, as the patch comes off again.*]

ROSINA. Do, Virginia, shake out my dress. [*She walks a few steps while* VIRGINIA *holds her train out to make it broad.*] Do you think I have enough powder on? Or is there too much? Are my cheeks too red.—I wouldn't have the Princess find a chance to criticize—oh, that stupid, lazy Clochette!

VIRGINIA. You look all right. I do wish Mr. Henry would hurry—I am just crazy to get into the ballroom.

ROSINA. He will be here soon. While we wait, Virginia, practice your curtsey. Like this. [*She suits the action to the word, while* VIRGINIA *imitates her.*] Now, like this. —Yes, again, again. Oh, that is a back-breaking exercise. Where can that maid be? [*Looking around.* MRS. BURWELL *and daughter,* REBECCA, *appear on the dais steps. They pause a moment to show the effect of their gowns.* VIRGINIA *runs to meet them as they descend.*]

VIRGINIA [*entwining her arms with* REBECCA, *both coming forward, front, to footlights*]. Oh, Becky, Becky, you look good enough to eat. And that lovely lace—it came from Paris or London, surely. Are they dancing, Rebecca?

REBECCA [*making a face*]. None of the aristocracy there, Ginger. Only grumpy farmers and the county people.

VIRGINIA. Oh, you witch, I know what is the matter—Mr. Jefferson tarries. You are pining. [*The girls giggle and walk arm in arm upstage.* MRS. BURWELL *and* ROSINA *saunter front.*]

MRS. BURWELL. Where is Mr. Henry this night of all nights?

ROSINA. He comes later, with Mr. Jefferson. At the last minute when the coach was standing ready and I was all in a flutter because my maid could not be found to come with us, and so afraid we would miss the Princess, he came to tell me he was detained, and we were compelled to come without an escort. Oh, oh, I was so fearful some workman would look at me. [*She raises her hands in horror.*]

MRS. BURWELL [*severely*]. The impudence of the common people is deplorable. We should really bring it to the notice of English authority. And you should have insisted on your maid's attendance. My dear Miss Shelton, what a trial! [*A couple pass across the dais.* MRS. BURWELL *pats* ROSINA *with her fan.*] Did you notice that lady? Well, she— [MRS. BURWELL *whispers.* ROSINA *expresses surprise. They move upstage, left, as* VIRGINIA *and* REBECCA *come down, right, talking.*]

VIRGINIA. Oh, how romantic! And why was she exiled from the French court?

REBECCA. Goodness knows—perhaps on account of the size of her hands. You may not believe me, but, Jinny, they are as big as my father's.

VIRGINIA [*intensely interested*]. Oh-h!

REBECCA. And her voice! [*Imitating a deep voice, rather hoarse.*] "I am honored." "Egad, I am honored!" She appears to be honored, and that is as far as she gets!

VIRGINIA. Oh, I am all impatience. I wish Mr. Henry would hurry so that we can be presented before the crowd gets too thick.

REBECCA. Come on, I'll introduce you. Lady Dunmore and she are there in the ballroom now.

VIRGINIA. I am just dying to, but Mr. Henry told us to wait for him. Then we go in together. You know Rosina is very set on the proprieties and it would never do to appear without our escort. And you know, too, Becky, the Dunmores are not particularly fond of him, and we must protect him from the wiles of the lovely princess. [*Coyly.*]

REBECCA [*laughing heartily*]. He'll need protection. [*Two* LADIES *and a* GENTLEMAN *pass across the dais.*] Oh, Virginia, isn't he the handsomest man?

VIRGINIA. I didn't look at him, but that lady's dress was in horrible taste—cut so short, and at a ball, too. And [*making a gesture of horror*] her wig!

REBECCA. Wait until you see the Princess' wig—a great structure and always on sideways. [*Laughs.*] Lady Dunmore keeps knocking it straight.

MRS. BURWELL [*walking downstage with* ROSINA]. Rebecca! Rebecca! Not so boisterous. You will attract attention. [REBECCA *claps a hand over her mouth.*] Girls are not what they were when I was young, Miss Shelton. My mother— [PRINCESS CLARICE, LADY DUNMORE *and* THOMAS JEFFERSON *appear on the top step of the dais. The* PRINCESS *appears nervous and ill at ease, fingering her dress and opening and shutting her fan. The three pause,* JEFFERSON *in the center. Then* MRS. BURWELL *takes* ROSINA'S *hand and they pass to the foot of the steps,* REBECCA *following directly behind with* VIRGINIA. *Music plays in measured, stately time. In pantomime* THOMAS JEFFERSON *introduces the elder ladies, who afterwards step to the left.* REBECCA *and* VIRGINIA *step forward and the pantomime is repeated. Deep bows by* JEFFERSON, *deep curtseys by the colonial ladies, stiff bows by the nobles, add to the formality*

of the presentation. The PRINCESS *holds her hand to her wig with each formal bow.*]

JEFFERSON. Will your Highness and your Ladyship descend?

LADY DUNMORE. No, our duties keep us in the ballroom. [*Inquiringly.*] Perhaps the ladies will go back with us?

ROSINA [*curtseying*]. In a few minutes, your Ladyship. Mr. Henry is to join us in this room.

LADY DUNMORE [*haughtily*]. Oh, Mr. Henry! [*Turns.*] Come, your Highness, let us join the others. I see Lord Fairfax in there with Sallie. [LADY DUNMORE, *the* PRINCESS, *still ill at ease, go out, accompanied by* MRS. BURWELL *and* REBECCA. REBECCA *is aided up the steps by* JEFFERSON, *who whispers to her, then bows deeply, as she disappears with the rest, right.* JEFFERSON *descends and offers his arm to* ROSINA, *then* VIRGINIA, *and the three step forward talking until they reach centerfront.*]

JEFFERSON [*anxiously*]. Miss Shelton, did you change the place of hiding of that copy of the Resolutions Mr. Henry left with you?

ROSINA. I told him where it was as I gave him the key—in the vase on the table. [*She notices* JEFFERSON'S *seriousness.*] You don't mean that it is not there?

JEFFERSON [*finger to lip*]. Hush-h-h. The very walls have ears. The paper cannot be found, and everything—everything, Miss Shelton, rests on the finding of it in the hands of friends.

VIRGINIA. Oh, no, oh, no, don't say it is gone!

JEFFERSON. Hush-h-h. I have hastened ahead to ask you. Search your memory. Are you sure you did not take it from the vase? [*Vehemently.*] Think—think! Miss Virginia, do you know anything?

ROSINA. No one has been in that room, Mr. Jefferson, except when I was there. And each time I left, I locked the door—or, thought I did. Oh, let me think! [*Enter* PATRICK HENRY *at left, hastily, still holding his hat. He is in*

evening dress, short breeches, black hose, low shoes, white stock, hair drawn back and tied with a black ribbon. JEFFERSON *goes to meet him.* ROSINA, *hands clenched, looks down, thinking.* VIRGINIA *holds both hands out to* HENRY *in expectation. Music is heard in the distance.*]

HENRY [*going immediately to* ROSINA]. There is absolutely no finding of that paper, Rosina. What must you have done with it? How many times have you been in and out—there are spies everywhere.

ROSINA [*proudly*]. Not in our rooms, Patrick, my servants are the soul of . . .

HENRY [*not heeding her*]. Who has been in there besides you? Did you tell any one?

ROSINA [*wiping her eyes*]. Oh, brother Patrick, how can you doubt me?

HENRY [*turning to* VIRGINIA]. Do you know anything about it?

VIRGINIA. No, indeed, Mr. Henry. I went out to speak to Mr. Jefferson downstairs just after you showed the paper to us. Indeed, indeed, when we left this evening, Miss Shelton locked the door quickly.

HENRY [*with forced calmness*]. Then it is gone. I can easily remember the matter, Tom, but that paper has been stolen and may now be in the hands of our governor or his agents. That is where the danger lies.

JEFFERSON. We must act, Patrick—and that quickly.

HENRY. You say right. I feel that it is here—it *is* here. [*Holding his head erect.*] I can say I almost feel its nearness—some one at this ball has it in his possession. [HENRY *looks into space, as if in ecstatic vision.* VIRGINIA *stands in awe, then comes softly to him and puts her hand on his arm.* HENRY *looks at her with a benign smile.*]

VIRGINIA. I feel so, too. But it may not be in a man's hand. You watch the men, and I'll watch the women. No, that will not do, you watch the ladies and I'll eye the men as the dancing goes on. [JEFFERSON *and* ROSINA, *who have drawn to the rear, now join the group.* JEFFERSON *raises*

his finger to accent something he is about to say, when the music grows louder and on the dais appear LORD *and* LADY DUNMORE, *the* PRINCESS, REBECCA *and* MRS. BURWELL.]

LADY DUNMORE. Mr. Jefferson, our royal visitor, her Highness, the Princess Clarice, is about to depart. [*All bow deeply; the ladies curtsey.*] She wishes very much before she leaves to see how our colonial people dance. Will you tread the measure with Miss Burwell here? The Princess would compare the dancing of our provincial girls with the European. I am sure you will compel her admiration in high degree. Ah, Mr. Henry, you have not had the supreme happiness of meeting our distinguished guest. [HENRY *steps toward the dais, bowing. An attendant brings light chairs and* LADY DUNMORE *and the* PRINCESS *sit down.* REBECCA *descends the stairs lightly, and joins* VIRGINIA *at left. A* FIDDLER, *with instrument, enters from behind the steps, makes obeisance as he passes before the royal party, and steps down to the stage, taking position at rear, left.*]

REBECCA [*whispering*]. Oh, Virginia, the dancing master hasn't been to our plantation this spring. I know I'll just make a goose of myself. Please, please, you dance instead. Oh, I'd drop if I made a mistake.

VIRGINIA [*decidedly*]. You are a little goose right now. And such an opportunity to show off. Spunk up and step forward. [JEFFERSON *has approached them and stands waiting.*]

LADY DUNMORE. Mr. Henry tells me that Miss Lee dances, too. Perhaps he will coax her to join with him, and we can have a double-couple dance. [*She whispers to the* PRINCESS, *who appears to understand.*]

HENRY [*coming over to* VIRGINIA]. With great pleasure. [*Aside to her.*] Watch her. [*He raises his brows and indicates the* PRINCESS.] It is in her wig. Watch her. [*The two couples prepare to dance.* LADY DUNMORE *sits left of the* PRINCESS, LORD DUNMORE *standing between them, with a hand on each chair.* ROSINA *and* MRS. BURWELL *stand at*

right, watching and commenting in pantomime on the dancing. Musician begins playing. The dance proceeds for about thirty-two measures. Enter, hastily, from left, a MESSENGER. *He is mud-splashed, his hair is uncombed and he holds an old hat in his hand. He stops short, on seeing the groups.*]

MESSENGER [*hesitating*]. Mr. Henry—

HENRY [*raising his finger, but continuing to dance*]. In a minute, Giles.

MESSENGER [*hand on mouth*]. Mr. Henry, Mr. Henry, it is—it must— You see it—

HENRY. Pardon, your Highness, and your Ladyship—my Lord. [*He bows to each in turn, as he addresses each. He bows then to* VIRGINIA, *and draws from the dance. Aside to* VIRGINIA.] Be sure to watch— Now is the time.

MESSENGER [*blurting out without waiting*]. The gunpowder magazine is taken—two men are killed, Mr. Henry! The ships in the bay are firing! Arouse—Arouse! [*Crying with a loud voice.*] A mob is at the palace. [*Exits with loud cry, left.* LADY DUNMORE *jumps up from her chair.* LORD DUNMORE *whispers to her. He rushes down the steps towards right, where he exits.* LADY DUNMORE *follows, holding up her long dress. The* PRINCESS *is now the central point of interest. She looks about, attempts to go down the steps, gets wrapped in her dress, stumbles, rights herself, stumbles again, and sprawls at the base of dais.* VIRGINIA *springs forward to intercept her, as the fall occurs. At this juncture, the* PRINCESS' *wig falls off, and rolls a pace.* HENRY *stands watching. The others are silent and abashed.* VIRGINIA *picks up the wig and extracts the paper which is inside. She kicks the wig away.*]

VIRGINIA. Eureka, Mr. Henry!—here, here are the Resolutions. I knew it, I knew it. See, the very paper. Oh, Mr. Henry, the very, very paper! [*The two stand at centerfront, as* VIRGINIA *presses the paper into* HENRY'S *hand.* HENRY'S *face is a-gleam with joy.* JEFFERSON *runs to him. The* FIDDLER *hurries up the steps and disappears. As* JEF-

FERSON *turns, the* PRINCESS *is rising, her gown still wrapped about her feet, and the close-cropped head of* DR. CONNOLLY *confronts the group.*]

VOICES [*offstage*]. To arms! To arms! Patriots, sound the alarm! [*Couples now appear at the rear. There is general confusion but no noise.*]

JEFFERSON [*starting forward toward* CONNOLLY]. Henry, Henry, this is Dr. Connolly.

HENRY [*raising his finger*]. Dr. John Connolly, fit instrument for the tyranny and injustice of a royal governor.

JEFFERSON [*laying his hand on* CONNOLLY'S *shoulder*]. You are caught, man—you are caught.

CONNOLLY [*draws up erect, defiant*]. What will you do with me?

HENRY [*stepping forward one pace*]. Nothing—you can follow your master, who, I know, is getting away as fast as he can. The ships are ready—take them with you. But will you go— [*He pauses, looking out over the audience.*]

CONNOLLY [*tearing at his dress*]. Will you fight? [*Looks down.*] Alas! alas! I have no sword.

HENRY [*smiling*]. It would be a stain on my honor as a gentleman if you had, and I descended to cross swords with you. You have only one course left. [HENRY *points to right.* CONNOLLY, *his head bowed, gathers up his now ludicrous dress and goes out slowly.* VIRGINIA *stands with the wig in her hand.* HENRY *holds the paper. Silence.*]

HENRY. So ends royal rule in the colony of Virginia. All's fair in war, Tom. I have what I want—the theft of the gunpowder will be decided before morning, if we can get word to Colonel Washington. Then Richard Lee and I will carry both this and the news—such glorious news—to our First Continental Congress. Oh, such news!

VIRGINIA [*touching* HENRY]. Oh, Mr. Henry, I am so glad.

HENRY. I had almost forgot my Virginia heroine. Blessings on thy pretty head, young maid. But for you, the paper might have gone from Williamsburg, and from the

country too, for I'm sure Dunmore will ship by dawn for England.

JEFFERSON. And now we shall have peace. [*At this,* HENRY, *who has started to go out, with* VIRGINIA *and* JEFFERSON *on either side, stops.* MRS. BURWELL, ROSINA *and* REBECCA *stand at the left. Several couples range along the right side of the stage, making a well-balanced tableau.* JOHN GRAHAM *appears on right, extreme corner. This should all be done easily, as a natural movement.*]

HENRY. There is no peace. War is actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms. Our brethren are already in the field. What should we wish? What would we have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or GIVE ME DEATH!

[TABLEAU AND CURTAIN]

ARMISTICE DAY

THE KNIFE *

A PLAY IN ONE ACT

By

ANNA J. HARNWELL and ISABELLE J. MEAKER

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CHARACTERS

HORTENSE DUCLOS
MADAME CHAUVIGNY (GRAN'MERE), *her mother*
ELISE DUCLOS, *her daughter-in-law*
A SOLDIER IN THE FOREIGN LEGION
AN AMERICAN FOOD DISTRIBUTOR
A PRUSSIAN OFFICER

TIME: Spring of 1915.

THE KNIFE

The scene is laid in a small Belgian village near the Dutch frontier. Interior of a poorly furnished cottage. At right is a fireplace in which small fire burns. A kettle hangs on the hob. In center back is door on either side of which are two small windows. The windows have coarse dark curtains which slide back and forth on strings. At left back, is open doorway into dark shed. At left front, another window opening onto alley or side street. In center of stage is a coarse deal table on which stand some dishes, on one of which is a half loaf of bread. Three chairs are near the table.

At rise of curtain MADAME CHAUVIGNY *is sitting back right, near the fire. She is a poorly dressed, bent old woman. She has a sweet old face, but it is disfigured by suffering and a certain vacant expression at times. She croons a lullaby as she rocks a small wooden cradle with her foot.*

At one of the front windows looking out and shading her eyes from the light within which comes from a lamp on the table, stands ELISE. *She is a young woman of about twenty years, dressed in a poor cotton gown. Her face when she turns it to the audience is pretty, but sorrow has given her a hard bitter look, quite out of keeping with her youth.*

GRAN'MERE. Do you see her? Is she coming yet?

ELISE [*not turning*]. No, Gran'mere, I can see nothing but the guard. [*She turns away from the window and draws the curtains.*] Oh, that guard! Why must he be always without? Walking—walking—and always watching!

GRAN'MERE. Sh-sh. [*She indicates the cradle and begins to sing again.*]

ELISE. I can't stand it! [*She buries her face in her hands at the table and groans.*]

GRAN'MERE [*after a pause*]. When do we have supper?

ELISE. When mother comes back. I hope she can get something to eat.

GRAN'MERE. Pierre always used to bring home food. We had plenty in France. We had meat, sometimes meat. [*Sings.*]

ELISE [*bursting out as though after a great effort at self-control*]. Gran'mere! Don't rock the cradle and sing! I can't stand it! [*The old woman shakes her head sadly but stops her crooning as she leans over the cradle, rearranging the covers, always rocking it with her foot. After a pause the door opens and* HORTENSE *hurries into the room. She is a dark-haired woman of about forty-five. She would be beautiful if suffering had not set so deep a mark on her face. Strength and sweetness are there in spite of it. She too is poorly dressed. She has a shawl about her head which she removes as she enters. She carries a cup in her hand. She shuts the door quickly and noiselessly and goes up to table.*]

ELISE. Well,—Mother?—

HORTENSE. No one has more food than we. I could just get this little milk for Gran'mere. Madame Dorgeloh had it for her baby. This would not keep till to-morrow, so she gave it to me. [ELISE *does not reply at once, but watches with despairing eyes as* HORTENSE *pours the milk into a bowl, adds a little water and prepares to break up some of the bread into it.*]

ELISE. Careful, Mother! This bread is all we have. We must each have our share. [*She snatches a piece and eats it hungrily.*]

HORTENSE. Poor child! Are you so hungry? Eat my share. I am stronger than you. I can wait.

ELISE. Wait? What do you wait for, Mother? Where is bread to come from?

GRAN'MERE. Pierre used to bring home much bread. We had plenty in France. Sometimes we had meat—meat— [*She mumbles to herself.*]

HORTENSE [*looking sadly at* GRAN'MERE *and answering* ELISE'S *question*]. From the Lord, Elise dear, nowhere else. Come, Gran'mere. [*She helps the old woman to the table who insists on moving the cradle too so that she may keep her foot on the rocker.*]

ELISE [*bitterly*]. The Lord! What does he care for us? What did he do to my baby? Where is Henri? Did he save Gran'pere? [*She shudders and* HORTENSE *makes a warning gesture towards the old woman, but the latter seems not to have heard.*] He has forgotten us, and we're all so hungry. I could steal food. What have we done that we should have all these misfortunes? [*Leans towards cradle.*] Oh, my little baby!

GRAN'MERE [*hearing the word food*]. In France we had much food. Pierre— [*But* HORTENSE *silences and soothes her while* ELISE *once more buries her face in her hands and sobs.*]

HORTENSE. I know, Gran'mere, I know. Now eat your bread and milk. Never mind, Elise. Poor child, you are tired. Come, Elise dear, eat some bread— [*A knock is heard at the door. All start and look fearfully around. Then* HORTENSE *with an effort rises, goes slowly to the door and opens it. Outside stands the* AMERICAN FOOD DISTRIBUTOR, *accompanied by a Prussian officer.*]

AMERICAN. Good evening, madame. May I come in? Some shiploads of food have just been received from America. They have been sent by the American people to relieve as far as possible the present distress in Belgium. Your names were given us as needing assistance immediately. Will you accept your portion as a gift from our people?

HORTENSE. You are sent from God, monsieur. You see,

we are on our last loaf. I tried to-night to get more from our neighbors, but they are in the same straits as we. You are very good.

AMERICAN. We have evidently come to this village just in time. There is much distress here. Let me see. [*Consulting a paper.*] There are three adults here? Madame Chauvigny—[HORTENSE *indicates her mother.*] Madame Hortense Duclos—and Madame Henri Duclos, [*catching sight of the cradle*] and an infant? They omitted to put that down. We have special rations for families with young children.

HORTENSE. Alas, monsieur, the cradle is empty. The death of the baby was the last blow to my poor mother. It was my little grandson, her great-grandchild, and she has never realized that it was dead. We humor her, and let her have the cradle. It died on the way here.

AMERICAN. On the way here? You are not natives of this place?

HORTENSE. No, monsieur. We are from France, from Diron, a little town near the Belgian border. The— [*She glances at the Prussian who is standing behind them looking sternly and haughtily at the little group, and she evidently changes what she was about to say.*] It was one of the first villages destroyed. I was a widow, monsieur, living with my parents. Near us lived my son and his family. My mother saw her husband, with nine other old men, shot against a wall as an example to the rest of the villagers. [*For the first time she speaks bitterly.*] I can't tell you all our sufferings, monsieur. Finally we managed to reach this place. It was a long hard road, but it is the native village of the parents of my daughter-in-law and she hoped to find help. Her parents are long dead, but an uncle gave us this cottage before he was taken away. Our baby was too small to withstand the privations, and died on the road.

AMERICAN. And your son, is he—?

HORTENSE. He was with the colors, monsieur. We

heard of him last in a German prison camp, but that is many months.

AMERICAN. I will make inquiries for him. His name is—?

HORTENSE. Henri Duclos, monsieur. You are very kind.

AMERICAN. Now about your rations. [*Goes outside door where he evidently has supplies in an automobile and returns with a basket. The sight of the provisions stirs the memories of the old grandmother.*]

GRAN'MERE. Pierre used to bring home plenty of food. In a basket he brought it. He used to bring meat—

AMERICAN. Here is bread, bacon, milk, and cheese. When this is gone come to the little shop just across the square from the church and we will try to give you more. We want to help every one, but the supply is limited and each must take his turn. We are trying to attend to those most in need, first. I hope that better days are in store for us all. Good evening.

HORTENSE. The Lord bless you, monsieur. Adieu. [*American and Prussian exit.*]

ELISE [*eagerly examining the rations*]. Look, Mother! Look, Gran'mere! Oh, I'll fry some bacon for us all. Where is the knife, Mother? [HORTENSE *takes a knife from table and hands it to* ELISE, *who takes frying pan from wall beside the fireplace, begins to slice and fry the bacon.*]

HORTENSE. Just a little, Elise dear. Not more than two strips apiece. That is the most precious. Then give me the knife and I will cut some bread and cheese.

ELISE. The knife is precious too. I broke our other one yesterday. Gran'mere, smell how good this is! Oh, if I could only know that my Henri had enough to eat! [*She turns her face from the fire towards her mother and grandmother at the table as she speaks. She thus faces the side window. An expression of fear comes over her face.*] Look! What's that? [*She points to the window.*]

HORTENSE. Where? [*She turns and looks.*] I see nothing.

ELISE. A face! A man's face! I saw it at the window just now.

GRAN'MERE. A man? He wants my bread and milk. Make him go away. He'll scare my little one. [*Bends over the cradle.*]

HORTENSE. What sort of a man's face? Was it the guard?

ELISE. No. A terrible haggard face! There! There it is again! [*Screams. The face appears pressed against the pane for a moment and then disappears.*]

HORTENSE. Whoever it is, he looks as if he were starving. I'll bring him in.

ELISE. No! No, Mother! He's terrible. He'll take away our food! No, Mother! [*But* HORTENSE *has already disappeared into the shed, through the little dark doorway. A moment later she returns supporting an unkempt, unshaven man, thin, mud-stained, and clothed in the ragged tattered uniform of the famous Foreign Legion. He looks fearfully around as he enters.*]

HORTENSE. Quick, Elise, an escaped prisoner. Draw the curtains. The guard! Bolt the door. We mustn't be surprised. Sit down, monsieur, and have food and drink. You are hungry, are you not? [*Sets bread and cheese before him.*]

SOLDIER. Hungry! Ye Gods! [*Eyeing the provisions ravenously.*] I thought I knew hunger and cold and misery before, but those German camps— The Devil himself is host in their prisons!

HORTENSE. Bring bacon, Elise. Eat, monsieur, eat your fill. [ELISE *reluctantly brings the bacon she has just cooked.*]

GRAN'MERE. We used to have plenty of food. That was in France. My Pierre used to bring much food—and meat—

HORTENSE. Yes, Gran'mere, he knows. He has been in France. Thank you, Elise. Now fry more for yourself and Gran'mere.

GRAN'MERE. He can't have mine. Not my supper.

HORTENSE [*soothingly*]. No, Mother, no. [*Turning to the soldier.*] You understand. She doesn't know—she doesn't realize just what she says. Don't mind her.

SOLDIER. More of war's harvest, eh? Ah, I know! [*Eating.*] Oh, this is good! Is there a guard on this street?

ELISE. Yes. He seems always outside our door. He frightens me.

HORTENSE [*going to the window and looking through the curtains*]. He's not there now. Eat, while I watch. You are escaped from a German prison, you said, monsieur,—but monsieur is not a Frenchman. [*The soldier shakes his head as he ravenously devours large pieces of bread and cheese. Then when it is possible for him to speak, he mutters the one word, "American," and continues to eat like a half-starved animal.*]

HORTENSE [*clasping her hands in a gesture almost of adoration*]. Oh, monsieur, monsieur! what would I not do for one from that great-hearted country! We in Belgium owe our very lives to you. [*The* SOLDIER *leans back in his chair, still chewing his food hungrily, and looks at her with an expression of incredulity.*] But indeed, yes! What would we do,—our women and our old people and the little children if it were not for the generosity of the Americans! They are the good Samaritans of the world.—You need more bread. [*With eager hospitality she cuts the loaf.*] Elise, more bacon, quickly.—You see how glad we are to serve you. [*In contrast to her mother's words,* ELISE *turns a somewhat sullen face toward them, then slowly walks across to the table with the frying pan in her hand.*]

SOLDIER [*pausing for the first time in his ravenous eat-*

ing]. They have waked up then, at last! I waited and I waited, and then I ran away to France and joined the Legion.

HORTENSE [*fervently*]. The good Lord bless you and preserve you, monsieur!

SOLDIER [*bitterly*]. But little I could help,—I was captured in my first fight.

HORTENSE. Ah, then, you have not heard,—you do not know what your generous country is doing for stricken Belgium. They are feeding the hungry,—they are clothing the naked, they are trying to bring us comfort. Eat this food in pride as well as in gratitude, for it comes from your own people.

SOLDIER. Thank God for that!—Perhaps,—sometime,—we will fight! [*Turns his attention again to the bread and cheese.*] This is *real* food.

HORTENSE. If I could open this tin I would give you some milk. I am afraid to use our only knife. It might break.

SOLDIER [*handing a clasp knife*]. Use this. There is one broken blade which is just the thing for opening tins. It isn't mine, it's Frenchy's. He managed to hide it from the guard somehow, and when I went off alone they made me take it. It's our only weapon. Not much of one, but all we have. [HORTENSE *is opening the can of milk with it as he talks.*] You see, there are three of us who have escaped. We are making for the Dutch border through the marsh. Frenchy and the Algerian say we are safe if we reach the marsh. The enemy can't find us there. But it's a bad pull, and we may have to lie *doggo* for a day, but they can't guard the marsh border properly so it is easy after that. Our only trouble is food.

HORTENSE. Eat more, monsieur.

SOLDIER. We drew lots as to who should go for it and I lost or won as you please. I was to beg or steal it if necessary, but I had to get it. We're all in. We can go no farther without it. Delay now means capture and that

means death, for we'll not be taken alive. Anything rather than that prison.

ELISE [*in dismay*]. You want food for *three?*

SOLDIER. I must have food for three. [*Turns, starts, and dodges toward the door of the shed.*] Quick! What's that at the window? [ELISE *hurries to the window and peers out.*]

HORTENSE. It's the officer. He's coming to the door. Into the shed! Hide! [*A knock is heard.* HORTENSE *hurries the soldier into the shed while* ELISE *unbolts the door. The Prussian officer enters. He looks curiously around.*]

OFFICER. I heard a man's voice as I passed the window. Where is he?

HORTENSE [*appears with an armful of wood which she drops beside the fireplace*]. What did you say, monsieur?

OFFICER. Where is the man who was here?

HORTENSE. There is no man here, monsieur.

GRAN'MERE. The man's gone.

OFFICER [*starting forward*]. Gone? Where?

GRAN'MERE. There. [*Pointing to the shed.*]

HORTENSE [*speaking calmly as he turns furiously to her*]. My mother is not herself, you remember, monsieur le capitaine. She thinks always that my father is here. Her Pierre. [*She says the last word louder than the rest to attract the old woman's attention.*]

GRAN'MERE. Yes, Pierre, monsieur. He used to bring our food. Always plenty of food.

OFFICER. Bring a light. I'll search the house. [HORTENSE *obediently goes for a candle on the shelf above the fireplace.* ELISE *cowers against the wall, much frightened.* HORTENSE *lights the candle at the fire and goes toward the shed door followed by the officer.*]

HORTENSE. You must have heard me calling from the shed, monsieur. I went in to get some wood. Come, I will show you. [*He is puzzled and deceived by her apparent willingness to show the place and the glance he gives is cursory and perfunctory.*]

OFFICER. I see you have that outside door bolted on the inside. [*Indicating the door in the shed which leads out of doors and which the audience can not see.*]

HORTENSE. Yes, monsieur. [*She reënters with the candle and the officer stands scowling for a moment.*]

OFFICER. The old woman is garrulous. [*Suspiciously.*] But [*indicating door in center*] you had that door bolted. I forbade locking both doors.

HORTENSE. We are three women, alone, monsieur. Your men do not always knock before they enter. We must have some privacy.

OFFICER. Humph! Well, see that you draw the bolt immediately when we knock. Any hesitation and the bolt shall be removed. [*Exits. There is a moment of terrified silence and relief as the door closes on him.* HORTENSE *bolts the door, and* ELISE *peers through the curtain.*]

ELISE. He's gone down the street. Only the guard is left and he is standing by the Roget cottage.

HORTENSE [*going to the shed door calls cautiously*]. Are you there, monsieur? It is safe for a moment.

SOLDIER [*appears cautiously at shed door. He stands at the door out of sight of possible eyes at the windows*]. That was a close shave. I did not dare make a complete bolt for fear he had some one stationed outside. It was lucky, for I think the bolted door deceived him.

HORTENSE. I was fearful he would look behind the wood, monsieur.

SOLDIER. It was your coolness that threw him off. You saved my life, Madame! Now, give me food for my comrades and I will try and make my get-away.

ELISE [*to* HORTENSE]. Don't give him our food for two strange men. We are so hungry. He has already had some of what we had. Let him try elsewhere if he wants more. Tell him so.

HORTENSE [*softly*]. I know, Elise. It seems as though we had done our share—yet—oh! I don't know what I should do.

SOLDIER [*noticing their hesitation*]. Mesdames, if you cannot spare food for my comrades, you may as well call the Prussian back again and be credited for giving up a prisoner. We cannot go further without food. We are at the end of our strength. Without food we would die in the marsh. With food, if we reach the marsh, we are safe. I will not go back to my fellows without food. It means capture, and that means death for they will not be taken alive. Call the guard! [*He starts toward the door, but* HORTENSE *stops him as he lays his hand on the bolt.*]

HORTENSE. No, no, monsieur. You are right. It is for me to decide. [ELISE *shakes her head.*]

ELISE. Oh, mother! Think of us! Of what it means!

HORTENSE. I can only think of what it means to them. What are three women worth to France or Belgium compared with three men? If they escape to the border they may somehow, somewhere, be able to strike a blow for France. Get me the basket. They shall have food.

GRAN'MERE. Don't give them my food. You will starve my petite. Pierre would have brought us food—more food —[*She mumbles on as* ELISE *reluctantly brings a basket which* HORTENSE *fills with provisions.*]

HORTENSE. We will keep the can of milk and a little bread.

ELISE. No bacon? Oh, Mother!

HORTENSE. There is little enough bacon here for three men. They must have all. [*She hurriedly takes the basket to the soldier who receives it gratefully.*]

SOLDIER. You have saved three lives, madame. If there is a God he will reward you. I used to deny it. But I have seen so many things done like this, which only a God could do, that I begin to believe. Tell your American, when you see him again that I thank him, but it is not enough. America must fight if she is to respect herself, which means if the world is to respect her. Again I thank you. Adieu. [*He exits through the shed. The two women again take their places at the table where the old woman*

still sits crooning over the cradle. They cut up the bread and divide the milk into the bowls adding water to increase the quantity.]

HORTENSE. You know this country well, Elise. Is there much danger before they reach the marsh?

ELISE. Yes, Mother. That is, to reach the marsh woods from any part of the country they must cross open fields. And they will not be safe till they are hidden in the woods. [*Glances towards window.*] I wish it were darker.

HORTENSE. Perhaps they will not make the attempt until late when it may be darker. I wish I could know they were safe. Poor souls!

GRAN'MERE. Is the man there? Why doesn't he come back and eat? Pierre will always bring food for guests. He likes guests.

HORTENSE. The man has gone, Mother. He's gone far away. Forget about him. Have you had enough milk? [*There is suddenly heard a sound of shots outside far in the distance followed by a hubbub of voices in the street. The shouts and sounds of feet gradually die away. At first the women sit terrified, then* ELISE *runs to the window and, drawing the curtain, peers out.* HORTENSE *stands by her chair listening with a strained expression, as though anxious yet afraid to rush out and learn what it is all about.*] Can you see anything, Elise?

ELISE. Nothing but some neighbors who have rushed into the street. Do you think they have been captured?

HORTENSE. I must find out. Stay here with Gran'mere. I'll be back in a moment. [*She goes outside for a moment.* ELISE *stands looking out and trying to listen to what is going on outside. The old woman begins to rock the cradle again and sing her lullaby. Suddenly* HORTENSE *flings open the door. She shuts it quickly behind her and bolts it, then stands with her back against it, her arms outstretched as though to form a further barrier. She speaks excitedly.*] They have escaped! Petite Georges saw it all.

The soldiers caught sight of them just as they were entering the woods and fired at them, but Georges is sure they all got away.

ELISE. Oh, Mother!

HORTENSE [*comes toward table with* ELISE *and both sit again*]. He said he heard the Boches say they were escaped prisoners, but that they'd track them to-morrow in the marsh.

ELISE. They may spare themselves the pains. Henri knew the marsh like a book. He and my cousin used to hunt there, and he often said it would be a perfect place to hide even from the gens d'armes. One might as well seek a needle in a hay stack. It is so easy to cover one's tracks in the bog, if one but knows the trails. They are safe. [*As they sit at the table* HORTENSE *suddenly catches sight of the knife left by the soldier. She picks it up saying:*]

HORTENSE. Oh! he forgot the knife. He said it was their only weapon. It belonged to one of his companions.

ELISE. Let me see it. [*She takes the knife and after examining it she gives a great start.*] Mother! It's Henri's!

HORTENSE. Henri's! What do you mean? It's impossible. One knife is like another. Why do you think so?

ELISE. I do not think, Mother, I know! See, here are his initials. I remember the day he scratched them.—H. D. Mother, the Frenchy the soldier talked of was our Henri! My husband!

HORTENSE. My Henri! My son! We sent food to my Henri! God be thanked!

GRAN'MERE. That's right, food to Henri. My Pierre will bring us more food. He said the good Lord gave the food.

ELISE. Oh, Mother, how wicked I was. I almost denied them. I would have kept food from Henri. I would have killed him!

HORTENSE. No, no, little one, not that. It was your hun-

ger, not your heart that spoke. [*Looking again at the knife in her hand she suddenly realizes what it all means and says:*] My Henri! Saved! [*She lifts her head in an attitude of supplication. Then both women bow their heads as though in prayer. Gran'mere crosses herself hurriedly and bows her old head too, as the curtain slowly falls.*]

[CURTAIN]

TREE OF MEMORY *

AN ARMISTICE DAY PAGEANT †

By

GRACE C. MOSES

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† Two endings are given; one for localities where memorial trees have been planted, the other where there are no trees or memorial of any sort. An asterisk marks the place where the alternate ending begins.

TREE OF MEMORY

At the roll of a drum the curtains open and disclose the SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY, *a warlike figure, poised in the center at the rear on the top step of a platform. She holds sword aloft and says:*

Behold me, Spirit of Democracy, in war's stern mantle clad, with avenging sword uplifted in the holy cause of Justice. [*She comes down to the front of the stage.*] During four terrible years the world fought to keep me alive. Now I come, not as an avenger, but to bring to your memory the wonderful day when Right conquered Might and our brave boys and gallant Allies freed the world. That was the most eventful day of your lives. YOU helped make Armistice Day; you had the great privilege and wonder of the first celebration, and you can tell its history to future generations. A great thing has happened. Real and universal brotherhood has begun and we can truly say that our honored dead have not died in vain. Now you must carry on. From the immortal dead comes the message to you. Each undaunted soul speaks in the message of the poet,

"Weep not for us; we are content.
Conserve your strength to work and pray
And raise to Peace that monument
Whose cornerstone we died to lay.
Our gift was great; but you must give
A greater to complete the plan;
We died; now you must nobly live
To make man brother unto man."

To a share in this noble work, to stand shoulder to shoulder with America, I, Spirit of Democracy, summon our Allies! [*She steps to the left side of the front.*]

Fair England, bring your heritage
Of sturdy worth and courage.

[*During the verse of "Rule, Britannia" played in a spirited tempo, England appears at the center back between the curtains with palm branch held high in right hand. At words, "This was a charter" she steps down, moves several steps to front and then walks to right side at the rear, stands under the English flag. As male voices off stage sing the chorus, she raises her palm to the flag, and at close, lowers palm, holding it erect on right side.*

SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

France, bring the spirit of Joan of Arc,
In dauntless poilus she lives again.

[*A violin and piano play "Marseillaise." At fifth line France appears through curtains and holds a martial pose until the chorus which she sings in French. "Aux armes," she shoulders her palm as a weapon; "formez les bataillons," she takes steps to front, then marches to left and poses under French flag with both hands uplifted. At close she holds palm across body, the tip at the left shoulder and the end in right hand low at side.*]

SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

Italy, come with your eager zeal,
Your quick response to mankind's appeal.

[*Off stage, Italy begins to sing without accompaniment and in Italian, the "Garibaldi War Hymn." At end of third line she appears between the curtains and finishes verse. On chorus she moves quickly to Italian flag on right, same side as England but nearer center, and finishes it in defensive attitude with palm held out in both hands as though protecting flag. At close she raises palm and holds it high against the flag.*]

SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

Belgium, we hold it honor high
To bid thee come, our loved Ally.

[*The Belgian national anthem, "Brabanconne," is played softly by piano and violin as the figure of Belgium appears between the curtains and, with palm drooping and head lowered, walks slowly to Belgian flag at left, nearer center than France. She raises head, faces sideways to the flag, and with great feeling gives the poem by Emile Caemmerts:*

THE BELGIAN FLAG

Red for the blood of soldiers,
Black, yellow, and red—
Black for the tears of mothers,
Black, yellow, and red—
And yellow for the light and flame
Of the fields where the blood is shed.

To the glorious flag, my children,
Hark! the call your country gives,
To the flag in serried order;
He who dies for Belgium lives.

Red for the purple of heroes,
Black, yellow, and red—
Black for the veils of widows,
Black, yellow, and red—
And yellow for the shining crown
Of the victors who have bled.

To the flag, to the flag, my children,
Harken to your country's cry;
Never has it shone so splendid,
Never has it flown so high.

Red for the flames in fury,
Black, yellow, and red—

Black for the morning ashes,
Black, yellow, and red—
And yellow of gold as we proudly hail
The spirits of the dead.

To the flag, my sons! Your country
With her blessing, "Forward!" cries.
Has it shrunken? No, when smallest
Larger, statelier it flies!
Is it tattered? No, 'tis stoutest
When destruction it defies."

[*At the close she takes the same pose as Italy, palm held high on flag.*]

SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY.

America, now we call to you;
Our flag advances with guardians true.

[*As the verse of "Onward, Christian Soldiers" is played, a group of four soldiers and sailors and marines, each carrying a large American flag, marches up the aisle from the rear of the room, up on to the stage and to the rear, two on each side of center, between Belgium and Italy. As they approach, the* ALLIES *and* SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY *raise their palms and swords high toward the American flags. As they come into position, all face front and sing the chorus of "Onward, Christian Soldiers." Immediately on the close of this, a bugle call is heard at the rear of the room, and a white figure,* MEMORY, *carrying a parchment roll and a wreath, comes slowly up the aisle and stops near the steps. The* SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY *comes forward from the left side and looks toward* MEMORY, *all others silently gaze.*]

MEMORY. I am Memory.

SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY [*stretches out her hand*]. O Memory, we welcome you. [MEMORY *comes up on stage.*] A

part you have, a solemn part, in every Armistice Day. What message do you bring with you?

MEMORY. I come to bring to heart and mind our precious Honor Roll. Within this parchment lives each hero's name. Within our hearts lives ever his fame.*

SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY. But how has † ..... paid tribute to them? Does our town remember the boys who left, and never returned to gladden their homes?

MEMORY.

Oh, yes, a tree of tender growth
For each is planted in that spot
Where passers-by may pause awhile
And to our dead give solemn thought.
Oh, Spirit of the Tree, appear!

[MEMORY *steps to the right side, and turns toward center rear as she summons* SPIRIT OF THE TREE. SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY *steps to the left side, and the* TREE *appears between the curtains and says:*]

A poet sang this song of me,
And thus he sang his melody:

[*Here follow the familiar lines on "Trees" by Joyce Kilmer. George H. Doran Co., publishers.*]

The poet paused—he dropped the lute,
To war's bugle call he made salute.
He gave himself, the gift sublime,
Heroic figure for all time.
So, too, our boys the sacrifice made;
On every brow a hero's crown is laid.
And ever fresh in our memory,
Each valiant lives in his memorial tree.
Read, Memory, your Honor Roll,
In tribute to each dauntless soul.

[MEMORY *steps back to the center,* SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY *and* SPIRIT OF TREE *at either side, but a step*

* Two endings are given.
† Here is given name of town or city.

up, the Allies and American flags grouped as before. Muffled drums begin to beat and Girl and Boy Scouts march by twos slowly up the aisle from the rear to within a few steps of the stage and there form a guard of honor facing in. MEMORY *reads slowly from her Roll the names and girls in white, each carrying a wreath, move slowly up the aisle on to the stage, pause in front of* MEMORY *with wreath held high, then pass into semicircular position with* MEMORY *as center. The last name is the Unknown Soldier and as this girl raises her wreath before* MEMORY, *all lift wreaths and sword and palms in honor.*]

MEMORY.

Let us go to their fair trees,
Pay them homage with our wreaths.

[*The Scouts turn and, preceded by a drummer and bugler, march to the park where the trees are planted.* MEMORY *follows, then the wreath bearers by twos,* SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY, *and the* SPIRIT OF THE TREE, *the* ALLIES *by twos, and soldiers and sailors with American flags last. The* SCOUTS *form a double line through which* MEMORY *and the wreath bearers pass and form a semicircle in front of the memorial tablet, and the* ALLIES, *the* SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY, *and the* SPIRIT OF THE TREE *group themselves at one side, or in case of a grandstand or platform, on that elevation. As the Bugler blows to the Colors the American flags are borne to the center of the pageant group and a leader and cornetist step to the front and the "Star Spangled Banner" is sung by everybody.* MEMORY *then passes to the front of the platform, as the flags and pageant group fall back. As she does this, the wreath bearers move slowly to the trees. A Girl Scout moves from her line and goes to* MEMORY, *who gives her a large wreath for the*

Memorial Tablet. The Girl Scout carries it to the tablet, around which the Scouts have formed a semicircle, and passes it to a Boy Scout. He moves to the tablet and holds the wreath aloft. When all are in place, MEMORY *unrolls and holds high her parchment Honor Roll, the girls and Boy Scout place their wreath and hold them while the bugler plays taps. At the conclusion the groups pass from the field,* MEMORY *and the wreath bearers last in line.*

ALTERNATE ENDING

MEMORY (*continues*).

And in yon fair tree of tender growth,
A symbol of immortal life,
We pledge ourselves to living faith
And to our dead give solemn thought.
Oh, Spirit of the Tree, appear!

[*Memory steps to the right side, and turns toward center rear as she summons* SPIRIT OF THE TREE. SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY *steps to the left side, and the Tree appears between the curtains and says:*]

A poet sang this song of me,
And thus he sang his melody:

[*Here follow the familiar lines on "Trees" by Joyce Kilmer. George H. Doran Co., publishers.*]

The poet paused—he dropped the lute,
To war's bugle call he made salute.
He gave himself, the gift sublime,
Heroic figure for all time.
So, too, our boys the sacrifice made;
On every brow a hero's crown is laid.
And ever fresh in our memory,
Each valiant lives in his memorial tree.
Read, Memory, your Honor Roll,

In tribute to each dauntless soul.

[MEMORY *steps back to the center,* SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY *and* SPIRIT OF TREE *at either side, but a step up, the Allies and American flags grouped as before. Muffled drums begin to beat and Girl and Boy Scouts march by twos slowly up the aisle from the rear to within a few steps of the stage and there form a guard of honor, facing in.* MEMORY *reads slowly from her Roll the names, and girls in white, each carrying a wreath, move slowly up the aisle on to the stage, pause in front of* MEMORY *with wreath held high, then pass into a semicircular position with* MEMORY *as center. The last name is the Unknown Soldier and as this girl raises her wreath before* MEMORY, *all lift wreaths and sword and palms in honor.*]

MEMORY. With our wreaths we pay them homage. [*The last two Scouts turn and bring to stage from rear of room, or from side of stage, a wooden memorial, either a painted slab bearing the names of the Honor Roll or any shape desired. As the Scouts approach with it, the* SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY *and the* ALLIES *move to the sides of the stage, and the American flags group directly at center back.* MEMORY *and the* TREE *stand in front of flags, and the wreath bearers move slightly toward ends of stage, still in semicircle. The Scouts place the Memorial between* MEMORY *and the* TREE *and return to their line. The muffled drum beats begin. Two wreath bearers from the ends come slowly forward toward the Memorial, and the other bearers move down one place. These two place wreaths at base of Memorial and pass to head of line as next girl at end comes forward. As last girl bearing wreath for Unknown Soldier approaches, the* SPIRIT OF THE TREE *steps forward and receives it, wreath bearer stepping back into place. The* TREE *moves to the Memorial, the drum stops, all face toward her. She raises wreath and holds it over the Memorial while the bugler plays taps. At the end she puts the*

wreath on the top, and if there is a curtain, it closes on this tableau. In case of no curtain, the drums begin to beat and the Scouts pass out by twos followed by MEMORY, *the wreath bearers,* SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY *and the* SPIRIT OF THE TREE, *the* ALLIES *by twos and Soldiers and Sailors with American flags last. The Memorial, with the wreaths, is left on stage.*]

STAGE SETTING

A draped stage is used with a platform of two steps in the center at the rear. An opening through the center curtain in the back on to these steps is the only stage entrance, but steps leading up from the auditorium are placed in the center at the front. The platform of steps is large enough to permit a grouping of the Spirit of the Trees and the Spirit of Democracy on the top step with the four American flags on the second step at the sides with Memory on this step in the center. The Allies stand at the back under the flags which are a part of the stage setting, suspended against the curtain in this order from the actors' costumes:

SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY: Skirt, cape and cap of gray silesia or lining silvered with radiator polish, a doublet or armor, made of copperized wash cloths (sold at the five and ten cent store as Mystic Mitts) sewed together and silverized, and bearing a shield done in black, white, and red.

ALLIES—ENGLAND: A gown made of buff silesia or lining with a sheen, and a panel front and back of unbleached muslin with a stenciled border and figure of unicorn in gold and black. Headband of gold or ribbon.

BELGIUM: Gray gown with stenciled poppy.

FRANCE: French blue gown with stenciled fleur de lis.

ITALY: Green gown with stenciled national coat of arms.

AMERICA: Regulation uniform of soldiers, sailors and marines.

SPIRIT OF THE TREE: Draped gown of different shades of green in a soft material, and a green chiffon scarf to which leaves are sewed, fastened from shoulders and fastened at wrists. A wreath of leaves on head.

MEMORY: Either white draped gown with no head covering or a long white robe stenciled in pale yellow or lavender with a gold band and conventionalized laurel as a head decoration.

WREATH BEARERS: White skirts, middy blouses, white shoes and stockings, no color.

STAGE DIRECTIONS: Simplicity is the aim of this production and a short time of training will be needed to obtain it. The opening speech of the Spirit of Democracy and the entrances of the Allies and America should be spirited and assured. With Memory's appearance the time will slow up to mark the change in feeling and the entrance of the wreath bearers and their grouping on the stage can be a slow and effective march, the muffled drum beats marking the tempo. If the few necessary mechanics of entrances, stage position, and groupings are worked out by the director, he will find that the message and the spirit of the Day can be safely left to the interpretation of the young people in the cast, as it portrays an experience within their knowledge and understanding.

[CURTAIN]

THE MESSAGE *

By

HARRY WAGSTAFF GRIBBLE

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THE MESSAGE

At the Memorial to the Unknown Dead, Arlington

Evening. November 14, 1921

A Leader of the People *enters. He is carrying a wreath, which he lays at the entrance to the memorial.*

The Leader.

O truly is this place a sacred shrine.
Within, a Mighty Nation's pulsing heart
Throbs, and will throb throughout the years to come.
Its beat shall set a tempo for the world,
Upon a theme of lasting gratitude.
No more majestic monument shall rise
In honor of a Country's Unknown Dead.

[*A dark corner in the portals of the Memorial becomes slightly illumined with a faint shaft of light, as if the moon, coming from behind a cloud, has been able to sift a beam through the columns— A woman is revealed, standing with downcast head and shoulders bowed. She is clad in flowing mourning draperies. The* Leader of the People *regards her for a moment, and then approaches.*]

Leader.

Why do you linger by this tomb, good woman?
Do you not fear the approaching chill of night?

Woman [*raising her head*].

I welcome it. It can but chill my body.
For on my heart has come the chill of death.

Leader.

Is it for some one sleeping in the garden,
That you so tragically mourn?

WOMAN.
I mourn my son.
LEADER.
Your son?
WOMAN. Aye, even he,
Whom three days gone, with such majestic rites
They buried here.
LEADER. The Unknown Dead? Not he?
WOMAN.
Aye; he.
LEADER. Your son! His parentage unknown,
How can you claim him as your child?
WOMAN. My claim
Is rightful.
LEADER. You perchance did lose a son
In the Great War. And your imagining
Has grown into a fond belief that he,
Whom we have nationally honored here,
Is that your son. Have you not paused to think
How many hundred mothers at this time,
Whose sons have lain in unmarked graves in France,
Fondly believe the same uncertainty;
Cherish the hope that theirs the honor is?
WOMAN.
I am the only Mother in the Land
Who rightly claims the honor and the sadness.
LEADER.
How long have you watched here?
WOMAN. Three days and nights,
Ever since he was laid in the tomb.
LEADER.
Suppose he is your son. What can avail
Your lonely patient waiting at his grave?
He is at rest. But will he rest in peace,
Knowing that, mourning him, you wait for death?

WOMAN.
Is he at rest?
LEADER.
Indeed we must believe it.
WOMAN.
Is he at rest?
LEADER.
You must have faith as well.
WOMAN.
Is he at rest?
LEADER. His is the right to wear
The nation's highest tribute to her sons;
The golden wreath of gratitude. Such thanks
Should bring him rest.
WOMAN. But think you does he rest
Beneath the weight of such a golden wreath?
LEADER.
Has the chill hand of death, of which you spoke,
Not frozen from your heart the natural warmth,
Which you should feel—the glowing Mother-pride,
That this your son (if this your son he be)
Was chosen thus to wear our golden wreath?
WOMAN.
Your wreath! What have you given me to wear?
A crown of thorns. You have honored him,
With martial music, and with National pride,
Establishing his valor in your memory,
And daily banishing me from your minds.
'Tis I, who wonder if, in all the pomp,
You have not added to your son a distress.
LEADER.
This painful vigil of three tortured days
Has quite distracted your sad mind. I know
The anguish that you feel. I had a son,
Whose life I gave, and who still rests in Flanders.
WOMAN.
Your son! Another of my thousand sons,

For whom this son is honored! He rests not.
None of my dead sons rest.

LEADER. "None of your sons?"
Who do you think you are?

WOMAN. What matters it
Who'er I think I be. You do not know me.
You do not even recognize my voice.

LEADER.
Good woman, I have patience with your grief,
But fear you do yourself a violence
By letting vain illusions cloud your brain.
I should not from the first have talked with you,
But gently should have asked you to depart.

WOMAN.
You should have asked it gently that I know—
But it was gentler still to talk with me.
Oh, gentle living son, know you not me?

LEADER.
You call me son; and even now your voice
In its deep sadness has the tender note
I sometimes in my Mother's voice would hear.

WOMAN.
What times?

LEADER. When fresh from some mad youthful sport,
I would forget to greet her, or would go,
Perchance, upon some errand of my own,
Without her sanction.

WOMAN. Yet you know not me?

LEADER.
Oh, tell me who you are, for true indeed
You seem to bear such sorrow in your tongue,
Such anguish in your eyes, that I could weep
As for my Mother.

WOMAN. I have wept enough
When sons forget me. How then should I weep

To tell you who I am! Oh, living son,
When you have set aside your youthful sports,
When you have ceased these errands of your own,
When once you greet me, even as you used,
And ask my sanction for your slightest act;
When you remember that I gave you birth,
Then will this child of death forsake my heart,
Which even now begins to feel a glow,
Because you try to know me. Then my lips
Will open with a message to my sons,
That will inspire them to greater deeds
Than battle trumpet—

LEADER.

Oh! I know you now!
Great Mother of a hundred million sons!
Oh, Mighty Mother! Great Columbia!
Here in the dust, humbled, I wait your message.
[*The* LEADER OF THE PEOPLE *bends low, raising the hem of her garment to his lips. Her black veils fall away from her, revealing her in vivid white.*]
[*At this moment a golden light shines in the monument. It grows into a halo of glory, in which appears the figure of the* UNKNOWN DEAD, *clad in a uniform of gold, and crowned with a wreath of golden laurel. With a firm step he comes forward and extends his hands to* COLUMBIA.]

COLUMBIA [*to the* LEADER].

Arise! Your brother from beyond has come.
Greet him with me!
[*To the* SOLDIER.]
Oh, cherished, glorious son!
Lonely in all your grandeur! These my arms
Ache to encircle you! [*She embraces him.*] Now have I found
One of my living sons to bear a message.
You must have words far, far more eloquent
Than any I can utter. Speak to him.

SOLDIER.

Dear Mother, I have spoken ceaselessly
With many comrades on this side. 'Twas rest
I sought, a respite from my work and travel
That I returned home for a little while.

LEADER.

Your work? Tell me about your work and travel.

SOLDIER.

My work is scarce begun— But first I went
Back to my comrades of the other lands;
Those who, with me, are sharing this high honor.
I gave a promise to revisit them
As soon as my own obsequies are done.
To tell them of my home, and bring them news
Of the great doings in America.

LEADER.

Who are the comrades who thus share your honor?

SOLDIER.

The unkn[illegible]d dead of all the other lands.
Ours is the greatest secret brotherhood.
You call us dead; our title is "unknown."
We know where you but hope. We see
What you but peer at through a veil.
Upon our shoulders you have piled the weight
Of all the joys and sorrows of your dead.
I am America's Dead! And every thought
My country has about her Dead I feel.

LEADER.

Then you are happy, brother. For our thoughts
Are symbolized in this Memorial,
And in the stately honors that we showered.

SOLDIER.

They were magnificent. But oft I thought
My funeral rites would never cease. A flood
Of human feeling and emotion
Will sometimes overpower stalwart men.
Consider then the tide I had to stem.

And almost it exhausted me. Besides,
I had to visit severally the hearts
Of those who mourned, and try to comfort them.
At the majestic ceremonies here
The sweet wife of an Ambassador
Was deeply stirred, and gently wept for me.
She never had a son, but all her life
Had prayed for one. And here, in burying me,
She buried her imaginary son.
I took her hand in mine and held it tight;
Then kissed her tears away. She knew I did.
And the sweet smile that overspread her face
Was compensation for a million frowns
For those who do not wish to have me near.

LEADER.

Who would not have you? Who would frown on you?
There cannot be a person so debased!

SOLDIER.

Already I have called at many a ho[illegible]
Where hospitality has been denied.
Or rather, I have heard a voice within
Cry, in a loud tone: "Let's forget the War."
And, as you know, my right of entrywhere
Is solely in connection with the War.
So I depart—my presence not desired.

LEADER.

How can a man forget the War?

SOLDIER. He cannot.

But he can try to put his mind to sleep.
Can he forget his sins? Alas! Poor man;
But he will find it more convenient
To think he never did commit them. Thus
He shelves responsibility for sins.
And so some people want to sleep awhile,
And, waking, find the War was just a dream.
And if this was a dream, 'tis yet to come;
And it will surely come with violence

And such a new intensity of force
That it will make a mockery of him.
Then you can bury fifty unknown dead,
Nay, if you will, a thousand. For our land
Will teem with unknown dead, unburied.

LEADER.

But now the thoughts of every one will turn
Back to the War. For now the Nations meet
To find the means of ending War forever.

SOLDIER.

"For Ever"—words with a significance,
Which I have not begun to grasp as yet.
How then can they, whose little minds are set
Upon their little lives of earthly gain?
My brothers, there are thousands in this land,
Whose only wish is that there be not War
Again within their lifetime. Yet the work
Which they have planned to do within that time
Will bring a War which shall destroy their sons.
To all such men, "life" is a paltry word
Expressing the short span allotted them.
Would I could teach my brothers what is life!
How can I, when they pity me as dead,
And I to them am buried in this tomb,
A symbol of their Dead? Oh, I should be
A shining Symbol of Perpetual Life,
Of which theirs is the little counterpart.
I am not dead. I live. But there are they,
Bereft of War of precious Mortal gift,
To whom what you call life is burdensome.
These you should lavish with all temporal honor.
A cup of water given to one of these
Is greater than your highest tribute here.

LEADER.

My valiant brother, you have searched my heart,
And found it empty save for boasting pride.
I should not be a Leader of the People,

For I am but a symbol of their boasting.
We had forgot our Mother, and our thoughts
Were centered on the honors we had done you—
You, who may walk in Heaven's Palaces,
Nor trespass when you traverse God's Domains!
Oh, that I had your voice with which to speak.
What shall I tell the people?

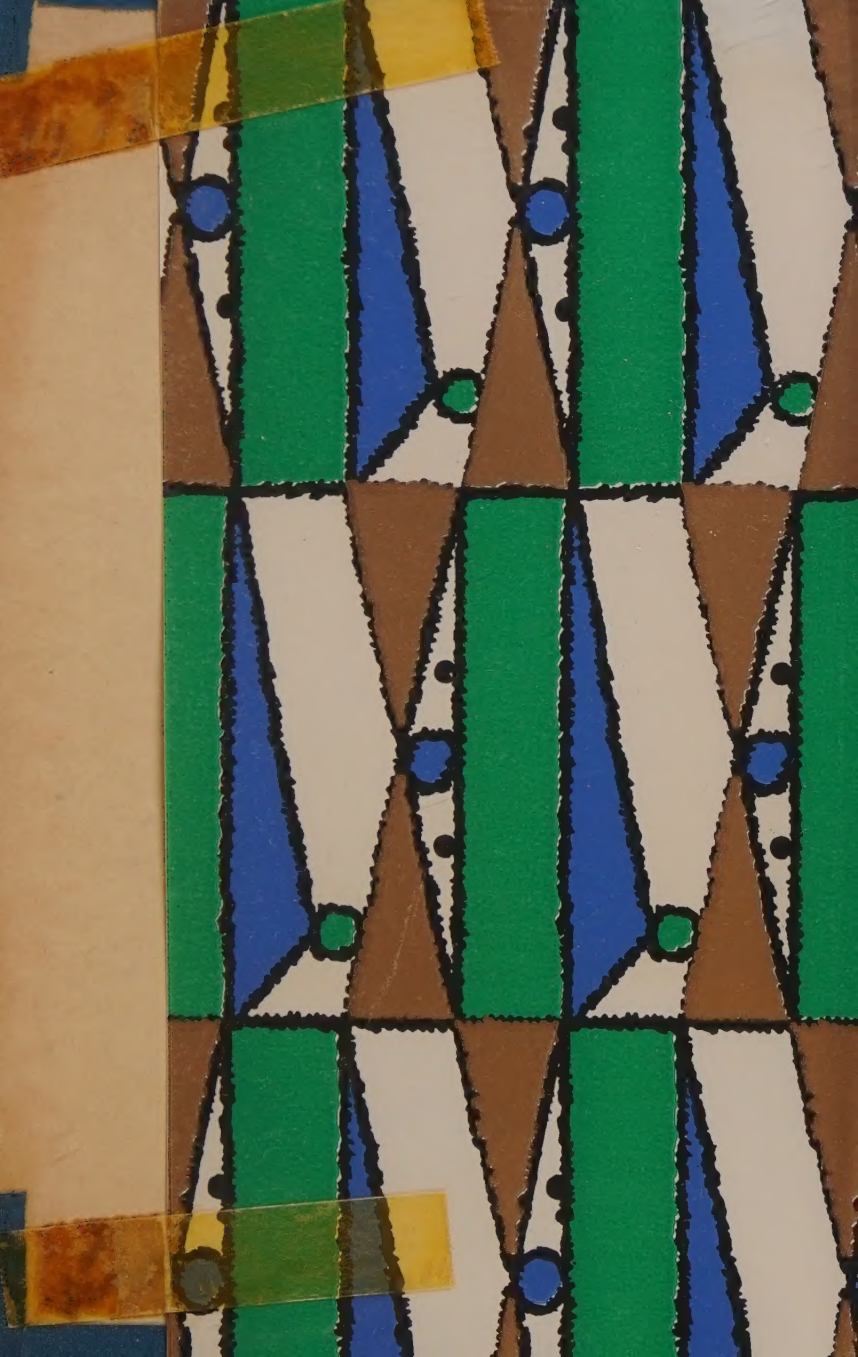
SOLDIER. There's a task!
Words have been used by prodigals until
Their meanings now are lost. Sights dazzle eyes
Until a pageant is a children's game.
Sensation follows quick upon sensation,
Leaving spectators unimpressed. Dear Mother,
From you should come this message. Speak to them.

COLUMBIA.
And now I may, for you have given it.
[*Turning to* LEADER.]
The Nation's delegates, in truth, do meet
With the high aim that man shall let man live,
And shall not slaughter man. They meet in vain
Unless the mind of every woman is set
To contemplation of those words "For Ever,"
Two words of which the great significance
Eclipses every present pettiness.
Then at your conference, and all future ones,
Be conscious of that secret Brotherhood,
The Unknown Dead of all the World. They meet
In a perpetual conclave, and they hear,
Behind the spoken words, your silent motives.
Remember, as you seek to soothe the pain,
And sweeten bitter moments of the sufferers,
Bring Sun to clouded minds, sight to the blind,
Aid to the crippled ones, hope to the dying;
As you do these, your theories of existence
Will change to knowledge of Perpetual Life.
With tributes such as these may you discharge
Your duty to the Everliving Dead!

[COLUMBIA *takes the* SOLDIER *by the hand, and, placing her arm around his shoulder, leads him through the portals. As they go they become transfigured with glory, so that their garments shine like the Sun. The* LEADER *shades his eyes from the dazzling light, stretching out his other hand towards their retreating figures.*]

LEADER.

Our Duty to the Everliving Dead!

[CURTAIN]

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